Nov. 16, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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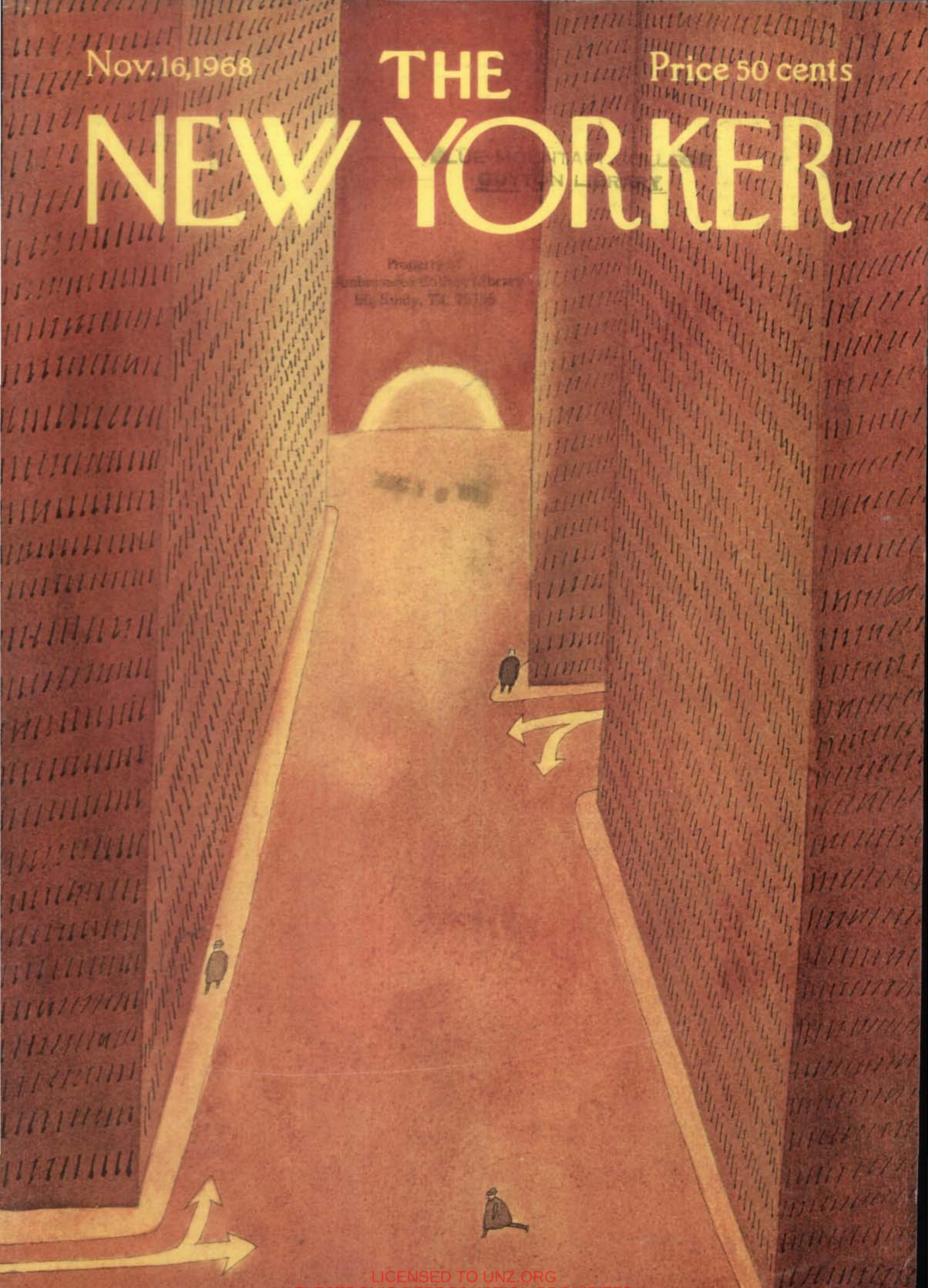

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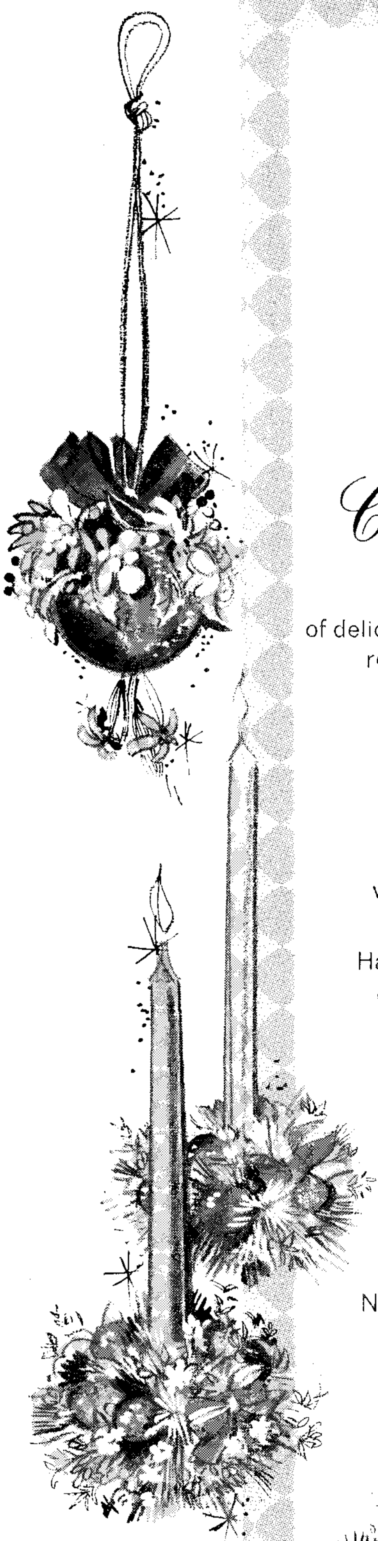

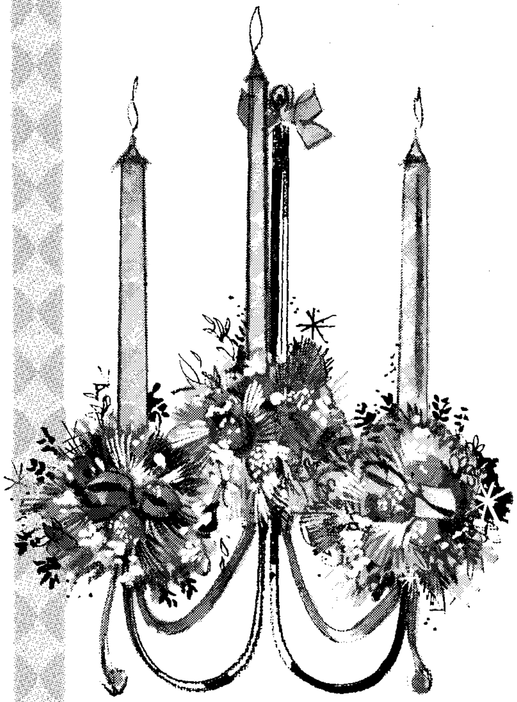

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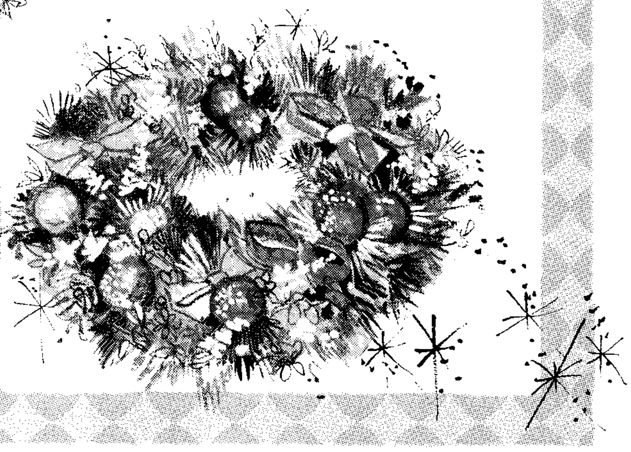

BONWIT TELLER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—T. S. Eliot's **the cocktail party** through Monday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Molière's **the misanthrope** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation) from Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 19-23. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cannibals—A play by George Tabori, with an all-male cast. Season subscribers (twenty or fifteen dollars) only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

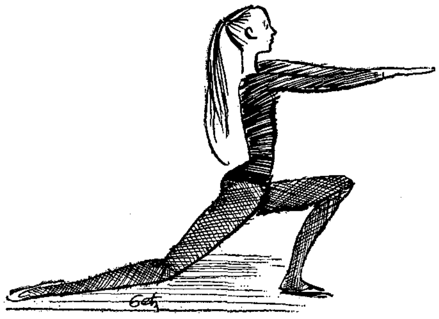
The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Huui, Huui—A play by Anne Burr, the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Opens Saturday, Nov. 16. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Peter Lind Hayes plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—Four clumsy sketches that try hard to be funny and fail. The one crumb of comfort is that the cast is splendid. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

The People vs. Ranchman—A confused and noisy protest against something or other. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Piraikon Theatron—Final performances of a two-week repertory of two Euripides plays in modern Greek. A quick trip to Berlitz may be indicated: no earphone translations. **iphigenia in aulis** will play through Sunday, Nov. 17. . . . **hippolytus** will open Tuesday, Nov. 19, and run through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—William Gibson's **a cry of players**, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Opens Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:15. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19-20, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2. . . . Shakespeare's **king lear**, with Lee J. Cobb: Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 21-23, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

Page
BOOKS 237
THE CURRENT CINEMA 127
FOOTBALL 221
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 116
MUSICAL EVENTS 128
POPULAR RECORDS 131
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 208
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS 137
THE RACE TRACK 219
A REPORTER AT LARGE 193
THE THEATRE 115
U.S. JOURNAL: NASSAU COUNTY 226

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Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Bombed in New Haven—A curious mongrel of a play by Joseph Heller, attractively performed by Jason Robards, Diana Sands, and an expert company. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower**: Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.). . . **plaza suite:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **the price:** Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Moves on Monday, Nov. 18, to the 46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W., 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **the prime of miss jean brodie:** An adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. Zoe Caldwell is Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **you know i can't hear you when the water's running:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—George Grizzard,

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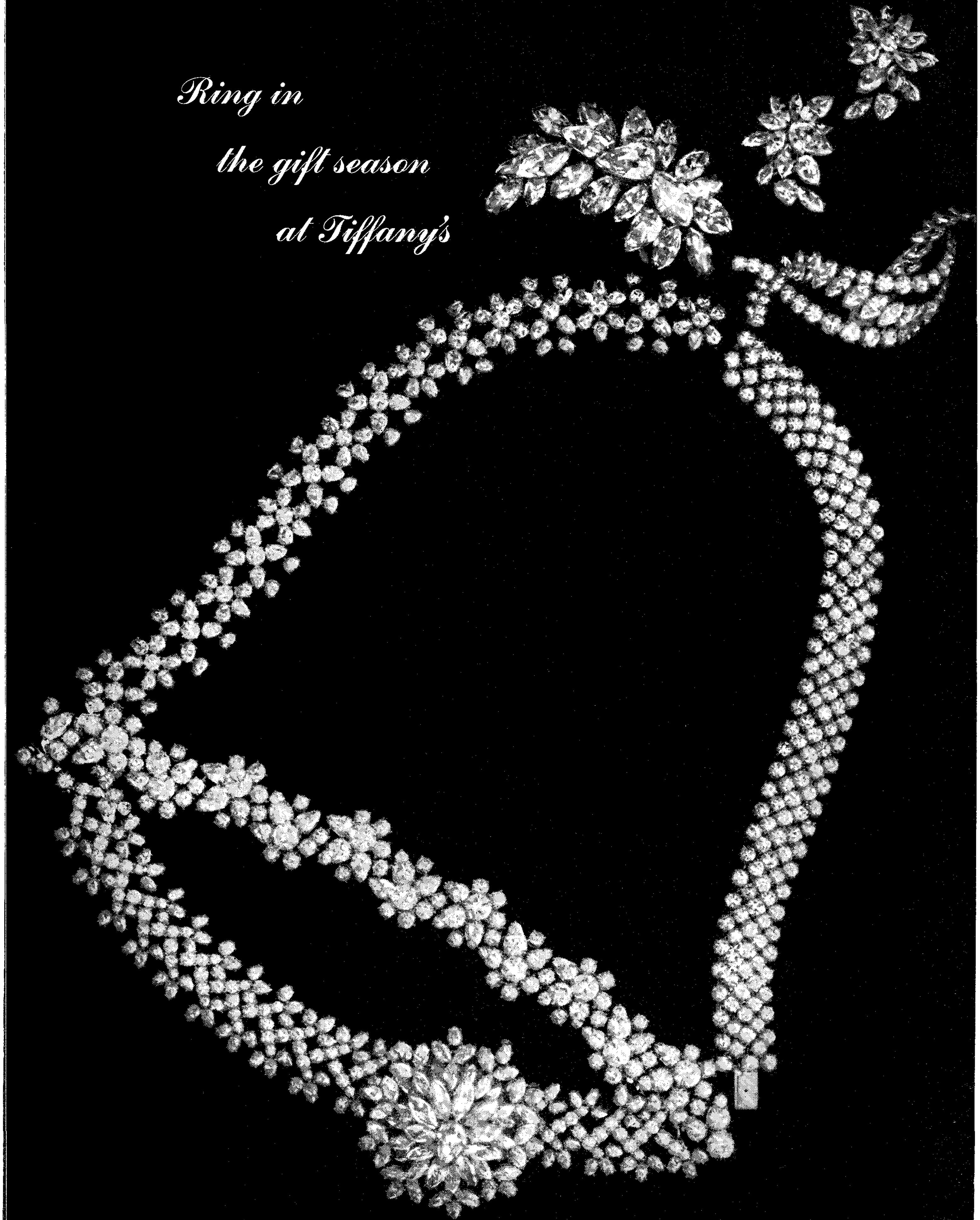
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Mary Louise Wilson, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell in a mildly entertaining revue based on a number of songs and sketches by the Master Mocker. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Final performances of a three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:30: "???," a surprise program. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—This cheerful little revue about politics aims at satire and misses, but it provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially bright. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy giving their all to an over-plotted and not very tuneful account of the Civil War draft riots here. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A musical from Israel, mostly in Yiddish. The performers tear into their corn with mysterious high spirits. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—A musical based on the novel "Zorba the Greek," by Nikos Kazantzakis, with a book by Joseph Stein and music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb. Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova head a cast under the direction of Harold Prince. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 17. Regular performances start Monday, Nov. 18. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; on Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Return to your original position. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 19, to the George Abbott, 54th St., E., JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 16—Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:15: "Symphony in C," "Raymonda Variations," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Stravinsky Symphony," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Haydn Concerto," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "La Source Pas de Deux" (première), "Firebird," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: "Lords of Persia," "Geography of Noon," "Tightrope" (première), and "Agathlan Algebra" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: "Lords of Persia," "Geography of Noon," "John Brown," and "Cantilever." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1:30: "Early Floating," "John Brown," "Lords of Persia," and "Agathlan Algebra." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Anna Sokolow Dance Company—The second of two performances of a program that consists of "Tribute," "Odes," "Memories," and "Steps of Silence." (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: "Lento," "Public Domain" (première), and "Agathe's Tale." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 1:30: "Party Mix" and "Orbs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 30.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows in a one-woman show depicting the black scene in prose, poetry, and song. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. The New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, a somewhat baroque outfit, is performing. On Wednesday, Nov. 20, folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker, along with folk singers Bunky and Jake, will move in. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. The entertainment comes primarily from Ian and Sylvia, two attractive folk who go to the roots. On Sunday, Nov. 17, a new instrumental group out of Juilliard, known as Hamilton Face, will start playing. Billy Mitchell, a singer and guitarist, will also be on the bill. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual jazz corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet is on the bandstand. (Sidemen often are held over at this club. At the moment they are Bill Takas, bass, Gus Johnson, drums, and Ross Tompkins, piano.) On Tuesday, Nov. 19, tenor player Brew Moore will come in to lead a quartet. Closed Mondays.

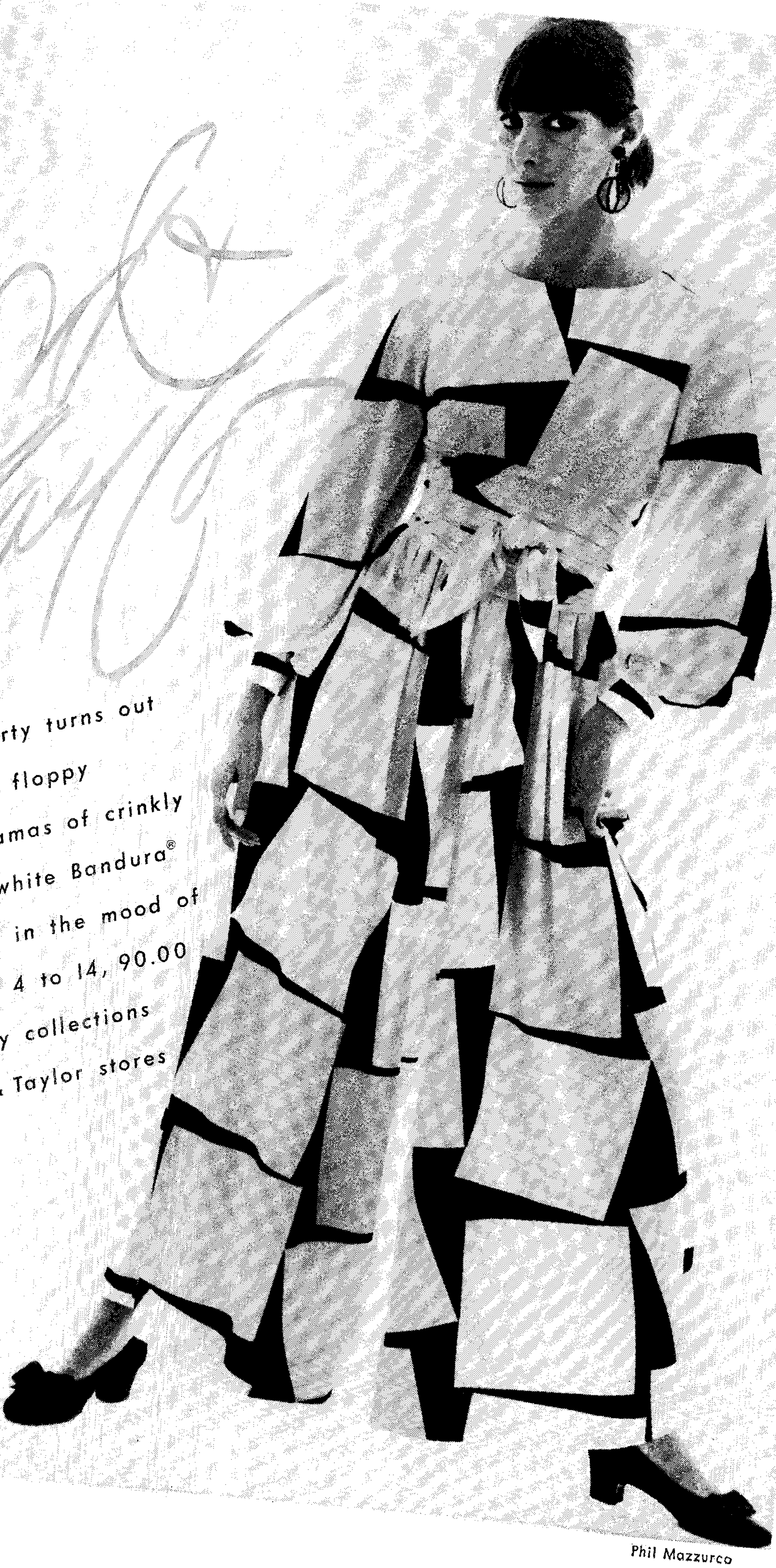
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Pharoah Sanders quintet. Monday, Nov. 18, will be turned over to another group. On Tuesday, Nov. 19, the McCoy Tyner quintet will replace the Sanders combo. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Nov. 16, from five to nine, the Don Ayler quintet. Sunday, Nov. 17, from five to nine, McCoy Tyner's concert ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Les McCann trio takes turns with the solo piano of Toshiko. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 19, the Junior Mance trio will alternate with Toshiko. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, the



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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Miles Davis quintet and comic Irwin Corey.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, a caustic political cabaret, precedes the music. At about ten every night, the Herbie Hancock sextet falls to. On Sunday, Nov. 17, Hancock & Co. will play a five-to-seven matinée in addition to the regular session. Mondays are turned over to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, everyone has a grand old time from four-thirty until closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of the Epitomé. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing. Fever Tree alternates with recorded rock over a vigorous system. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, the Waterproof Tinkertoy will also be around. On Tuesday, Nov. 19, the American Dream will start playing. Closed Mondays. No alcohol. Shazam.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambiance of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by Los Vegas, a Mexican quintet that plays for listening. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—The quondam Tuxedo Ballroom, recently transformed into something else—a fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the factitious trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Chrysalis, until Tuesday, Nov. 19, when the live sounds will start coming from the Music Box. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Grand manoir, grand manner: that's the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Now and then one of the Druids drops in, but it's not really the same old Stonehenge; modernity has had its way and sway. Music all the time, some of it taken from life and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Good-behavior medals can be handed out to practically all participants in the dinner-and-supper *dansant* (Ernie Warren's band is *régisseur*) that goes its leisured way from eight until one or two in the restaurant. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Oh, sure, dancing, and dining of a sort, but the real thing is just listening to the World's Greatest Jazz Band, a varsity team among whose punters and contrapunters are Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Yank Lawson, Ralph Sutton, and Morey Feld. They begin at eight, Big Tiny Little's group begins at six, and silence begins well after midnight. No sound Sunday evenings. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The ground rules are explicit: no Frug, Tug, or Mugg; the surroundings are spare but comfortable; the nourishment for inner men and women is basic. Argueso's set of Latin bandsmen is supplemented by a pair of Up North orchestras. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers' favorite impersonation concerns the female of the variety Common Scold, whom she makes more prevalent and virulent than the Common Cold. This treatise on life in the raw is run off at ten and twelve during the week, and three times (starting at nine-thirty) on Friday and Saturday. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—United Nations East; i. e., Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eyeing the permutations and combinations of a dancer whose specialty is the *danse de ventre*. The jokers are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has been undergoing physical and mental therapy at the hands of Ronny Graham, and something should soon come of that. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The repertory of Jane Morgan, who sings during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, is listed on the menu as Baked Alaska. The dance band led by Lee Evans is as neat as we're apt to get anywhere this season. Closed Sundays.

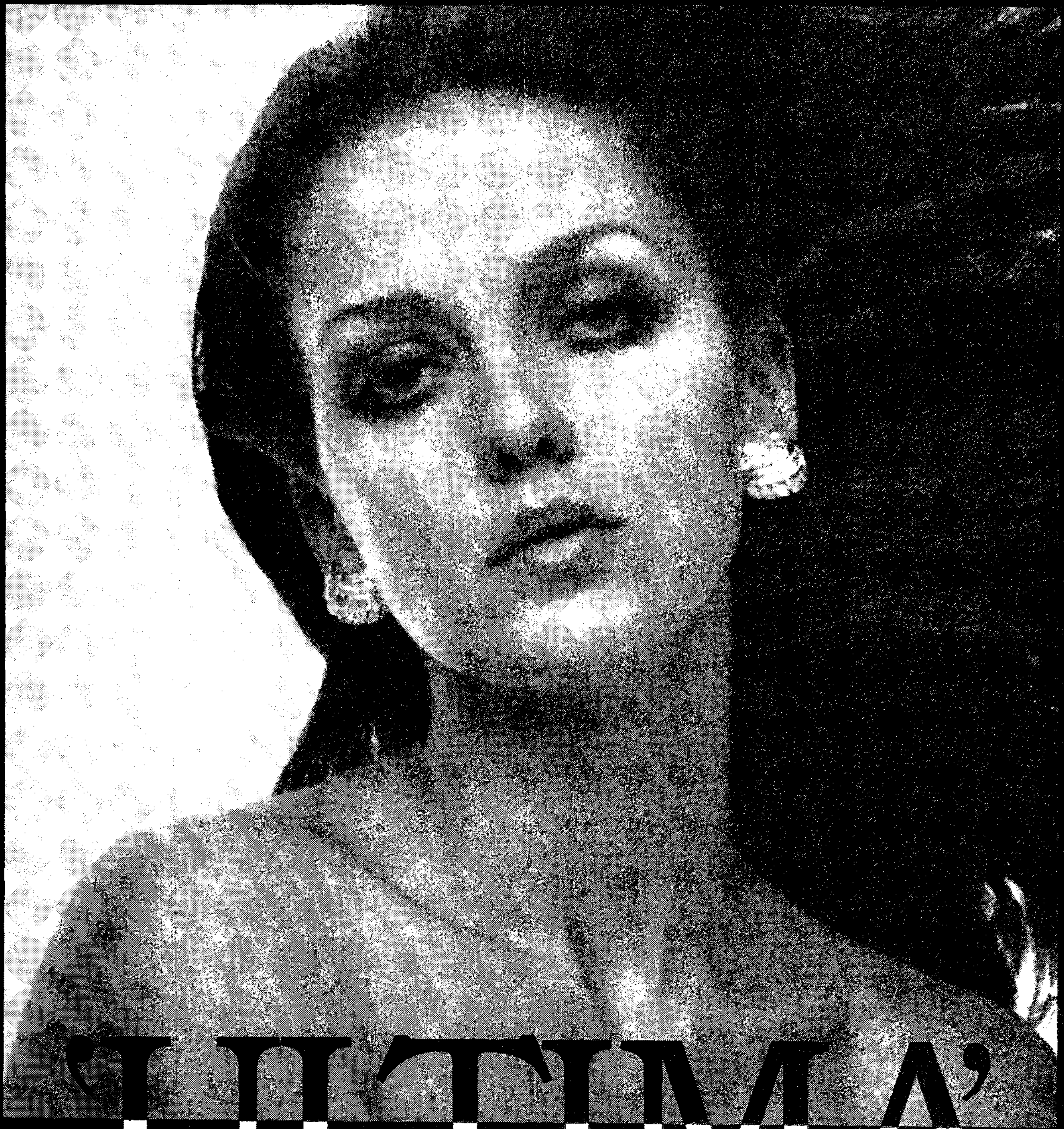
Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. 752-8080)—It's really the way it is in the Madrid *boîtes* when Mariquilla comes in off the gypsy trail and stomps across the stage against the background of her flamencan claque. Los Chavales de España, mellifluous and jolly, provide an even-tempered marching-and-chortling afterpiece to her fury. The dance music for the customers is just about as romantic as they are. Seven days a week. . . . ¶ In the small Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both repositories are in service every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, Nov. 20, Nancy Wilson, who knows quite a bit about the ways and means of nightingales, departs, and so does Dick Capri, who regards monologue as an art form, not a memory test. The establishment will *not*, however, thereafter be without further ado. Every night of the year, and twice, or even thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

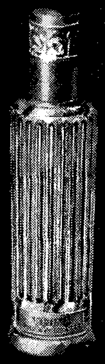
Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—"Les Belles de Nuit," or where girlhood is always in flower, and often enough in dishabille. The shepherds of the prancing flock are Stiller & Meara, whose skits discuss the American husband-wife gap. Word of warning: there's a European ballet troupe that models itself on touch football. Twice a night, without cease.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Allspice, cinnamon, ginger flavor the bouquet of songs Vikki Carr delivers with dispatch and decision during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**, a brace of trios produce thinking music (Ahmad Jamal's group is for woolgathering) and a third (Mousie Alexander's) turns out sedate dance music. Tee-off time is eight; dinner is served, and supper is not. Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays; a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one, likewise except Sundays. Sandu Marcu draws the long bow at teatime and in the Edwardian Room; Gunnar Hansen draws it even longer (eight to one in the Palm Court) and more languishingly, lovingly. Tuesday through Saturday is Mr. H.'s curriculum.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Chris Connor and Stan Getz's foursome, a marriage made somewhere near heaven (which, come to think of it, is the approximate locale of the Rainbow Grill), finish



'ULTIMA'



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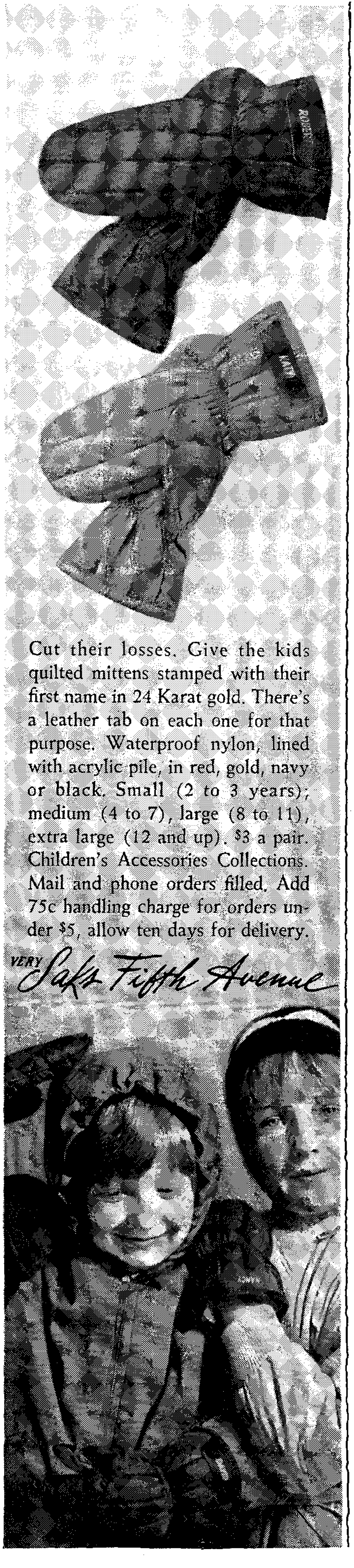


Cut their losses. Give the kids quilted mittens stamped with their first name in 24 Karat gold. There's a leather tab on each one for that purpose. Waterproof nylon, lined with acrylic pile, in red, gold, navy or black. Small (2 to 3 years); medium (4 to 7), large (8 to 11), extra large (12 and up). $3 a pair. Children's Accessories Collections. Mail and phone orders filled. Add 75c handling charge for orders under $5, allow ten days for delivery.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

their words-and-music display on Saturday, Nov. 16. On Monday, Nov. 18, Billy Eckstine begins another song recital at the same hours—nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dance music as before, commencing at seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Monique Van Vooren, a long and luxurious poppy from Flanders field, sings during dinner and supper in the Maisonette in a manner composed largely of elixir and élan, those recommendable vitamins. The bands of George Cort and Quintero never let up, once they've settled in, early in the evening, until long past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Julie London, once the Lady of Shalott, now impinges, bang-bang, in her new version of herself as she chants in the Empire Room—once at dinner, once at supper. The intermissions between the ministrations of the Charles Turecamo orchestra, which stays the evening long, are filled, and full, by the ululations of the Savages, a hard-core crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Herein lives the loyal constituency that, year after year, returns Louis Golson Hawkins to office; i.e., one of the two back-to-back pianos upon which he and Wayne Sanders ring out clear upon the midnight air. They take turns earlier, too, from around seven o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Young Lochinvars out of the East, and their young consorts, and the piano of Dan Ruskin, which believes in self-expression rather than conformity. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He stays home Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a simulacrum of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged November in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse.* Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore,* because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): If the nineteenth century really looked like this, we should perhaps return to our forefathers at once and, of course, stay for dinner. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, once the entire night life of Bermuda, are doing shore duty—Sundays from five to nine, Mondays from six to ten. It's a songfest innocent of guile, but no one appears to mind. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Parked at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday.

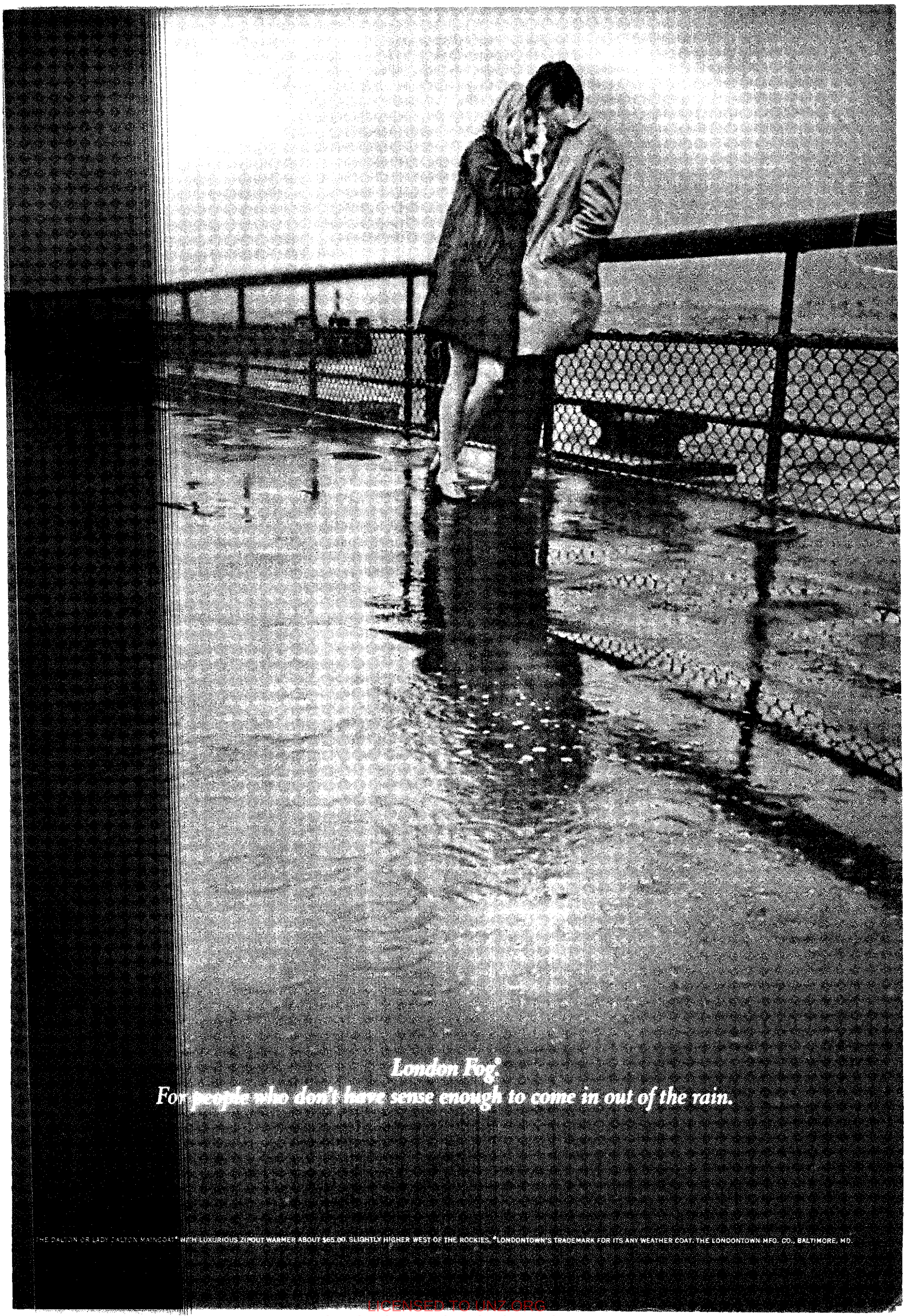
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Mauricio Aguilar—Heavily painted fruits and flowers; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings by a leading European Expressionist who is frequently shown in New York; through Nov.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30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Avedisian—Eight large Minimal paintings; through Nov. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Bacon—Twenty new paintings by the British artist celebrated for his distorted figures in enclosures; through Dec. 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexandre N. Benois (1870-1960)—Watercolors of landscapes, monuments, and interiors by an artist who is associated with ballet and was a friend of Diaghilev; through Dec. 28. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Bleifeld—Bronzes in the traditionalist mode, including some of Biblical themes; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Abstract paintings by a former New Yorker now living in California; through Dec. 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arland Christ-Janer—Geometrical paintings by the president of Boston University; through Nov. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1894-1941)—Two showings of works by a much-admired American individualist often compared to the Douanier Rousseau—Oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Twenty-eight oils; through Nov. 30. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dan Flavin—New "sculptures" made of arrangements of fluorescent light tubes; through Nov. 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Fosburgh—Traditionalist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Landscapes and still-lifes, plus studies for the paintings; through Dec. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Alberto Giacometti and Jean Dubuffet—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Paintings and drawings of figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Fifteen paintings of flags of different nations done in commemoration of the First World War Armistice; through Nov. 30. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Gene Hedge—An artist known for his collages resorts to rolling fluid paint on canvas; through Nov. 27. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hokanson—Wood sculptures in irregular Abstract shapes; through Friday, Nov. 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—A collaboration by the artist with the poet Robert Creeley in a set of ten serigraphs on the theme of the digits; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A joint exhibition covering various phases of the work of the celebrated French modernist—Oils; through Dec. 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Gouaches, watercolors, and drawings, from 1910 to 1953; through Dec. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

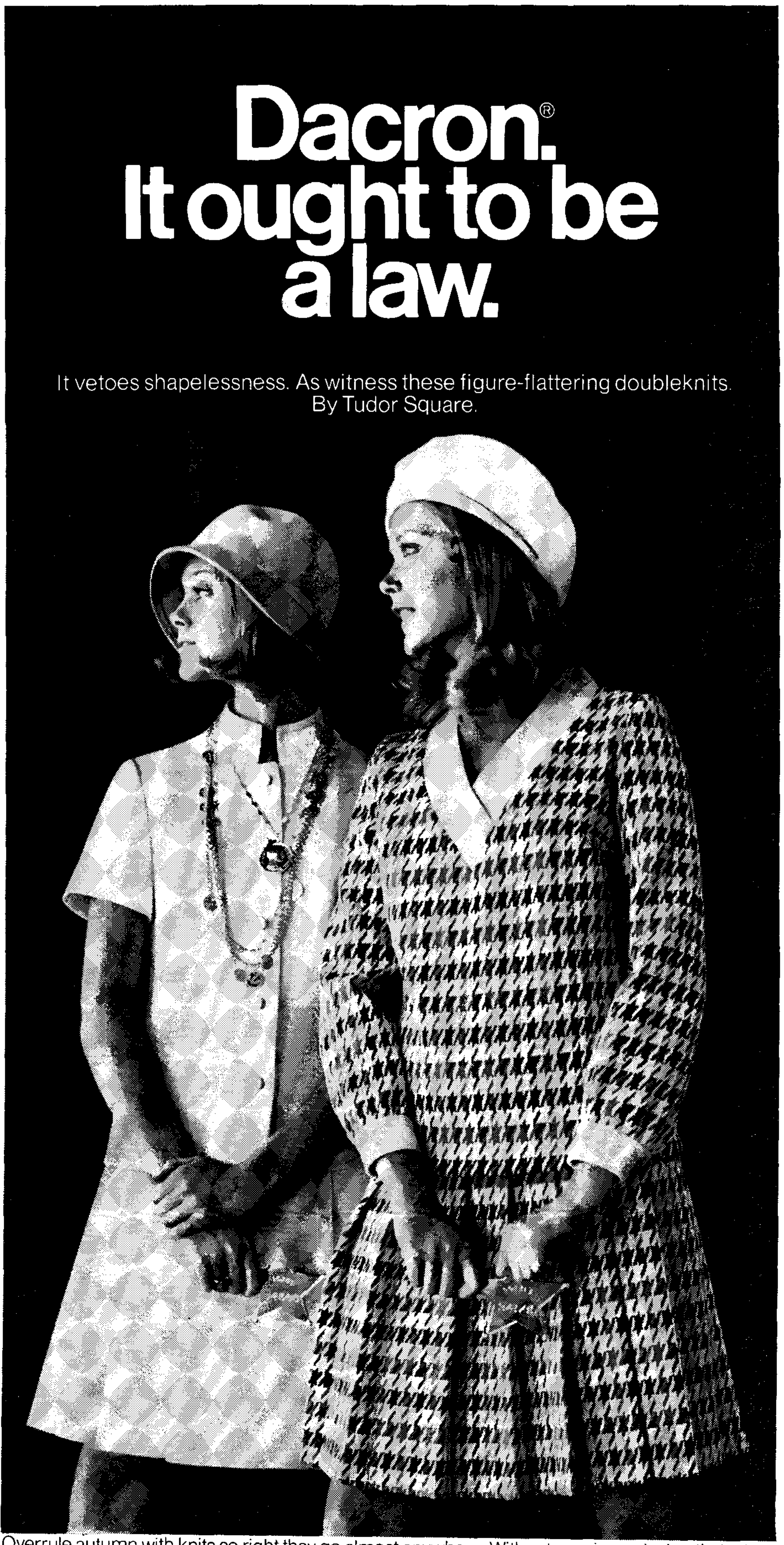
David Levine—Romantic watercolors and unromantic caricatures by an illustrator known mainly through his magazine covers; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tom Lloyd—Flashing light patterns using diffracting lenses; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marino Marini—Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, many of them on the artist's favorite theme of the horse and rider; through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Phyllis Mark—Sculptures that make use of movement and lights; through Nov. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John McClusky—Paintings and drawings of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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Connecticut landscapes, which emphasize the texture of wood, leaves, and stone, and some still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

Armando Morales—Abstract oils and collages; through Nov. 30. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Moss—Large Abstract heads composed of irregular oblongs of color; through Friday, Nov. 22. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodrigo Moynihan—Abstract paintings with an effect of landscape; through Thursday, Nov. 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Gouaches, oil paintings, and assemblages, from 1945 to 1968; through Nov. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Peirce—This leading American painter's work of the past thirty years; through Dec. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Attilio Pierelli—Polished stainless-steel Abstract sculptures by an Italian artist who works in monumental forms; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Larry Poons—Paintings by a prominent young artist concerned with mathematical and color relations; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Ramirez—Geometric sculptures in translucent Plexiglas by a Colombian artist known for his architectural reliefs; through Dec. 1. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Alex Redein—Acrylic collages representing interiors and cityscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Felicien Rops (1833-98)—A large exhibition of prints by a Belgian who was a friend of Baudelaire and is known for his satirical wit; through Nov. 30. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Gerald Scarfe—Life-size sculptures caricaturing current political candidates and related public figures—e.g., news commentators and cops—by a British cartoonist; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Watercolors and drawings by an Austrian artist; through Dec. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes in oils, watercolors, and drawings, and a full-length portrait of Leonard Baskin; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Paintings, collages, and works on paper by a prize-winning Spanish modernist; through Nov. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Wood sculptures in massive simple forms; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Youngerman—Inks and watercolors of the artist's characteristic Abstract forms; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Norman Zammitt—Constructions, laminations, and colored lithographs; through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Art of the Goldsmith and the Jeweler—A large benefit exhibition of gold boxes, diamond jewelry, and works by Fabergé, from the sixteenth century to the last of the czars; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. Weekdays, 11 to 4:30.)

Tapestries—Large-scale examples by American artists—Lindner, Warhol, Stamos, Trova, Vicente, Motherwell, Stella, and Lichtenstein, for instance; through Tuesday, Nov. 19. (Slatkin, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **CHALETTE**, 9 E. 88th St.: Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Items by such artists as Robert Morris, Nadelman, Oldenburg, and di Suvero; through Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: About a hundred original French bronzes, from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Nov. 27.... **SCULPTORS GUILD**, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: An annual exhibit by sixty-one members, who include Chaim Gross, de Creeft, Martinelli, and Meadmore; through Sunday, Nov. 17. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A large exhibition of oils and watercolors by artists who contributed to the development of Impressionism in the United States, among them Prendergast, Glackens, Hassam, and Cassatt; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Americans who worked and travelled in Europe after 1850, including Inness, Metcalf, Moran, and Sargent; through Nov. 30.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—The third international miniature print competition exhibition, sponsored by the Pratt Graphic Center, offers a hundred and seventy-six examples, none of which is larger than four square inches; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy rarely seen paintings by four masters of Impressionism—Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley; through Nov. 30.... **CARUS**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by Middle European Expressionists; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CHRISTIE'S**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: A benefit show presenting "Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Their Circle," comprising master works by the artists named and by Redon, Pissarro, Vuillard, and others; through Nov. 30.... **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, sketches, and watercolors by about fifty French authors, among them Hugo, de Musset, Proust, Verlaine, Valéry, Tzara, Malraux, and Cocteau; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Closed Saturday afternoons.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: French figure drawings from Delacroix to Dubuffet, featuring thirty years of drawings by Giacometti; through Dec. 5. ... **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings by Bonnard, Gauguin, Matisse, and Modigliani (to name a few); through Dec. 7.... **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bacon, de Chirico, Giacometti, and Ipousteguy are a few of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 16.... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Dec. 7. (Closed Mondays.) ... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Expressionists again—paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, for instance, Kirchner, Nolde, Beckmann, Klee, and Jawlensky; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: French and Italian drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Friday, Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages; in many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them. Some of the artists are Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, and Andrea del Castagno. Through Tuesday, Nov. 19. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesdays and Thursday, Nov. 14, until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A thir-

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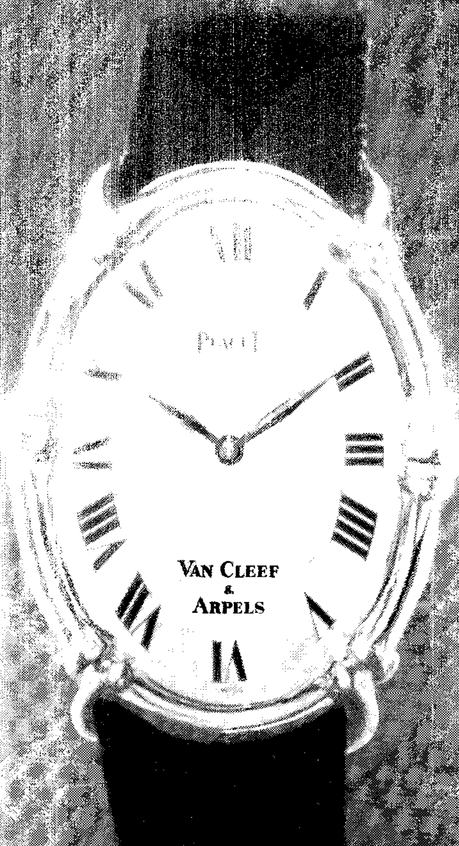

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A wide-ranging exhibit of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of the graphic art of Winslow Homer, from the wood engravings done for *Harper's Weekly* in the late eighteen-fifties to the last etchings of 1889, plus paintings and drawings used as sources for prints; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York City subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Collages by Robert Motherwell, one of the original American Abstract Expressionists, who has worked in this medium since the beginning of his career; through Sunday, Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The sixteenth national print exhibition, composed of two hundred works by a hundred and twenty-four artists, the majority of them well known; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

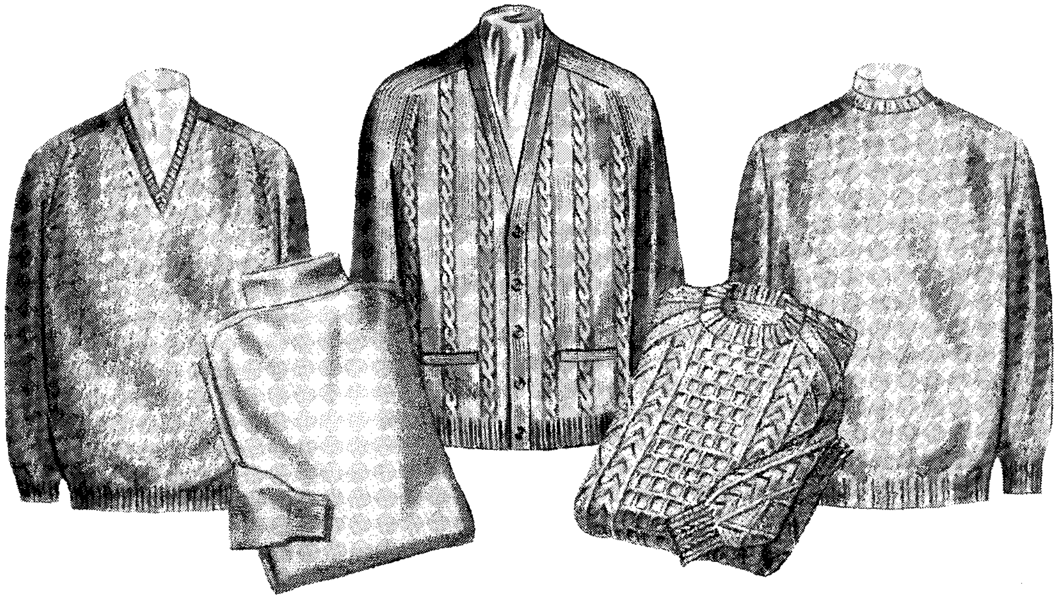
American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by members of the Institute; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Davis, Calder, Albers, Arp, and Nevelson, accompanied by documentation—e.g., sketches, photos, correspondence, bills of sale—of the kind that assists art historians and protects the investment of collectors; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-three etchings by Giovanni Battista Piranesi



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and his son, Francesco, including the famous prison series of the elder Piranesi; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—The largest and most representative exhibit of modern Persian paintings ever assembled in the United States, presented in connection with an international conference on contemporary Iran; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 7.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "Giovanni Mardersteig and the Officina Bodoni," a show of books designed and printed by Dr. Mardersteig; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An album of eighty oil portraits by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865) of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic valleys; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition arranged under the ambitious title "The Humanist Tradition in Contemporary American Paintings," with examples by such artists as Lester Johnson, Leland Bell, Loren MacIver, Robert Beauchamp, Richard Diebenkorn, and Elmer Bischoff; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A string of approximately three hundred of the Society's original watercolor drawings of "The Birds of America" by, but of course, John James Audubon. No recorded birdsong accompaniment, to our regret. Through Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, consisting of sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; among several guest Abstractionists are Agostini, di Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene

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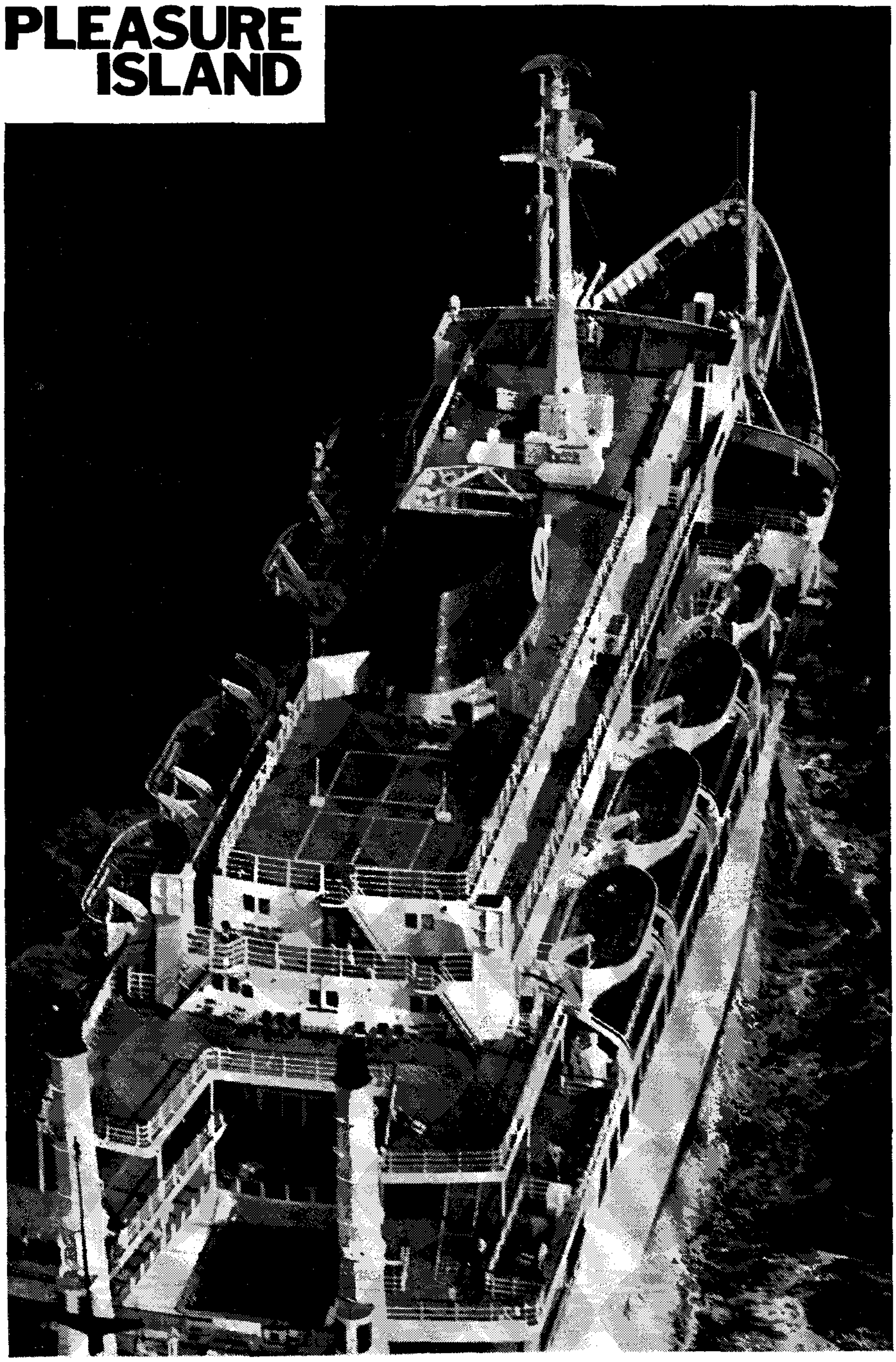

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30: A new production of Wagner's "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Thomas Stewart, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Vincenzo Sardinero, and Tibor Kelen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Timo Callio, Roy Samuelson, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Joann Grillo, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Athena Lampropulos and David Clatworthy; "Suor Angelica," with Anne Elgar and Frances Bible; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Spiro Malas and Barbara Blanchard. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Colin Davis conducting—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 18, at 7:30 (all with Stephen Bishop, piano); and Friday, Nov. 22, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 25, at 7:30 (all with Robert Goldsand, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, both with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Robert Casadesus, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, a varied program, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Michael Grebanier, cello.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting a program of French music. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, a benefit concert, with Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, pianos. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Alirio Diaz, guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—James DePreist conducting, with Joyce Mathis, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of Hispanic music, with soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Utterbach Concert Choir—Clinton Utterbach directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Sir Arthur Bliss conducting an orchestra composed of eighty-five members of the New York Philharmonic in the American première of his choral cantata "The Beatitudes," with Virginia Babikian, soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; and the Westminster Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call 581-7400, Ext. 372.)

RECITALS

Christa Ludwig—Mezzo-soprano, in an all-Brahms recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Melos Ensemble of London—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, an all-Beethoven program; and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Grete Sultan—Piano, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Baroque Ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8:40.)

Contemporary Music Society—A program of music by Reynolds, Xenakis, and others, performed by Yuji Takahashi, piano; Paul Zukofsky, violin; and others. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

Fortunato Arico—Cello. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Martina Arroyo—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:40.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Robert Guralnik—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Peter Frankl—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Stephen Bishop will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 18, in the order that written

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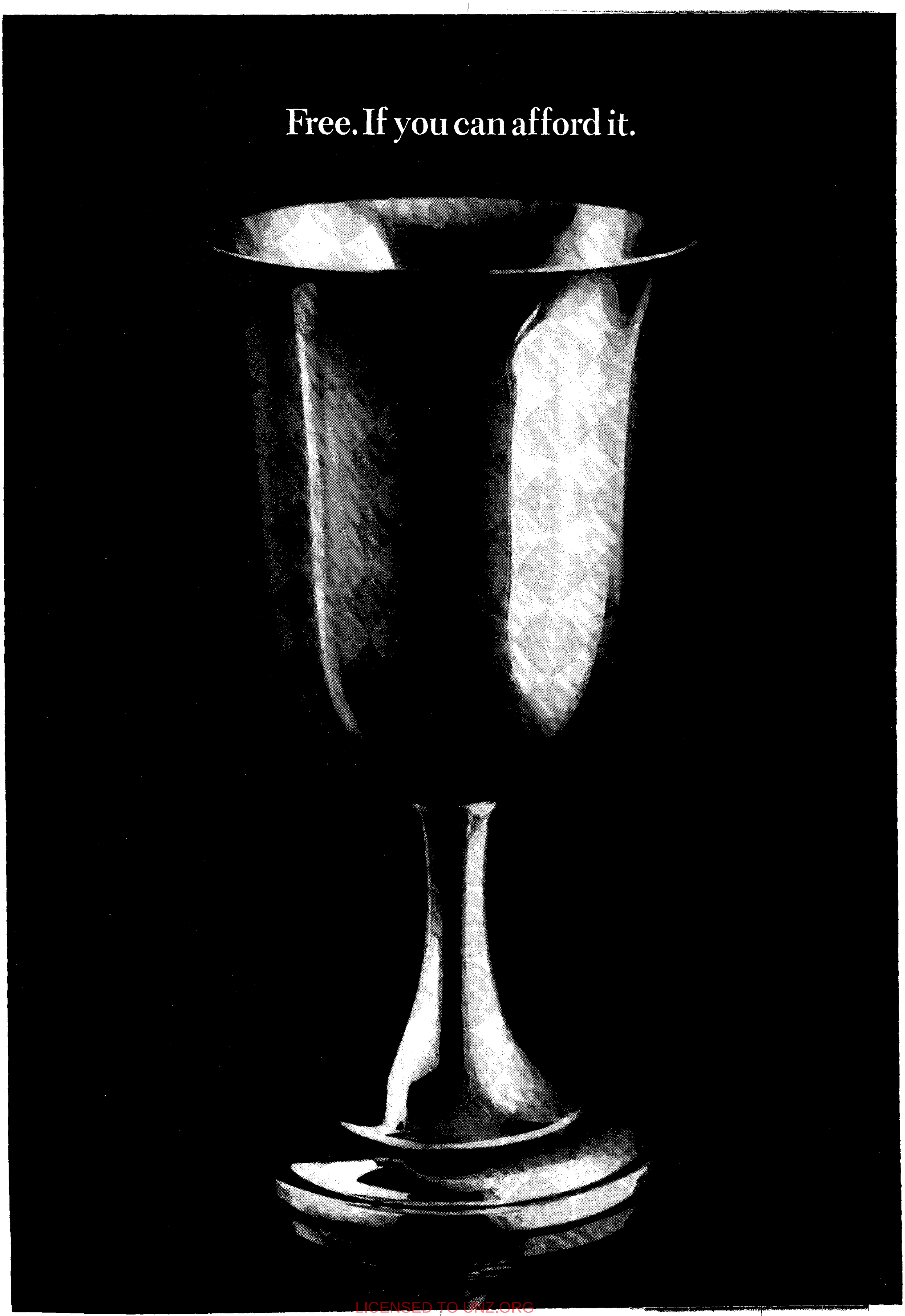
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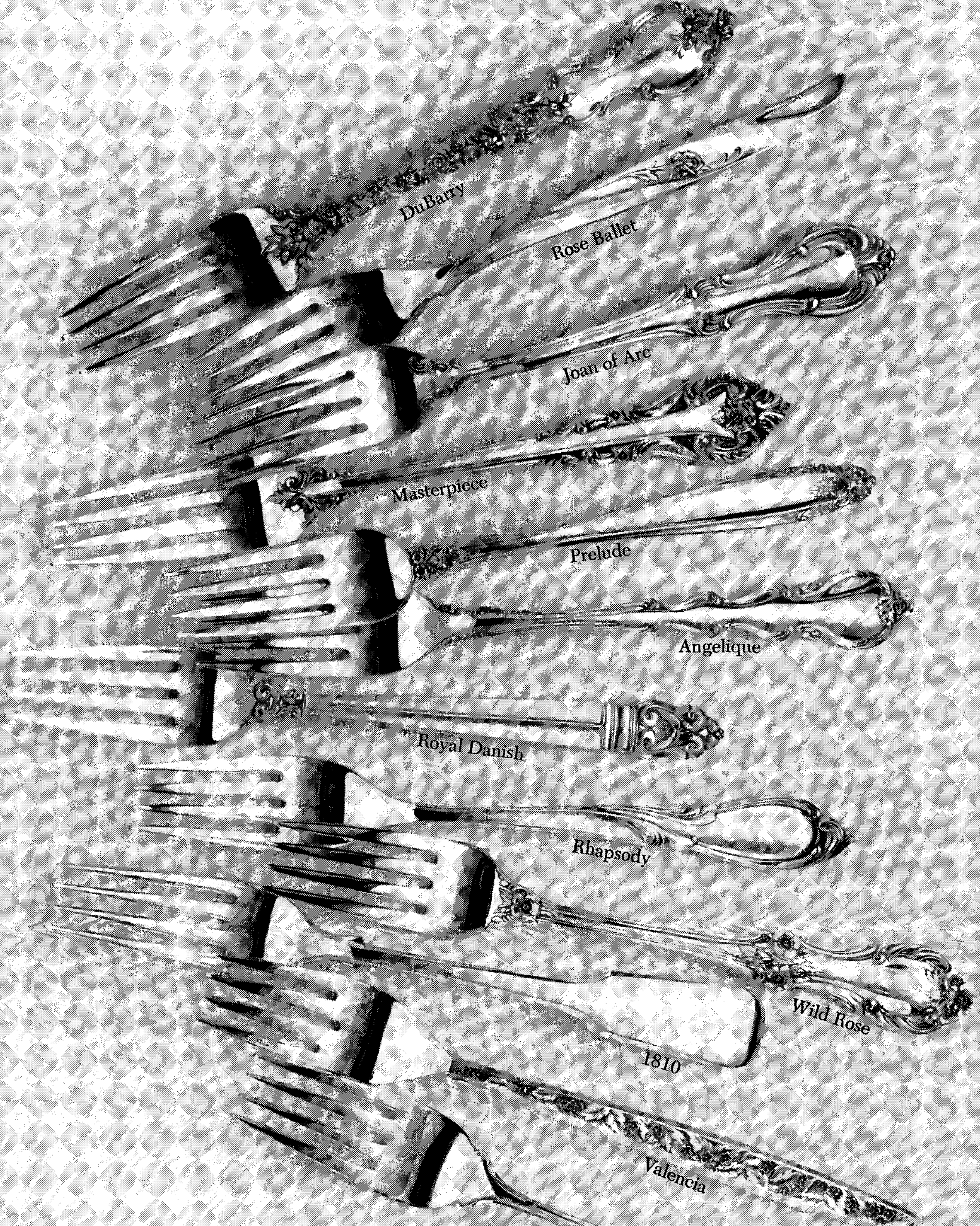
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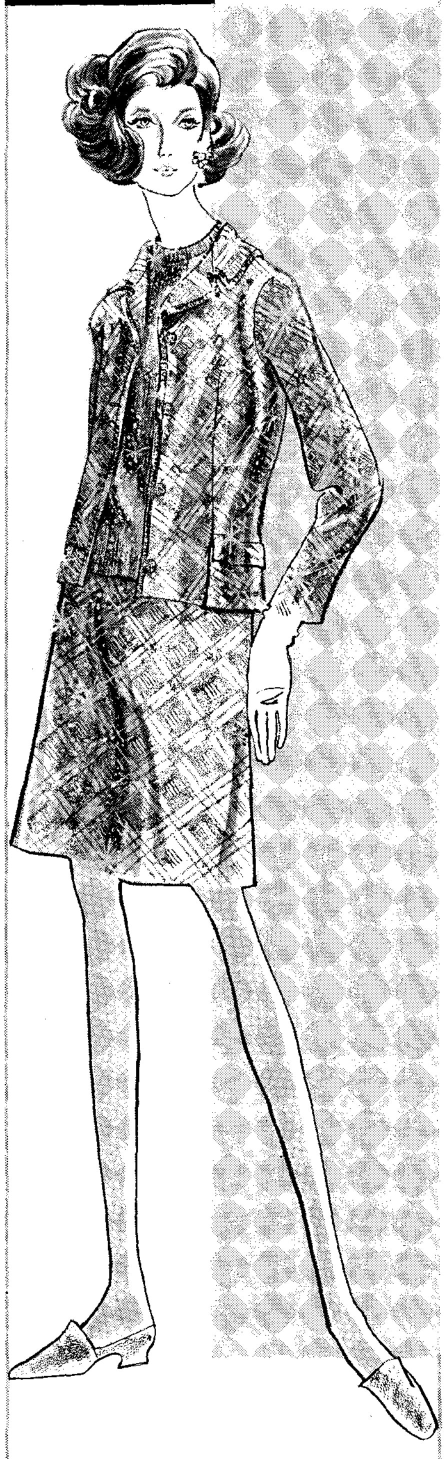

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Janis Joplin—With Big Brother and the Holding Company. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

James Brown Revue—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat, and Youngbloods—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8 and 11:30.

New Lost City Ramblers—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3600.

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Nine singers chosen at the semifinals last March will appear in the final audition of the 1968 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 799-3259.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 6:30: Phoenix vs. Philadelphia and Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—Ismael Laguna vs. Bunny Grant, lightweights, 10 rounds; Luis Rodriguez vs. Joe Shaw, middleweights, 10 rounds; and Dario Hidalgo vs. David Melendez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 16 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 23 (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Los Angeles.

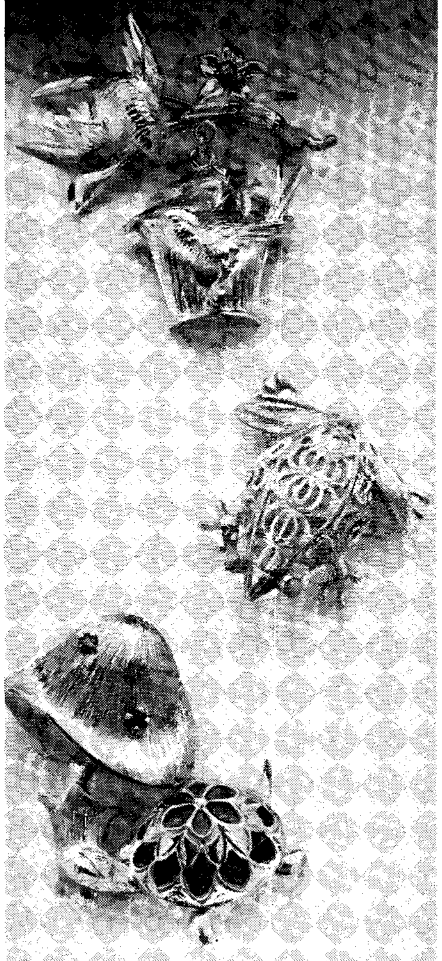
Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 10. The Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 16, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Nov. 18. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 16. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "Puss in Boots." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Sundays at 2 and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth



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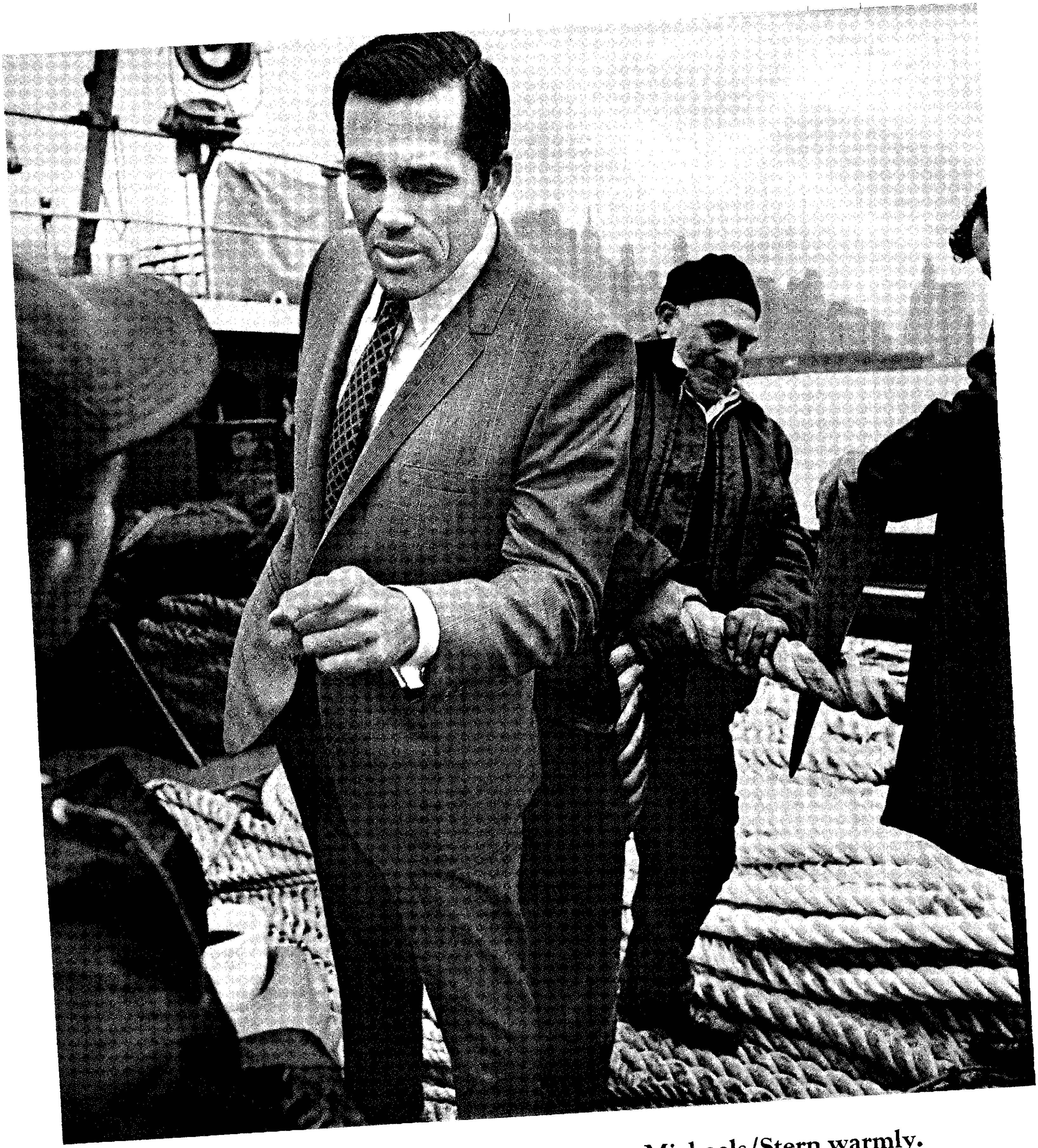

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse;" through Nov. 25. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

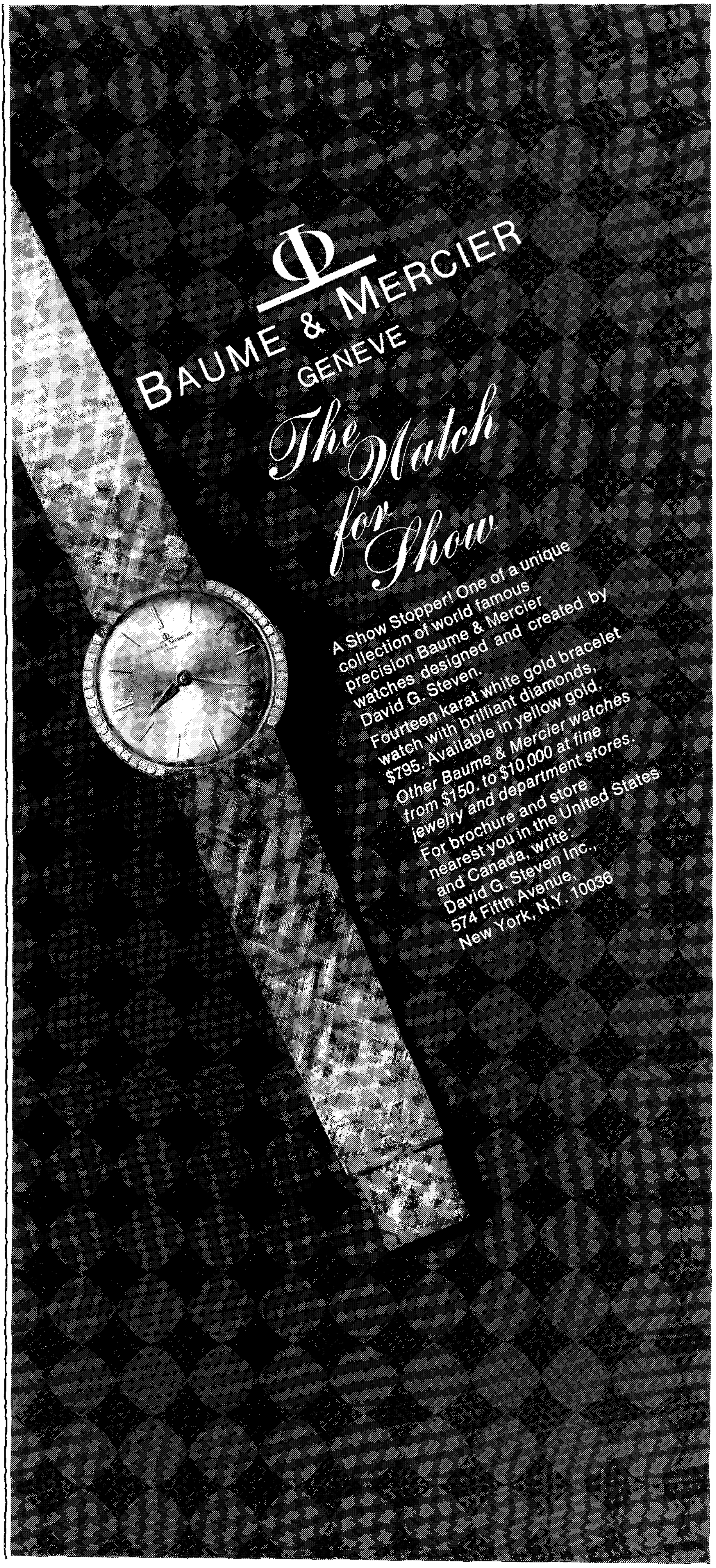
Poetry Readings—Marianne Moore and Peter Kane Dufault reading from their own poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Lectures—"Manuscript Illumination in Renaissance Flanders: The Flemish *Kalendar*," by Jethro Hurt, Thursday, Nov. 14, at 5:40. . . . ¶ "Caravaggio and Fetti: David and Goliath as Portrait," by Pamela Askew, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 3. . . . ¶ "Cézanne and His Critics," by George Heard Hamilton, Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 3, and Thursday, Nov. 21, at 5:40. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

Flower Shows—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 17.) . . . ¶ The Thanksgiving Flower Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 20, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Two sales of property formerly in the inventory of French & Co. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 1:45: Medieval, Renaissance, and eighteenth-century works of art. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 10:15 and 1:45: Art books. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8: A benefit auction of African sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Monet, Modigliani, Degas, and Rodin; from various owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 879-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 15.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Six programs in a series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch: Nov. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Smiling Lieutenant" (1931); Nov. 15 at 2 and 5:30, "The Man I Killed" (1932); Nov. 16 at 3 and 5:30, "Trouble in Paradise" (1932); Nov. 17 at 2 and 5:30, "One Hour with You" (1932); Nov. 18 at 2, "Ninotchka" (1939); Nov. 19 at 2 and 5:30, "Design for Living" (1933). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 11:30: "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Hands Up!" (1926), with Raymond Griffith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



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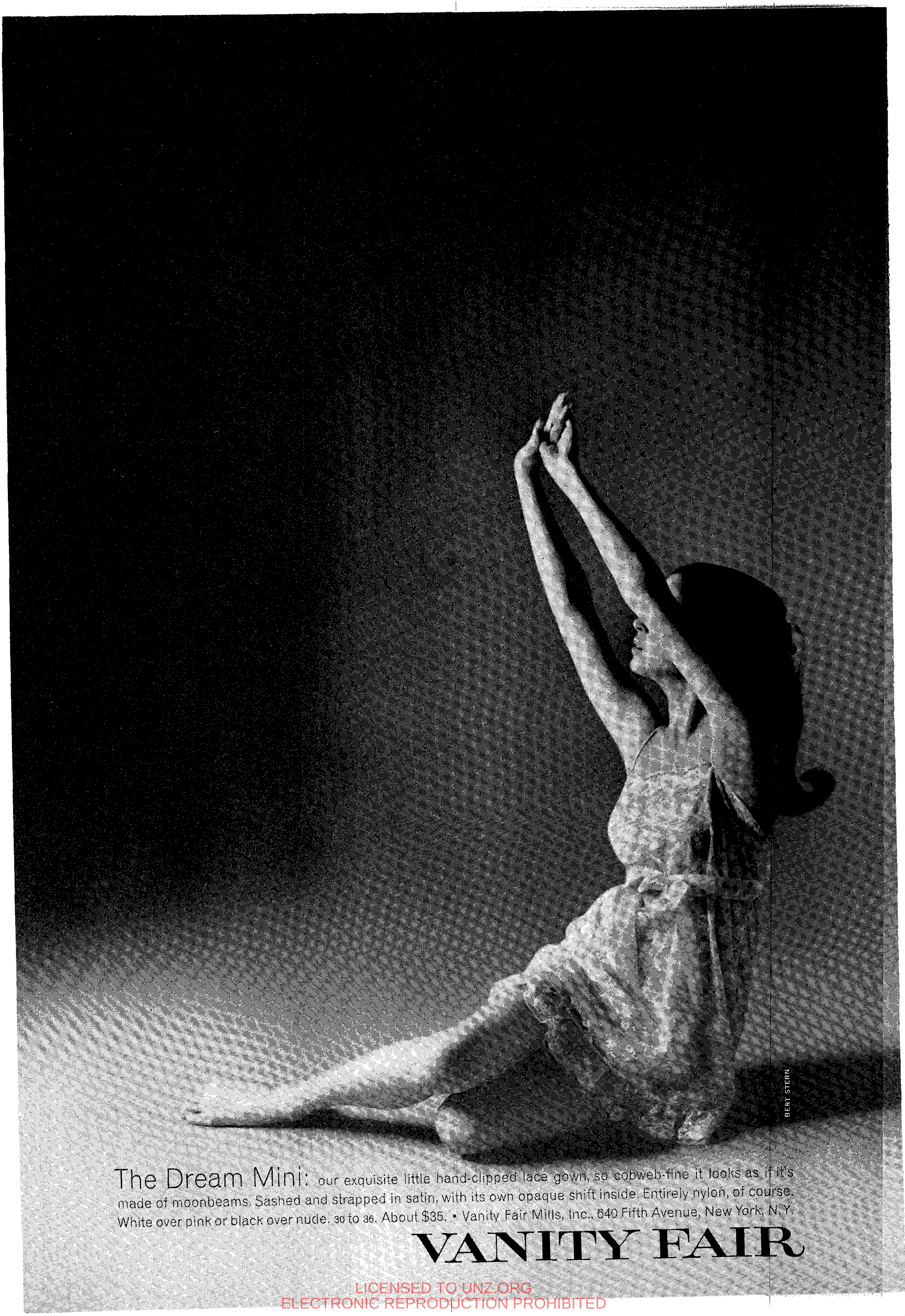

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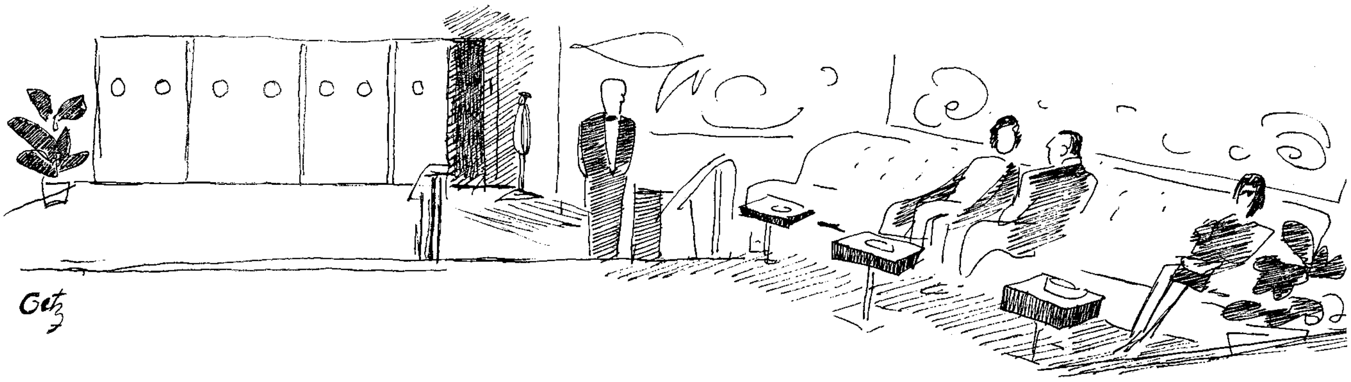
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

Barbarella—A bad yet enjoyable movie; sex satire and science fiction, clumsily combined, but with amusing moments. Jane Fonda is in almost every scene, and she's charming. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; starting Nov. 20.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—There are some good chase sequences around San Francisco in this low-key police melodrama, which is pointless and often dull, but efficiently directed by Peter Yates and well acted by Steve McQueen. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Les Carabiniers—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. Godard made the picture in 1963, and the soldiers' imaginary monarchical country is like a caricature of de Gaulle's France. Godard is cinema's nearest thing to Brecht in his intellectual grasp and gutter irony. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 19.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Victorian follies are satirized in Tony Richardson's vaudeville-epic on the horrors and idiocies of war. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only. Starting Nov. 18, continuous showings.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic, up-to-the-minute comedy satire. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 19.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 19.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 15.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 14.)

El (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 17.)

Enter Laughing (1967)—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer and Elaine May. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 19.)

Finian's Rainbow—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through Nov. 19.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this the most enjoyable movie musical in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Hot Millions—Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov wrote this ridiculously funny English film, which has Ustinov as a cheerily criminal money-maker and Maggie Smith as his gutsy, drably dressed girl friend, egging him on in his life, if not his work, and keenly practicing the flute. Miss Smith is quite something: a very serious as well as very funny actress, out of no English tradition known abroad—spunky, non-booming, non-grand, secretly frail, and insistent on a sensible capacity to cope. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Nov. 20.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly recreates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 19.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 15.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 14.)

Star!—The heart of this musical is dead: the seventeen numbers are poorly staged. Trying to be Gertrude Lawrence, Julie Andrews confuses acting cold and unpleasant with sophistication. Ineptly directed by Robert Wise. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—A Jean Cocteau film. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 17.)

Thunderball (1965)—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through Nov. 19.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—Audrey Hepburn, blind and alone in a Village apartment, pits herself against three murderous crooks. Terence Young directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 19.)

Warrendale—Children mentally in trouble, aged from about five to eighteen, observed with love and acuteness by Allan King while they are under care in a courageous psychiatric home in Canada called Warrendale. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325; through Nov. 17.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 19.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; starting Nov. 20.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through Nov. 17: **WARRENDALE.**
From Nov. 18: "Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 19: "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant; and "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 19: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**
From Nov. 20: "Paper Lion," Alan Alda; and "The Party," Peter Sellers.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 19: **BARBARELLA.**
From Nov. 20: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Marriage Came Tumbling Down" (in French), Michel Simon.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Yellow Submarine," a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 19: **WEEKEND** (in French).
From Nov. 20: "The Touchables," Judy Huxtable.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 17: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**
Nov. 18-19: "A Journey to Jerusalem," a documentary about Jerusalem.
From Nov. 20: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 19: "The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.
From Nov. 20: "The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 19: **BARBARELLA.**
From Nov. 20: "Inga" (in Swedish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 19: **THUNDERBALL**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From Nov. 20: **WEST SIDE STORY.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 19: **LES CARABINIERS** and **LA CHINOISE** (both in French).
From Nov. 20: "Unstrap Me," a George Kuchar film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 19: **ENTER LAUGHING**; and "Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 19: "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1968), a Yugoslavian film.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Nov. 19: "Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.
From Nov. 20: **BARBARELLA.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Head," the Monkees.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 17: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**
Nov. 18-19: "A Journey to Jerusalem," a documentary about Jerusalem.
From Nov. 20: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 19: **THE ODD COUPLE.**
From Nov. 20: **HOT MILLIONS.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BULLITT.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Birds in Peru" (in French), Jean Seberg.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Head," the Monkees.

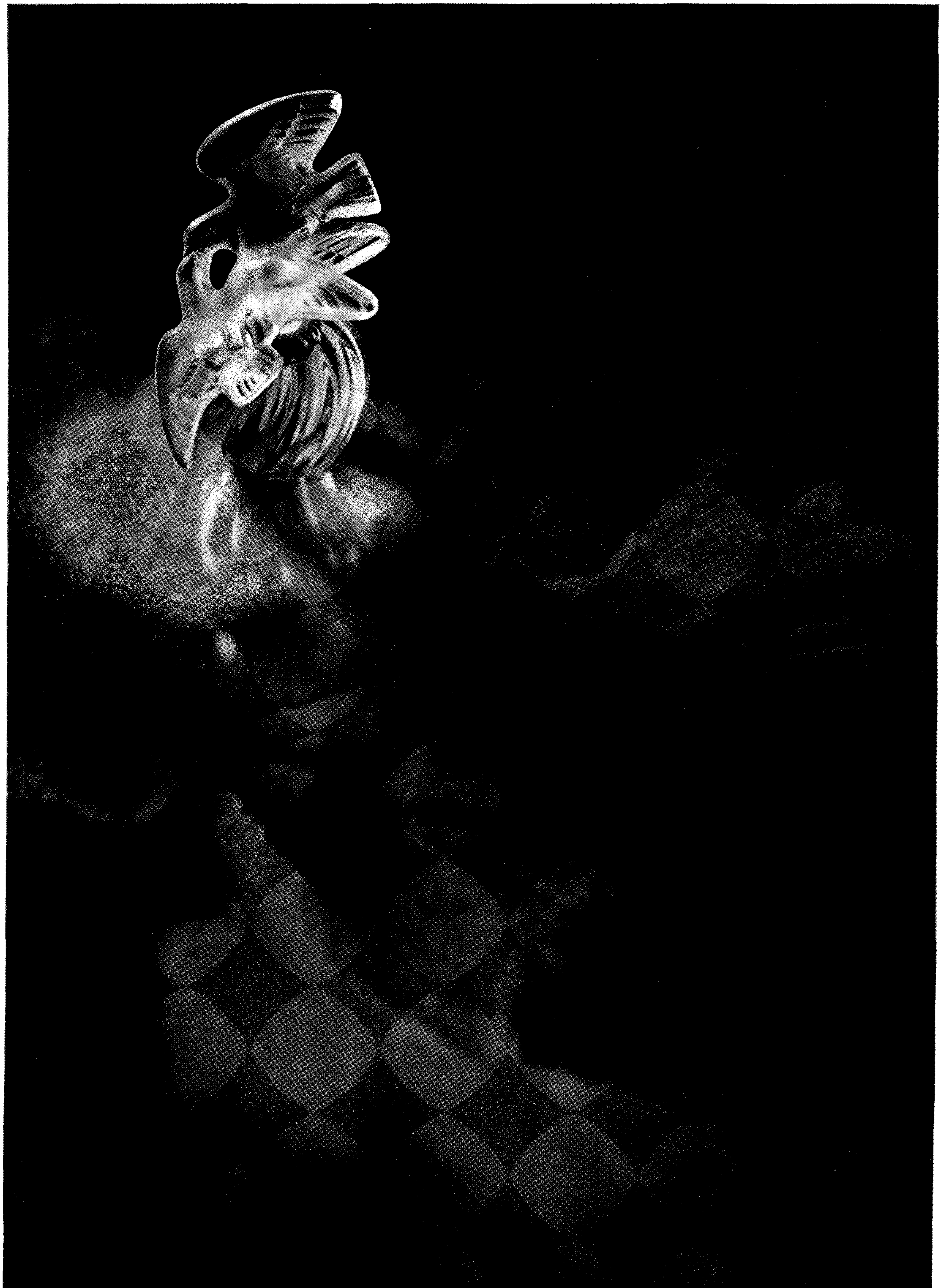
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 17: **EL** (in Spanish); and **TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS** (in French).
Nov. 18-20: "Poil de Carotte" (1936; in French), Harry Baur; and "Crime and Punishment" (1958; in French), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 19: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve; and "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.
From Nov. 20: "Paper Lion," Alan Alda; and "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 14: **THE SERVANT**; and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**
From Nov. 15: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.



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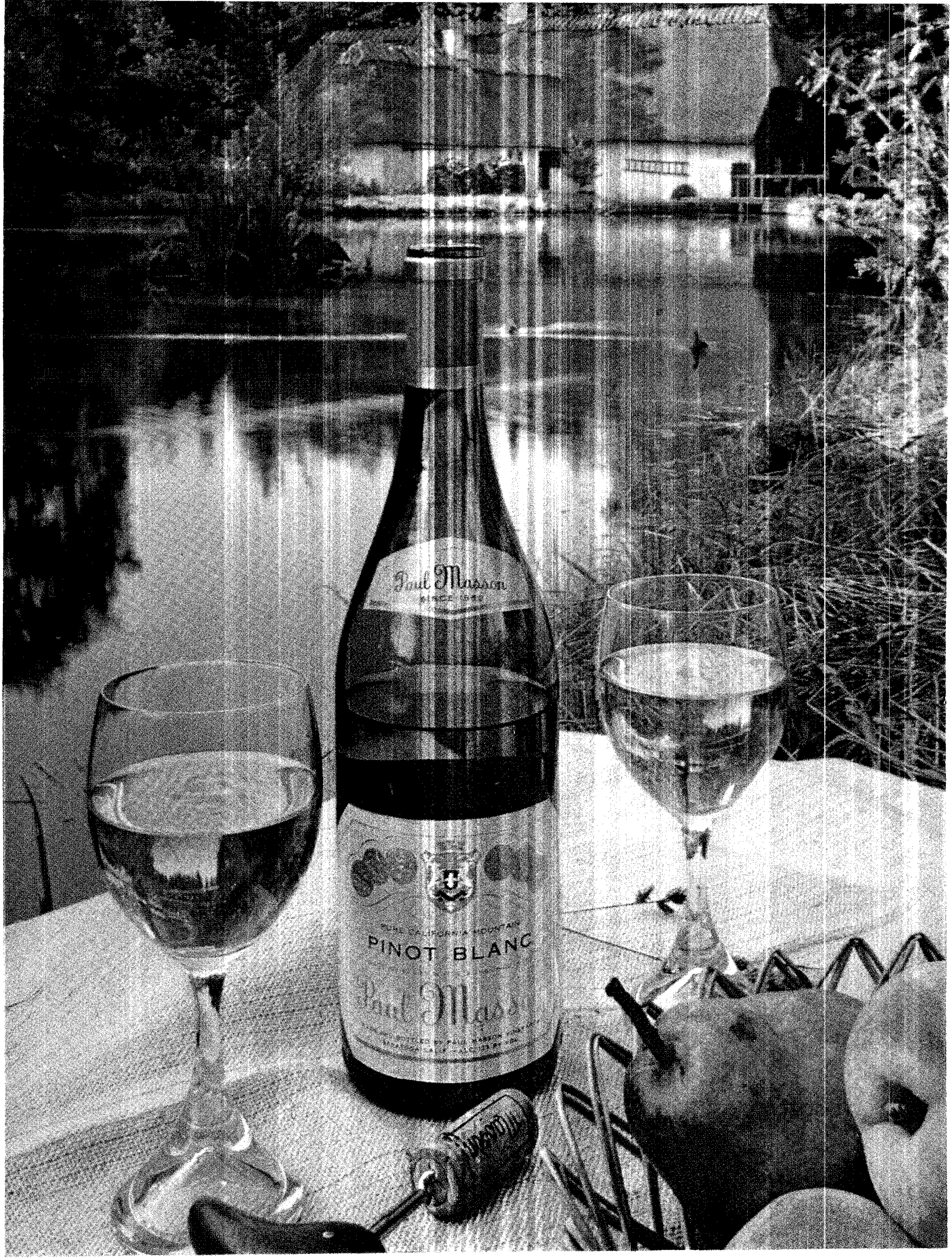
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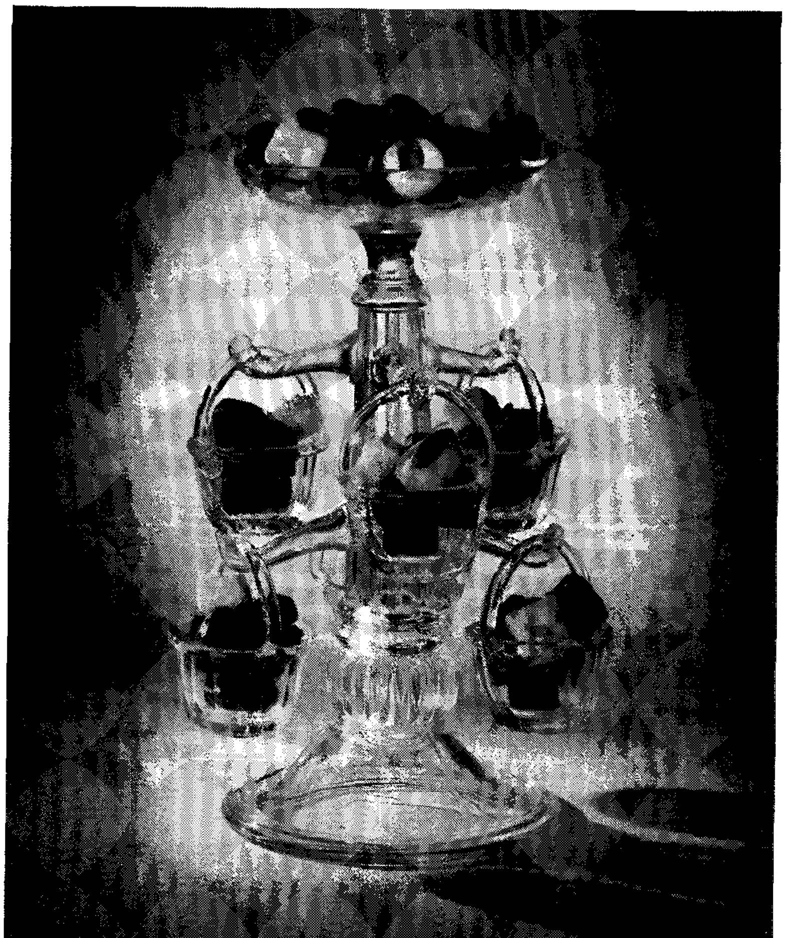

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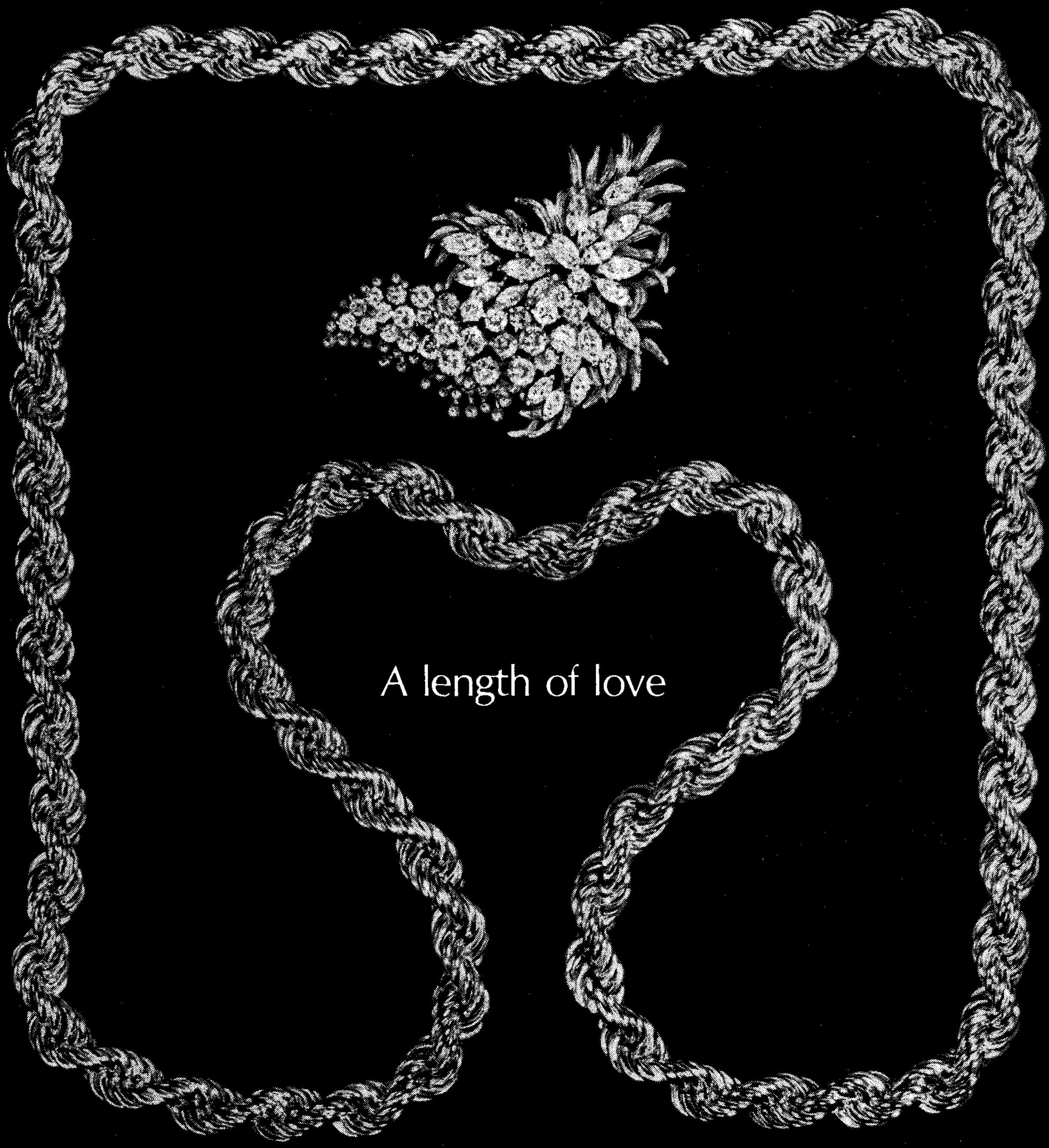

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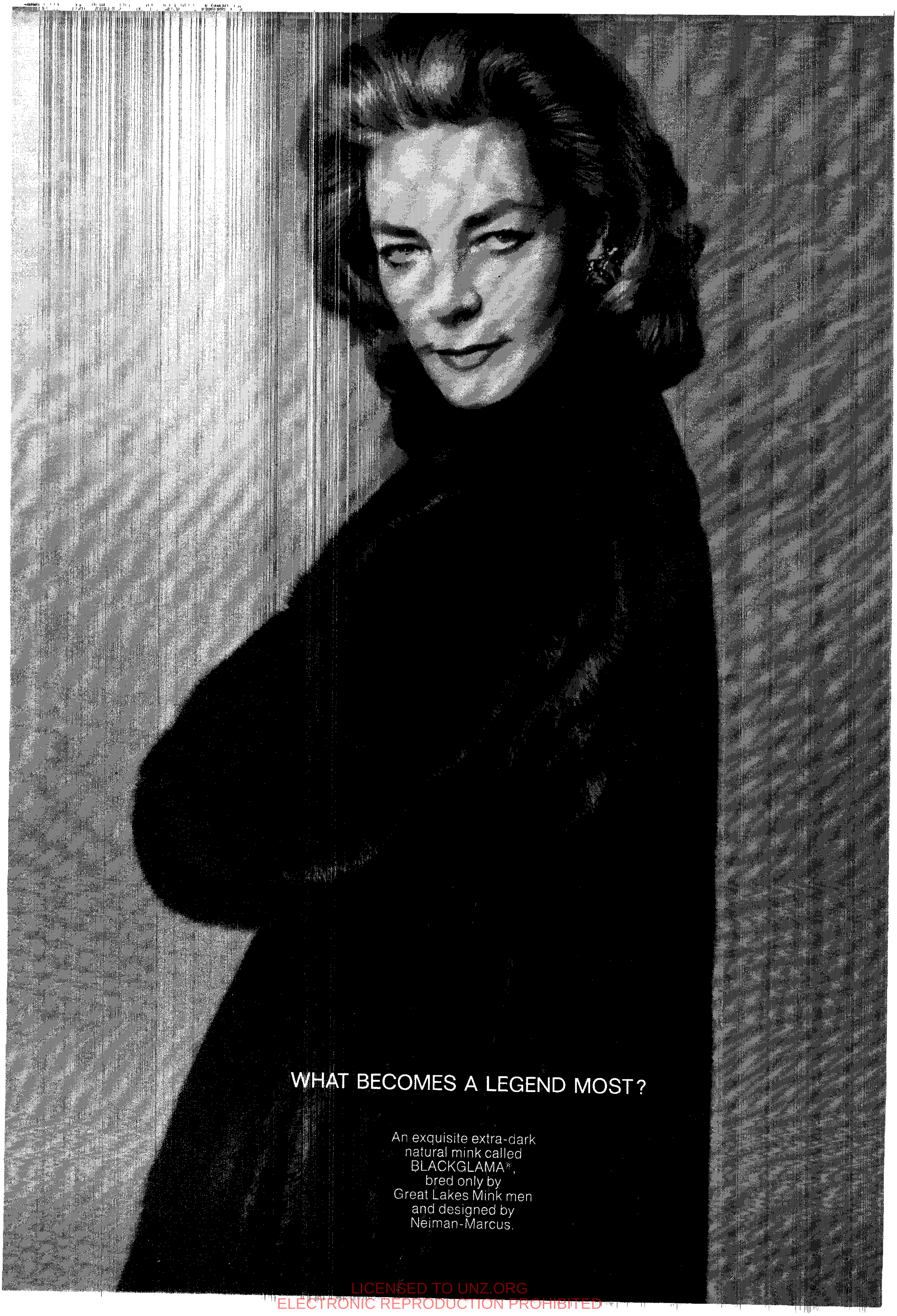
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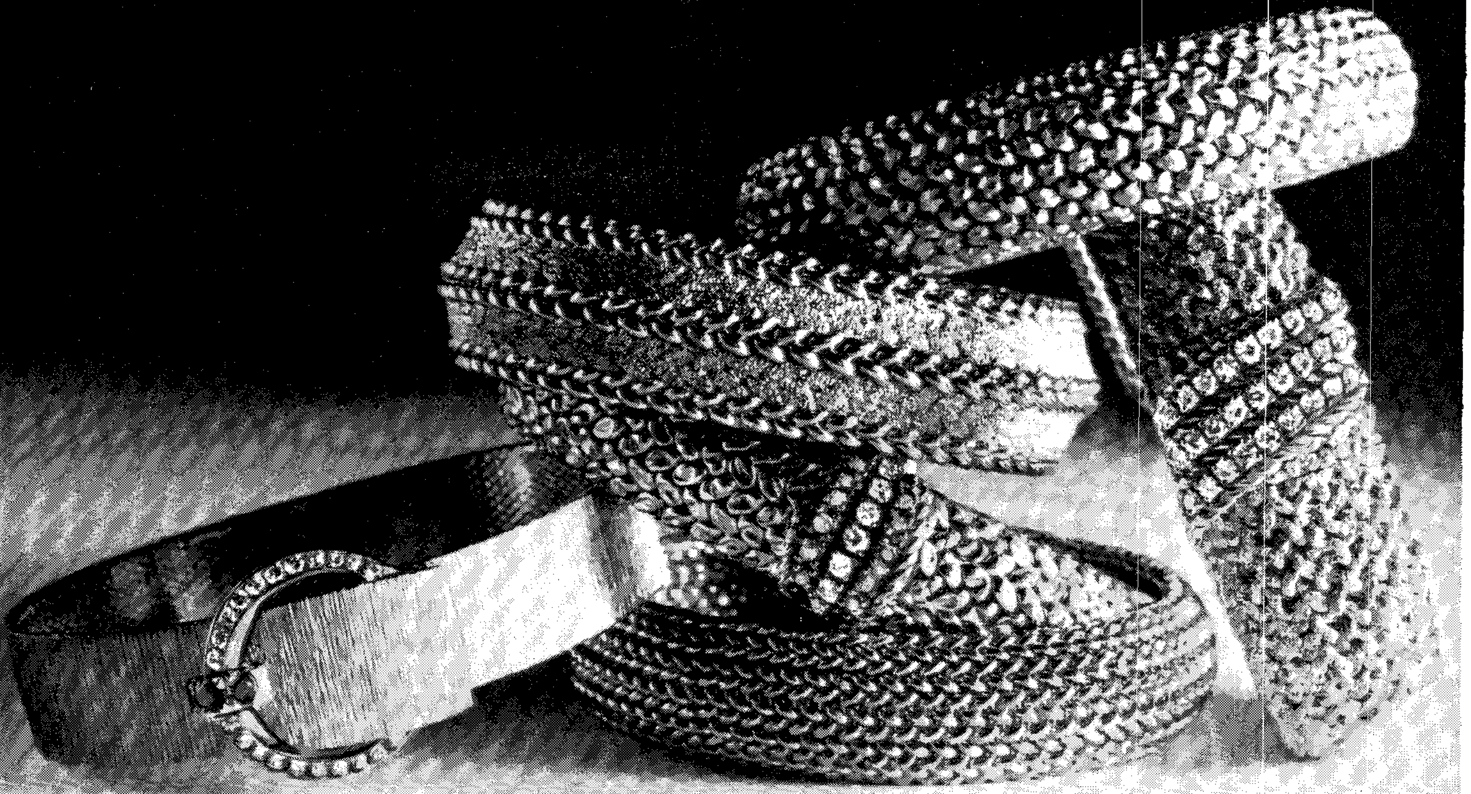

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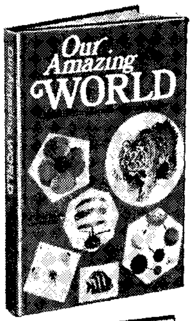
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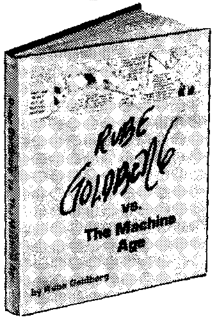
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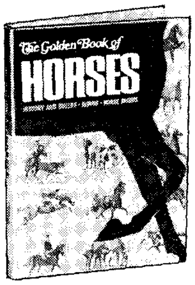
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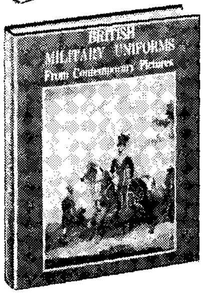
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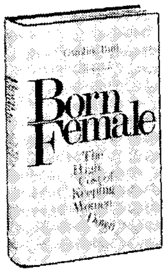
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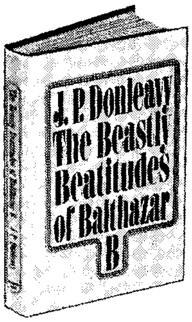
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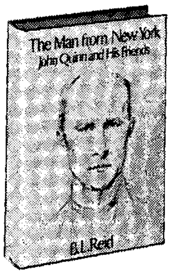
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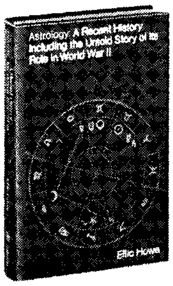
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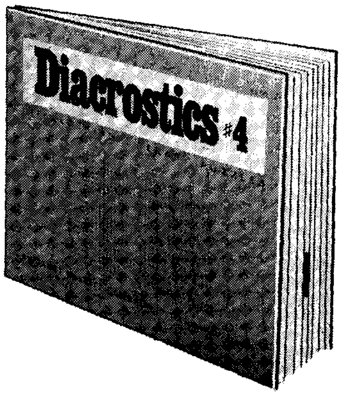
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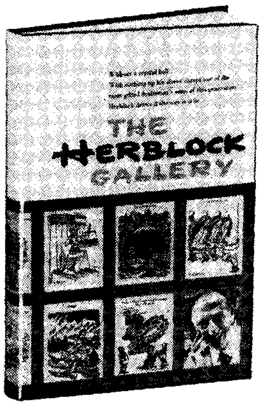
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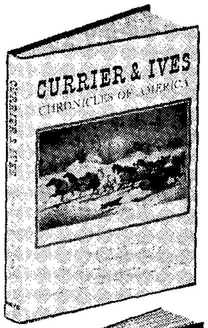
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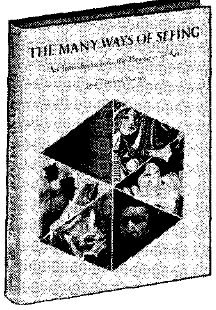
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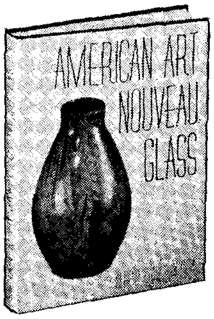
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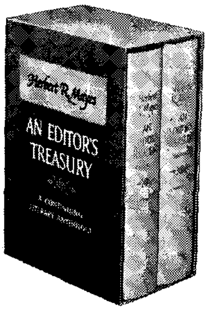
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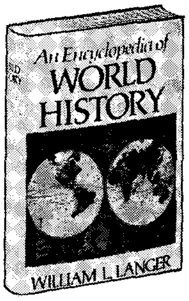
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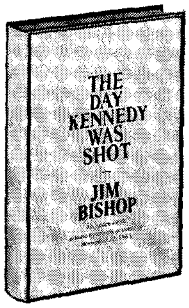
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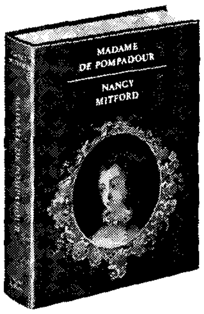
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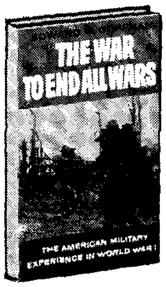
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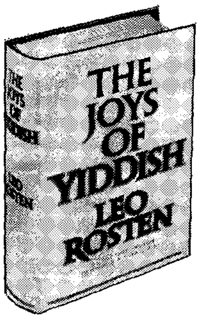
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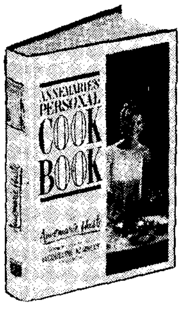
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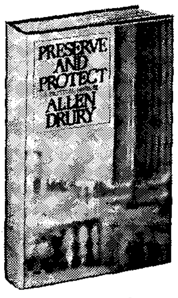
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The Heart-Keeper
FRANÇOISE SAGAN

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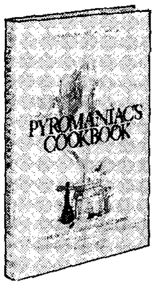
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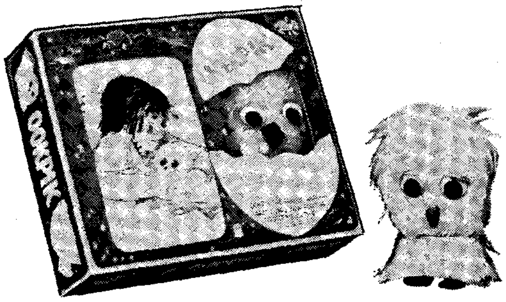

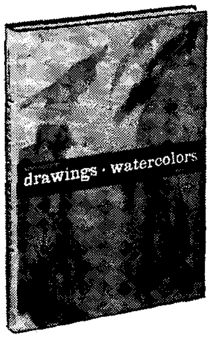
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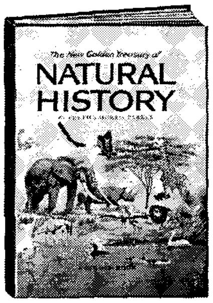
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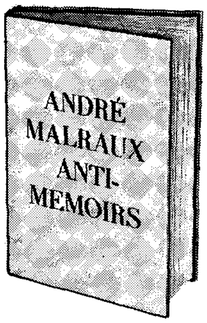
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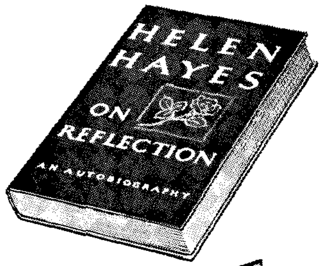
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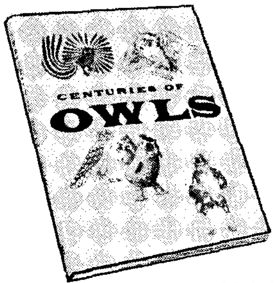
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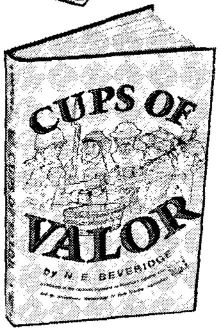
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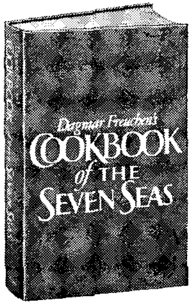
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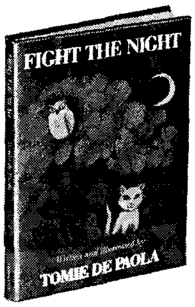
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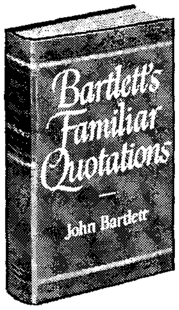
TOMIE DE PAOLA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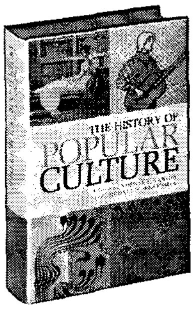
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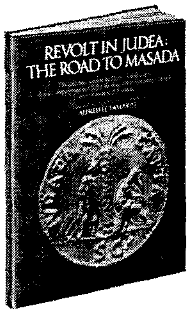
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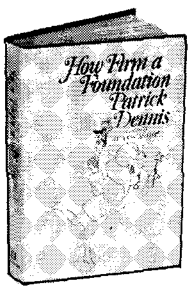
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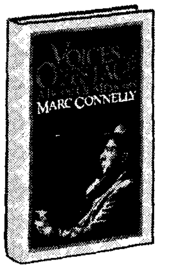
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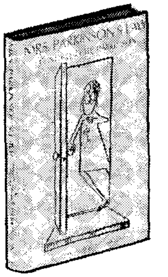
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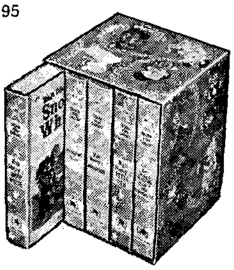

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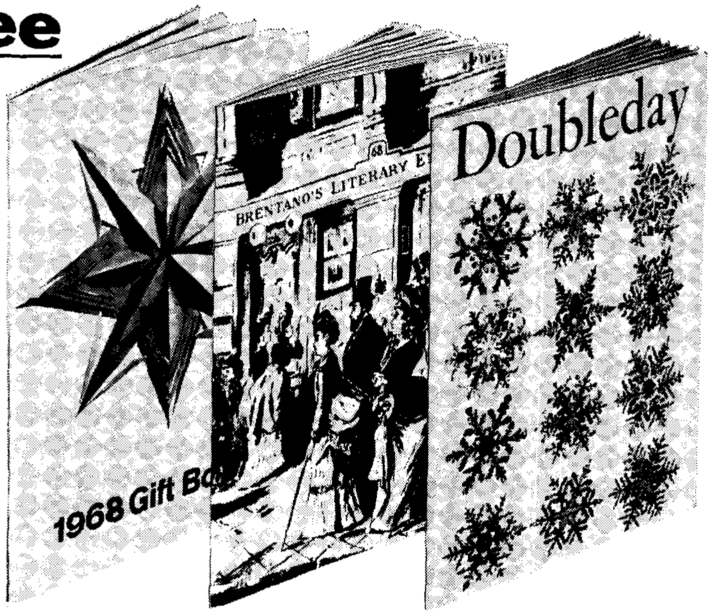

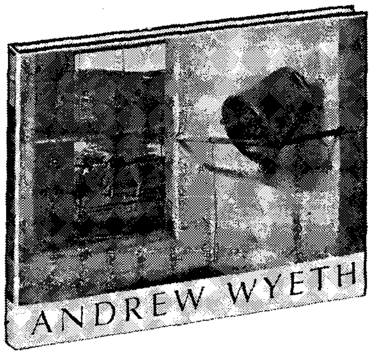

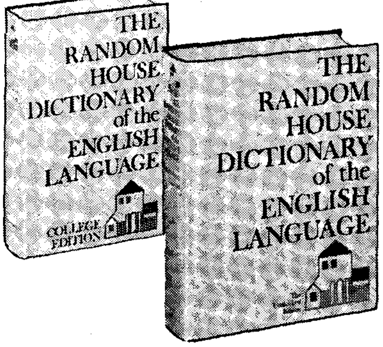
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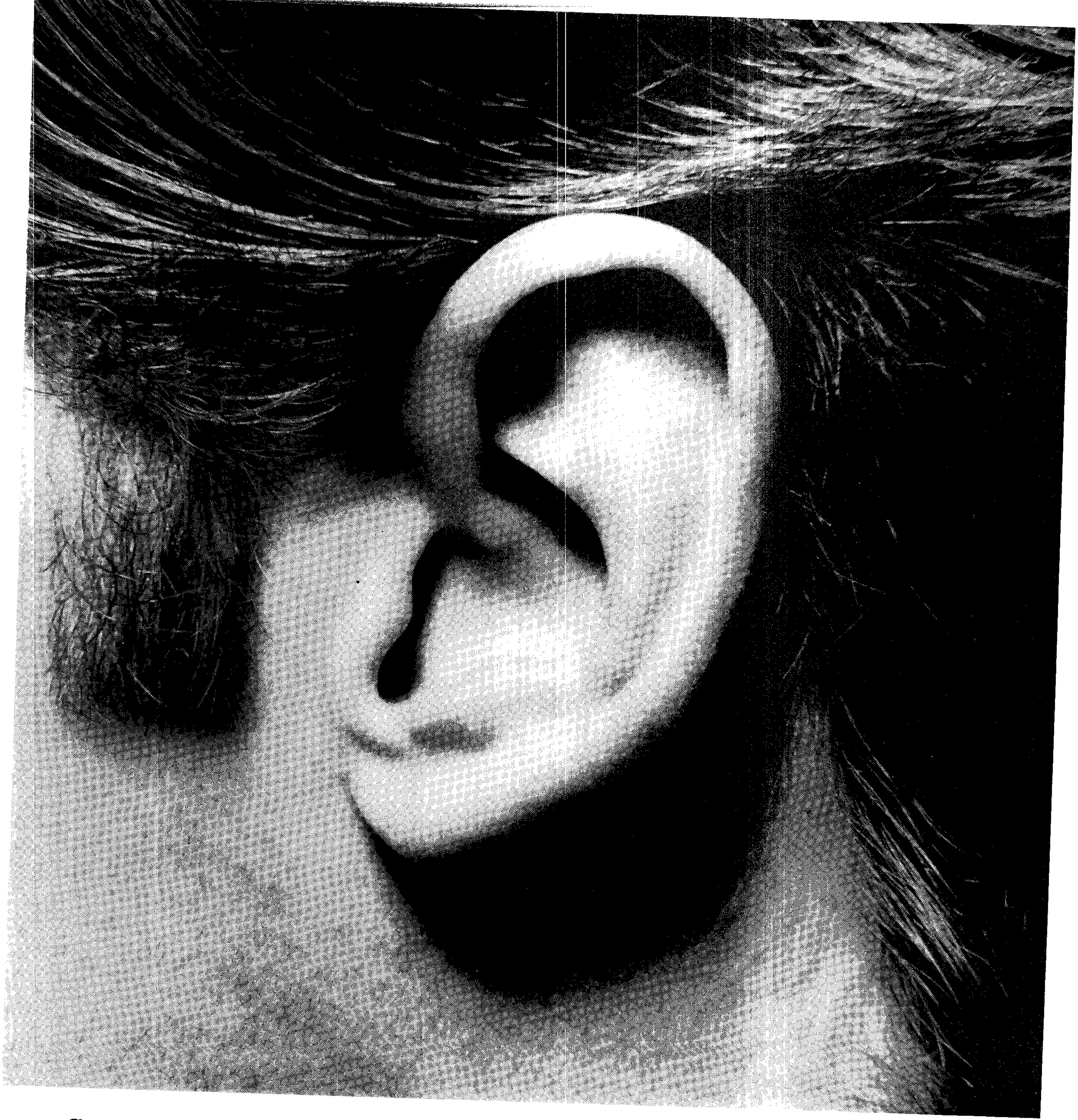

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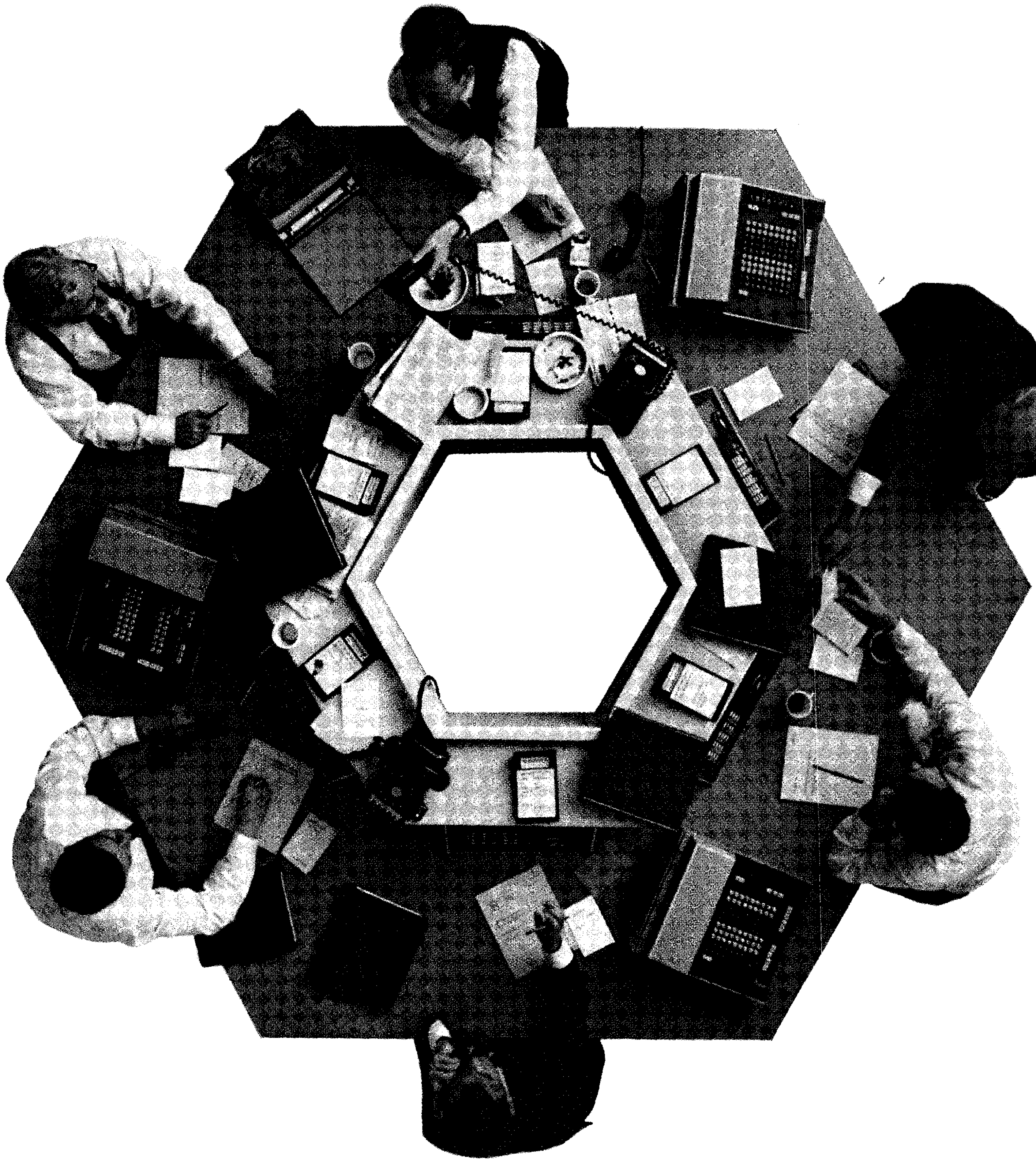

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Our candidate for the forgotten man of the year: The "martini man" at Christmas.

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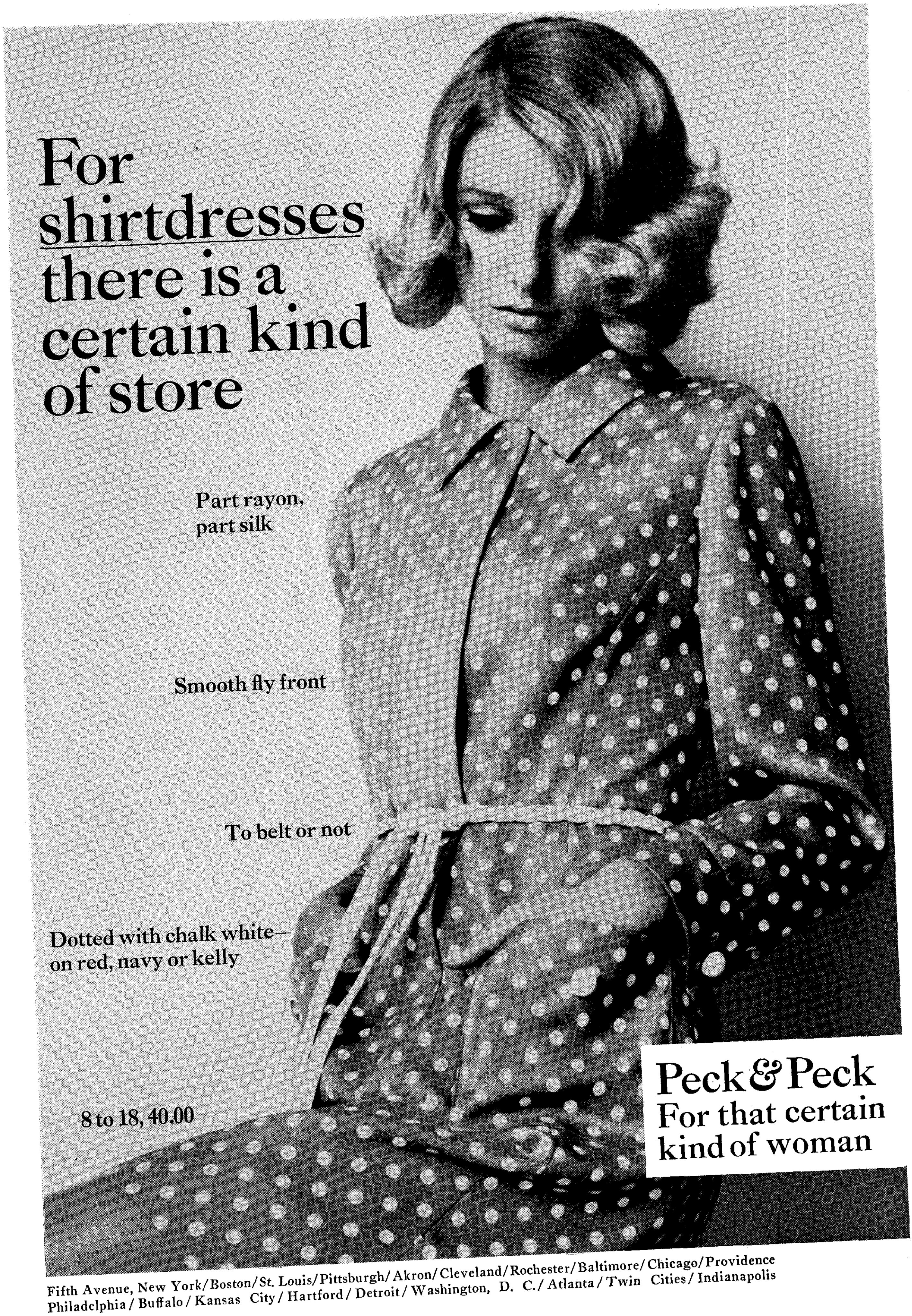

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE so often triumphant physical arrivals of statesmen at particular destinations, as we see them on television, always attract us greatly, and we recall waiting with interest on the evening of August 5th, the first day of the Republican National Convention, for the arrival of Richard M. Nixon at the Miami International Airport. We were on hand not at the airport itself but in the Central Control Room of the C.B.S. News headquarters in Convention Hall, in Miami Beach. C.B.S. had just gone on the air with its Convention coverage. The C.B.S. Central Control Room consisted of two large trailers placed side by side and with the inside walls removed to make one open area. It was jammed with electronic equipment, including a great bank of television monitor screens, before which an intent group of C.B.S. production people, under the command of Robert Wussler, the executive producer and director of the C.B.S. News Special Events Unit, was seated in rows. The C.B.S. production people were watching images that were flowing in from locations throughout the Miami Beach area—from the as yet unfilled Convention floor area, from the C.B.S. anchor booth, overlooking the floor, where Walter Cronkite was sitting and occasionally speaking on camera, from cable- and microwave-connected remote-camera units stationed at Republican headquarters, in the Fontainebleau Hotel, and from the hotels of candidates who were already in Miami Beach. (Governor Nelson Rockefeller had made a well-publicized arrival in Miami Beach two days before, and Governor Ronald Reagan had made *his* one day before, though theoretically as a non-candidate; he waited until August 5th to declare his candidacy.)

By earphone, we could hear Wussler talking on an intercommunication system with various C.B.S. producers outside the Central Control Room. "Fly low with me tonight, babies," he told them. "Let's have Dan Rather at the Sans Souci Hotel on the Agnew situation." Governor Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland, a former Rockefeller supporter, had just that afternoon come out and endorsed the candidacy of Richard Nixon. "And, hopefully, we'll have Nixon's plane coming in at the airport just after that," Wussler added.

"O.K. The Sans Souci," Wussler said a few moments later. On one of the monitors, marked "AIR," a videotape segment of Agnew's announcement of his support for Nixon came on, with a few accompanying words by Dan Rather on the Agnew situation. On another monitor, marked "REMOTE A," we saw shots of the Miami International Airport, and a zooming-in shot of Mike Wallace, the C.B.S. News correspondent there, waiting amid a crowd, microphone in hand.

The voice of one of Wussler's producers cut in on the intercom. "When the plane lands and the cats come out, don't be surprised if you see no Nixon for a while," the producer said to Wussler.

A moment or two after Agnew's statement was finished, the image of Walter Cronkite was flashed on the screen. "Meanwhile, waiting in the wings all day has been Richard Nixon," Cronkite said.

"Cue Mike Wallace!" someone called out.

Mike Wallace came on the screen. "We're here at Miami International Airport, awaiting the arrival of Richard M. Nixon," he said. "And here's the plane now. . . . We're waiting for the Nixons to come down the steps. . . . Hello, Mrs. Nixon, how *are* you?" Then Mr. Nixon appeared in closeup, before a crowd of greeters, smiling, waving jovially, and looking very relaxed and confident. "This is the end of one journey and the beginning of another that is going to lead us, we think [*loud cheers*], to new leadership for this nation," he told the crowd and the media men assembled.

"We'll try to follow the Nixon motorcade to the Hilton Plaza with our helicopter. We'll let you know how the shots from the chopper look," a voice said to Wussler over the intercom in Central Control.

Mr. Nixon told the crowd, "And we are going to *win!*"

More cheers. A band started playing. Mr. Nixon stepped away from the ramp. "And now Mr. Nixon is plunging into the crowd," Mike Wallace said, voice-over. Wallace added, "One of his aides, when questioned about why Mr. Nixon hadn't come to Miami when Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan arrived here, said, 'Well, the way we figure it, the king should come after the two pretenders.' " Mr. Nixon, with his family, moved toward a limousine that was to be the focus of the Nixon motorcade to the Hilton Plaza Hotel in Miami Beach, almost twenty miles away. The motorcade was to be accompanied, and its progress recorded, by a C.B.S. mobile camera unit—a huge truck equipped with microwave dishes through which the images picked up by a television camera mounted on the roof could be transmitted through a relay point to the C.B.S. Central Control Room for use on the air as desired. (Later that day, the producer in charge of the truck, a man named Alvin Thaler, told us a little about the arrival and the motorcade. "The Nixon arrival at the airport was timed to get him in here before the Convention opened, when he could get maximum exposure on television, and at a time when the light in Miami was still good," he said. "Nixon's actual move out of the plane was timed for 6:38 P.M. exactly, which turned out to be eight minutes after C.B.S. went on the air with its Convention coverage. The Nixon people had alerted us, of course, and we were in touch with the Federal Aviation Administration tower at the Miami Airport and knew where that incoming plane was every minute from the time it flew over Jacksonville on the way down. Since Nixon's exit from the plane was timed for 6:38 P.M. and the plane came under the control of Miami International Airport at 5:55 P.M., about half an hour ahead of time, Nixon's aides and the Secret Service had to decide whether to use up the intervening time in circling the airport or land and park somewhere at the airport with the door closed until 6:38 P.M. They decided to keep the plane circling to hit the right deplaning time. Nixon came out right on the dot.")

After the motorcade to the Hilton Plaza got under way, Wussler, in C.B.S. Central Control, ordered up other subject matter to fill the time before Nixon's arrival at the Hilton: "Let's go with the commercial. . . . Now let's have Walter fill us in with a little summary, a little delegate count." In between such items, there were live shots of the progress of the motorcade, both from Thaler's mobile unit accompanying the Nixon car and from a mobile live camera in the C.B.S. helicopter overhead. Eventually, other voices on the intercom indicated that the motorcade was nearing its destination:

"Let's get into some of that hoopla at the Hilton."

"Watch that helicopter shot of the Hilton."

"Nixon is now arriving."

Shots of balloons, drums, plastic-foam Nixon boaters, cheering crowds, Nixon girls singing "Nixon's the One." The voice of C.B.S. News correspondent Bill Plante: "Five thousand balloons have just been released. . . . It looks like quite a crush. . . . The Nixons are at the entranceway of the hotel. Nixon is smiling and confident. . . . Now he has been lifted to the shoulders of the Secret Service men." There were loud chants of "We want Nixon!" Then, on the screen, shots of Nixon—his hands up, outstretched in a V, his face, happy, confident, now shown in closeup, now from farther afield, as camera lenses zoomed in and out.

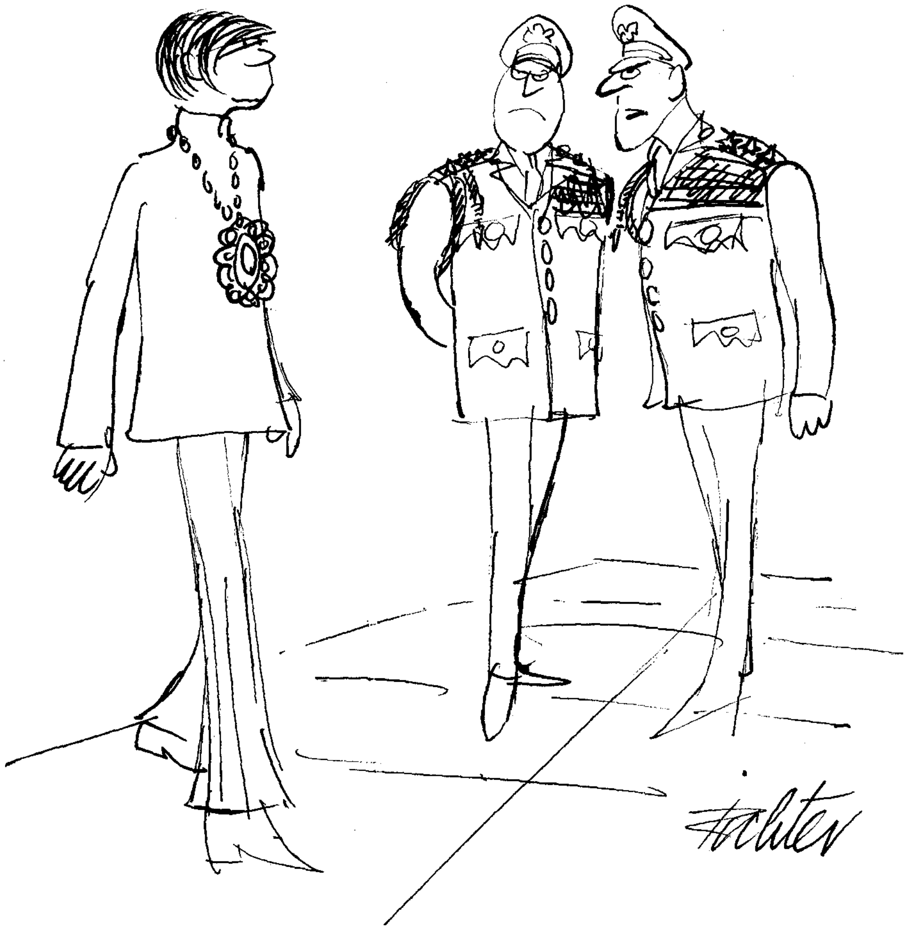
IT might reasonably be argued that this country has no pressing need just now for another movement of fiery protest, and yet we find ourself strangely attracted to a revolutionary proposal that was brought to us recently by a man we know. "I intend to liberate the playgoers of America," he said. "I mean to end the brutal exploitation of audiences by producers, directors, and actors."

"Exploitation?" we asked.

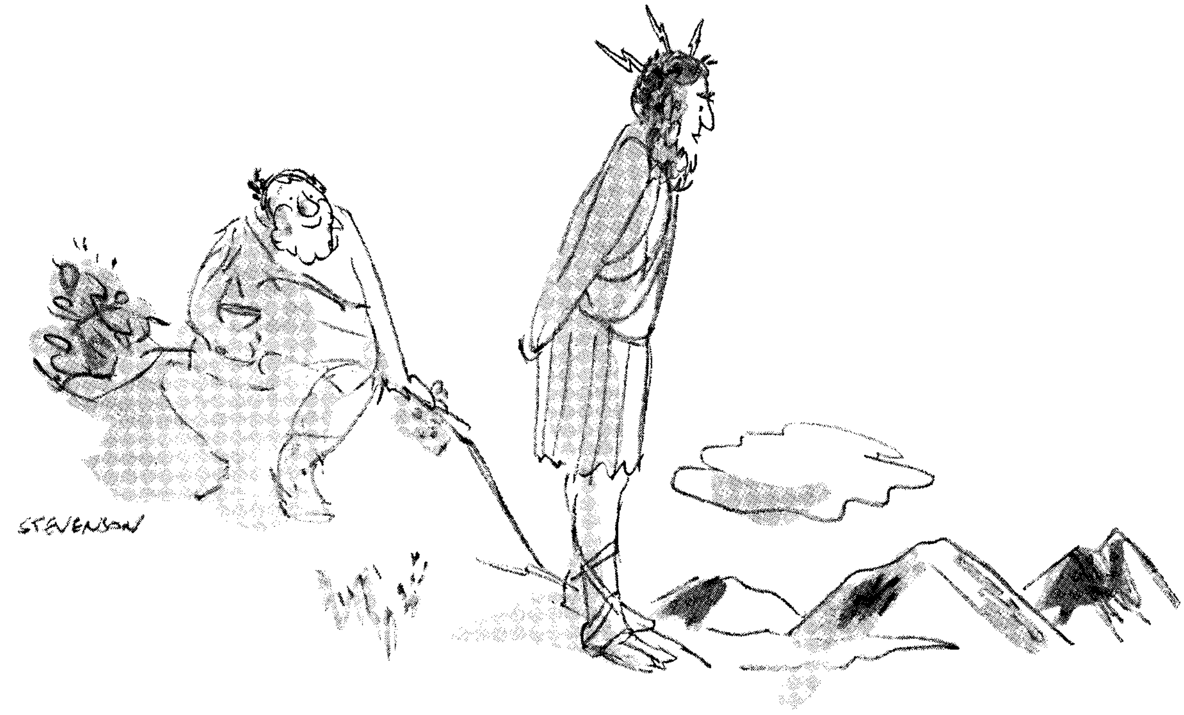
"I suspect it all began, more or less inadvertently, with the introduction of the intimate arena stage. Some years ago, at a theatre with such a stage, I witnessed a steamy drama of Southern decadence in which a mother reluctantly came to the conclusion that she must destroy her no-account son. Raising her pistol, with stark tragedy etching every lineament of her features, she shot me. The audience, whose gaze naturally followed the pointing pistol, seemed vastly entertained by my violent start, and the no-account son, who stood well out of the line of fire, clutched his brisket and slumped writhing to the floor, unnoticed and forlorn. On another occasion, an actor made his entrance down the aisle trailing a coil of garden hose; a loop of the hose caught a spectator by the ankle, and he was hoicked full out of his seat—again to the amusement of the public—before the preoccupied actor could be persuaded to stop tugging long enough for the man to free himself. Such contretemps as these—and they were many—disrupted the plays in which they occurred, but their theatrical possibilities were not lost on directors. Soon actors began to mingle freely and promiscuously with the customers, uttering a word here, shaking a hand there. A day came when the spectator could no longer be sure that his seatmate was just another innocent onlooker. All too often, he turned out to be an undercover agent for the director, a plant who might rise up at any moment and subject his neighbors to the full glare of the new dramaturgy. And today all bars between actors and audience are down. At point-blank range, actors jeer at their patrons, chivy and insult them, fling challenges in their teeth, and dare them to take off their clothes. This is mere bullying. Spectators cannot be expected to meet performers on equal terms in such games. Performers thrive in the glare of public attention, but mere spectators are likely to be abashed by the spotlight. They have neither the wish nor the ability to reply in kind to the meddling, bouncing, pert intrusions of actors."

"But you were speaking of exploitation," we interposed.

"And what else would you call it



"Young popinjay!"



"Today, I think I'll give them sunny and cool with a high in the mid-forties."

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when the audience is forced to contribute to the performance—to *perform*, in fact—without the slightest remuneration? Indeed, Julian Beck, whose Living Theatre is one of the most flagitious sweatshops for spectators in the trade, was recently given credit for squeezing a performance out of virtually everybody in the theatre. Allow me to quote the *Times Magazine:*

> Through persuasion, challenge, and demand they [the Living Theatre troupe] gradually seduce the audience into performing in one way or another. Those who wish may be inducted into a rite of love and those who reject this opportunity are obliged to do so in various ways. A walkout counts as a performance, and those determined to sit tight and do absolutely nothing are faced with the fact that this too is a chosen role that has been invisibly written into the non-script.

"If a walkout truly counts as a performance, then it seems to me that the walker-out is entitled to a performer's wages—besides a refund—and so are all the rest of the performers, both willing and involuntary. What I propose is this—that every playgoer who finds himself obliged to take part in a performance should present the management with a bill for his services, at basic Equity scale. As cast salaries treble and quadruple, directors may perhaps be inclined to moderate their assaults upon the audience. And as audiences begin to receive a decent wage for their efforts, the theatre of participation may enter upon a golden epoch of all-around good feeling. With a personal stake in the production, spectators will do their active best to insure the success of every performance. And who knows? Perhaps some exceptionally gifted spectator will achieve, in his own small, subsidiary niche, a measure of renown, or even stardom. Cast your gaze into the future, when the revolutionary theatre will have swept all before it. Scheduled for a Broadway opening is another exciting new theatrical experience, 'Feeling Tiresias,' in which the cast, dressed in Saran Wrap, speaks not a word but simply rubs the noses of the audience against a Braille rendition of the dialogue. Imagine the advance publicity: ' "Feeling Tiresias," a blatant exhibition in three acts, starring Sir John Gielgud, and featuring, for one night only, Mrs. Minerva Weingarten, the little housewife from Great Neck, whose outraged departure from "Prometheus Unsexed" was the great popular success of last season.' Indeed, once producers cease from grinding the faces of the middle class into the dust, I can see many advantages accruing to the theatre, and there is one that outweighs all the rest."

"And that is?"

"The performing spectator may find that his actor's wages will go some little distance toward defraying the ruinous expense of his ticket."

New Zoo

THE ceremonies that preceded the opening of the Queens Zoo, in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, in the old World's Fair grounds, took place on a blustery, sunny morning that found us seated on a wooden chair facing a platform that was surmounted by a sheet of dirty green-and-white canvas and bedecked with red-white-and-blue bunting (for the U.S.A.) and orange-white-and-blue bunting (for the City of New York). There, after a certain amount of kissing and handshaking in the reserved section, Dr. William J. Ronan, chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which, according to the public-relations firm of Edward V. O'Brien Associates, built the new zoo "as a community improvement in conjunction with [its] arterial highway program," welcomed one and all to "the first zoo for the great Borough of Queens." The national anthem was rendered, at a kind of St. Vitus tempo, by the St. Camillus School Senior Band; an invocation was pronounced by a monsignor; and Dr. Ronan, who is also chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, introduced the Honorable Mario J. Cariello, president of the Borough of Queens.

"You are the very first citizens of Queens, and *children*, that will enjoy this zoo," Mr. Cariello said to his listeners, who did indeed include a great many children. "It's a long-overdue first for the Borough of Queens. We gratefully salute the man who so faithfully carried out his promise—Robert Moses." Mr. Moses, who was also on the platform, looked up gratefully. "I had a phone call from Bob Moses, when he was running the World's Fair, asking me to have lunch with him and help him with the Fair. Later on, at another lunch, during his post-Fair planning period, I asked, 'How about a zoo?' He looked surprised. I explained that every other borough—even tiny Richmond—had a zoo. There was a pause, and he then said, 'Mario, you will have your zoo.' He then properly turned to Newbold Morris, his successor as Commissioner of Parks, and extracted a promise from Newbold to help. I know that August Heckscher will also carry on with this zoo. We have stocked it with North American animals—bears, otters, seals, raccoons, and so on. It is regretted that there are some temporary difficulties, but they will be overcome. The children of Queens and, indeed, the megalopolis are grateful to Robert Moses."

Dr. Ronan, who is also a member of the Tri-State Transportation Commission (a man of many hats, Dr. R. lists forty-two posts, past and present, in his *Who's Who* entry), thereupon introduced Mr. Moses Weinstein, the speaker of the New York State Assembly, who was not listed in the printed program. Mr. Weinstein called attention to a coincidence of names involved in the zoo project. "Moses to Moses is pretty good," he said. "I carried the bill for the zoo in the legislature."

He presented a framed copy of the bill to Dr. Ronan, who then introduced Mr. Moses, formerly chairman of the Triborough Authority and now a consultant to the Metropolitan Transportation Authority.

"Bill Ronan, Mario Cariello, Augie Heckscher, children of Queens, and friends from all over town," Mr. Moses began, erect and handsome at just under eighty. He continued to read from a text of his speech, from which he had omitted a prefatory "John Lindsay" and to which he added "And my friend, I suppose, from Albany," and which went, in part:

> The new Queens Zoo is an outgrowth of two World's Fairs. . . . Triborough has been happy to make this and similar recreation areas on the borders of its facilities available to youth of all ages. They constitute our answer to those who say we build nothing but gasoline gullies. One of the big secrets in tolerating life in this mad, furious city, boasted as the center of just about everything, hub of the universe and capital of the world, and in preserving sanity in the face of so much wurra wurra, is to get off the streets into parks like Flushing Meadows-Corona. . . . Those who cannot remember the Corona and Riker's dumps of Scott Fitzgerald's day and the polluted boundary waters of the Bay . . . cannot have any idea of the labors which produced what Queens children can enjoy here today. . . . Too much time is devoted to the thesis that previous administrators were as blind as moles, and that all newcomers are skylarks and blithe spirits not to be confused with ordinary birds. . . . Every borough will now have a zoo of its own. . . . The void in Queens is now filled and the pride of the borough and its president, Judge Cariello, vindicated.

The program's next listed speaker, Mayor Lindsay, was not to be seen. His slot was filled by Mr. Donald Elliott, chairman of the City Planning Commission, who, after indicating that the Mayor was tied up with more pressing matters, accepted the zoo on behalf of the City of New York.

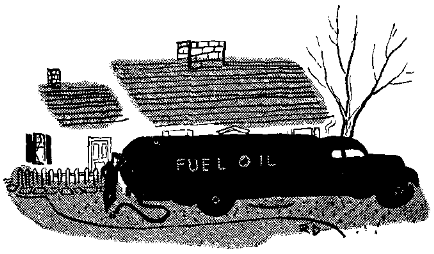
Dr. Ronan then officially turned this gift over to Mr. Heckscher, who was decked out in a sweater (under his jacket) and bow tie. "It is my privilege to accept . . ." he said. "My thanks go to many. . . . I think of my dear friend Bob Moses not as a mole but as a nightingale singing his way. . . . I shall do my very best to take care of this beautiful asset."

A benediction was pronounced by a Lutheran minister, and a twenty-minute delay ensued before the main gate to the beautiful asset was opened to the public (which was estimated the next day by the *Times* at "ten thousand men, women, and children"). We recalled Mr. Cariello's "temporary difficulties" phrase as we trooped through the eighteen acres of the zoo, which pointed to a credibility gap in a stylish colored brochure that had been handed out. This postulated a population of six Canadian wolves, eight white-tail deer, six otters, six bison, five black bears, and ten raccoons, along with seals, "waterfowl members of the Animal Kingdom," and an aviary. We spotted one wolf, six deer, three otters, three bison, three bears, and two raccoons. In the aviary, housed in a huge geodesic dome that used to harbor the Fair's Winston Churchill Pavilion, we descried a lonely crow flitting about. "Just one big, dirty old bird," a man from *Newsweek* said, but a zoo spokesman informed us, "The aviary will eventually have a lot of robins, cardinals, tufted titmice, cedar waxwings, mourning doves, and horned larks."

The zoo's natural-habitat installations were first-class. Tiny Richmond's zoo, incidentally—the Staten Island Zoo—has over six hundred denizens, including the most extensive rattlesnake collection in the world. Only one bear, though. Spectacled.

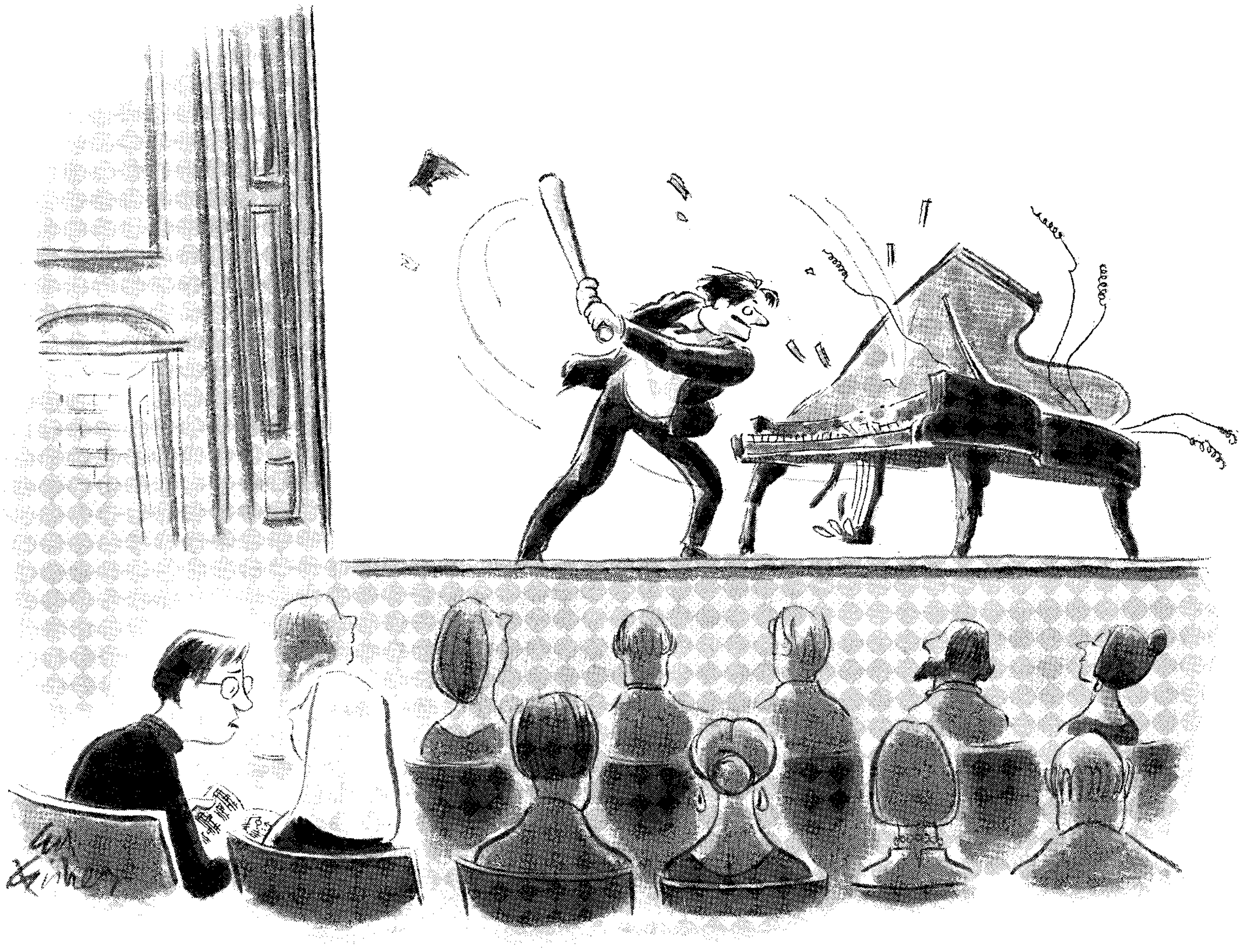
Promotional Lunch

WE have a very social young friend who has become impatient recently with all conventional social gatherings ("like those nasty charity dances where you actually *pay* to eat chicken à la king," he says) and who now attends only ribbon-cuttings, ground-breakings, and Promotional Lunches, which, he says, are where the real money is. This young friend occasionally allows us to go along when he is making his rounds, and he called last week to invite us to a Promotional Lunch that he assured us would be a very satisfactory Promotional Lunch. "The Dennison Manufacturing Company, of Framingham, Massachusetts," he said, "is introducing the new five-second button attacher, which eliminates the need for needle and thread, and costs a mere five dollars and ninety-five cents, and which, while expected to be of interest primarily to women, will nevertheless have wide appeal among students, bachelors, servicemen, businessmen, and travellers." He added, "It may interest you to know that the Dennison Manufacturing Company, of Framingham, Massachusetts, did a hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of business last year, and that the lunch is to be held at the exclusive Four Seasons restaurant, which caters principally to the rich and famous."



We were impressed to the point of uneasiness by our friend's overpowering invitation, and when we met him before going in to lunch, we asked him to tell us how a rich and successful company expects people to behave at a high-powered Promotional Lunch. "The glory of the whole thing is that one need know or say nothing as long as one is reasonably sympathetic about the product," our friend replied. "To make a real hit, however, so that you'll be asked back, you merely read the relevant promotional literature before you go, and then pepper your hosts with rhetorical questions like 'Is it not true, sir, that with Buttoneer, the miraculous new five-second attacher, women can give a distinctively different look to new or used clothing by adding buttons, braid, or other inexpensive materials?' That's one of the best I've worked up for today, but I'll let you use it if you like."

We said that we would try to get through on our own, and our friend led us into the restaurant, where there were a great many well-dressed people waiting to get into the private room in which the Buttoneer reception was being held. "Security," our friend said in explanation of the lineup in front of the door. "If you're not right, you'd have an easier time crashing the Queen's birthday party than you would this." We were right, apparently, and after undergoing just a moment's scrutiny by the keeper of the



"I don't like this tampering with the score. He should be using an axe."

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door—an attractive young lady in red, who was also in charge of name tags—we passed into the first of two reception rooms, where, our friend explained, we were expected to drink and get to know the product. "If you *just* drink, you won't be asked back," he said. "If you just get to know the product, you're a fool."

Eager to conform, we got a drink and dutifully set out to get to know the product, which turned out to be a plastic thing about six inches long that looked more or less like a hypodermic needle. To work it, another attractive young lady in red was explaining, one holds the button very close to the cloth and injects the needle part of the thing *through* the button, and then pushes a *little* harder (to release a tiny bit of plastic, which binds the button to the cloth), and the job is done. Response to this process (which the young lady completed successfully) seemed to be very enthusiastic, and we noticed that several people near us were in fact muttering little rhetorical questions ("Say, that was fast, wasn't it?") of the sort that our friend had recommended, although by the simplicity of their remarks we judged that none of them had really studied their promotional material carefully.

We then joined another group. This group was centered on Mr. G. Robert Cox, who works for Dennison, and who was telling a long story about a colleague of his who had gone to a wedding in New Mexico and had saved the day when he fixed the bride's wedding dress with a Buttoneer he happened to have along. A bridesmaid had stepped on the bride's train, Mr. Cox said, and it would have been very embarrassing but for the Buttoneer. After a little more lighthearted talk, Mr. Cox began to give us some information about his product, which he said represented Dennison's first entry into the mass-consumption market. He said that the Buttoneer had been test-marketed in Charlotte, North Carolina, and Binghamton, New York, and that the response had been "just fantastic" but that he wouldn't know the real story until after Christmas ("Wouldn't that make a great gift item?" one woman asked her companion), when the real selling would go on. A man asked how much Dennison had spent to put the Buttoneer together, and Mr. Cox seemed a little ruffled, but then he smiled. "A bagful," he said.

We wandered over to our young friend, who was deep in conversation with a man who was obviously very high up in Dennison. "Is it not true," our friend was asking earnestly, "that the filaments used in place of thread can be cut off later if the decoration is meant to be temporary?"

"Why, *yes*," the Dennison executive replied, obviously pleased. "And, what is more, the filaments come in sixteen fashion colors to blend with any shade of fabric, and also in long lengths for materials and buttons of all thicknesses."

Not feeling up to the challenge of promotional discourse, we headed in to lunch alone. On the way, we passed a short, bald man who was neither drinking nor getting to know the product nor asking rhetorical questions about the product. "I don't like a deep contralto," he was saying to his companion with emphasis. "Period."

THE SPIKERS

FOR an hour I have lain, waiting for sleep, nervous of the wallowing tree whose branch ends slither on my window, hideous with wind. There is a small light that carries from the street lamp over the hedge and up to my room. It weakens in the gusts, as though its light is dispersed by wind, or as though it were an old gas jet fanning. But I know it is the thrown branches of the willow tree that make this darkening, this quality of dimness. Nights at sea are like this sometimes. I have been in an open boat when there has been only cloudlight, and long swells have tilted me up into a lambency and then over and down into troughs of dark. The light off water, even still water, is never constant. And tonight my window is made liquid, like the square of sea I remember as I lay on the bottom boards, watching its shifts through an iron rowlock. I'll not sleep. I hear the leafage coming again across the brickwork; there it is now—amazing white instant—crushings of surf from the tree's collapsing wave-back.

My wife is by me, asleep, and my children are not troubled in their rooms to the lee. In the morning they will see the cowed birds on the paths of our garden, the broken trellises, the rose stems trailing on the earth. They know nothing of this sea I am in. This is the same November wind hitting my house; I know that flapping, that smacked canvas. Twenty years ago, we lay all one night, my father and I, under the thwarts while the wind from France felled forests of seas all around us. In the morning, the wind will drop. Yes, I remember, the night that followed we were safe at home and the gale was spent. I watched the moon cross my window before I slept.

The next day, my friends came for me early. They waited outside the back door of our house, three of them, until I was ready. When I saw that they had brought their spikes and their fish bags, I went to fetch mine from the garden shed. And then the four of us—Johnnie, Martin, Sammie, and myself—took the high path toward the beach.

The first few hundred yards, none of us spoke. Ten-year-old boys, when they set out upon men's business, have a sense of the man that is growing in them. Our silence was in honor of those old, solitary longshoremen we passed, many of them our relatives, whose boats were beached on shingle where, one day, our boats would be. What we were doing was not play, it was not boyish imagination. The sand flats, the sea, and the estuary were our inheritance; we would never have dreamed of playing there, just as sons of factory workers would not dream of playing on machines. In the summer, when the visitors came, we kept away or sat in groups round the boats, guarding the tackle while our fathers slept. When we played, it was elsewhere, wearing other clothes. Sammie is dead now, killed in Korea. Martin and Johnnie emigrated to Australia, and they have stopped writing to me long since. But on that November morning our lives seemed set forever in that place. We passed the spot, at the end of the second groin, where Martin's father had been washed up two years before.

"We'll start here," said Martin. We stuck the four spiked poles into the sand, the tops leaning together to form a kind of tepee framework under which we could leave our bucket-shaped straw fish bags while we gathered wood. It was the beginning of a ritual we never changed. While the tide was still above the cormorant's post, we knew we had an hour to wait before slack water, when the real work could be begun. As always, we would use the time gathering driftwood to take home later and dry out in our yards for the fire. No matter how far we wandered along the beach, we were able to keep an eye on our property, for the six-foot poles stood higher than the tallest breakwaters. I was to work with Martin along the ten groins to the east, while Sammie and Johnnie covered the fourteen smaller groins to the west. We walked to the farthest extent of our territory, turned, and began to work back toward the poles. First, we gathered great armfuls of small tinder wood, which we left in loose, unsorted piles on the stones above high-water mark. Then, before we moved to the next groin, we took the larger planks and logs and laid them, three one way and three the other, so that they could begin to dry in their neat stacks. Inside these stacks we hid whatever else we found of value—lobsters and pieces of lobster, cuttlefish bones to sell in the cage-bird market, pieces of smoothened coal, pallid articles of clothing, combs, rubber balls. When our mothers and the other women came later in the day to collect the tinder wood, they'd take the lobsters home to cook but leave the rest for us to carry. It took the two of us to carry up a great piece of broken breakwater that still had a bolt wobbling about in the hole it had worn open. The men would come for that. They would take a crosscut saw to it when they got it back. We struggled with it to the top of the big stones and laid it, gently, down.

Martin spoke. "Must've been a fair old sea the other night, to've torn this out." He took hold of the bolt and pushed the timber over. The weed on it was tousled from our handling.

I wanted to tell Martin—just him, not the others—how I had been out in the gale that night with my father. I should have liked him to know how we rode out the sea until the winds were spent, how we lay under the tarpaulin while the white chips of hacked water splintered in our faces and the boat groaned while we were silent. I had no desire to boast about it, but Martin's uncle had told me how three of them—Martin's father, grandfather, and himself—had taken Martin out one night in a similar sea, and I wanted my friend to know I shared his knowledge of storm water. Martin had never mentioned his experience to me or Sammie or Johnnie. It happened just before his father drowned, when Martin was eight. But I knew I couldn't tell him. When my father and I pulled the boat up the shingle, both of us pushing on the same arm of the capstan, the morning before, my father muttered, "You'll not be mentioning all this to anybody, I reckon." I didn't answer, for there was no answer; obedience was tacit. We baled out the boat and hid the broken net in a locker and walked home the long way.

I followed Martin over the next groin. We found a small crate of grapefruit, and a leather pouch full of rusted hooks under a pile of weed. My secret was perfectly safe. We worked on from groin to groin until we came face to face again with the other two.

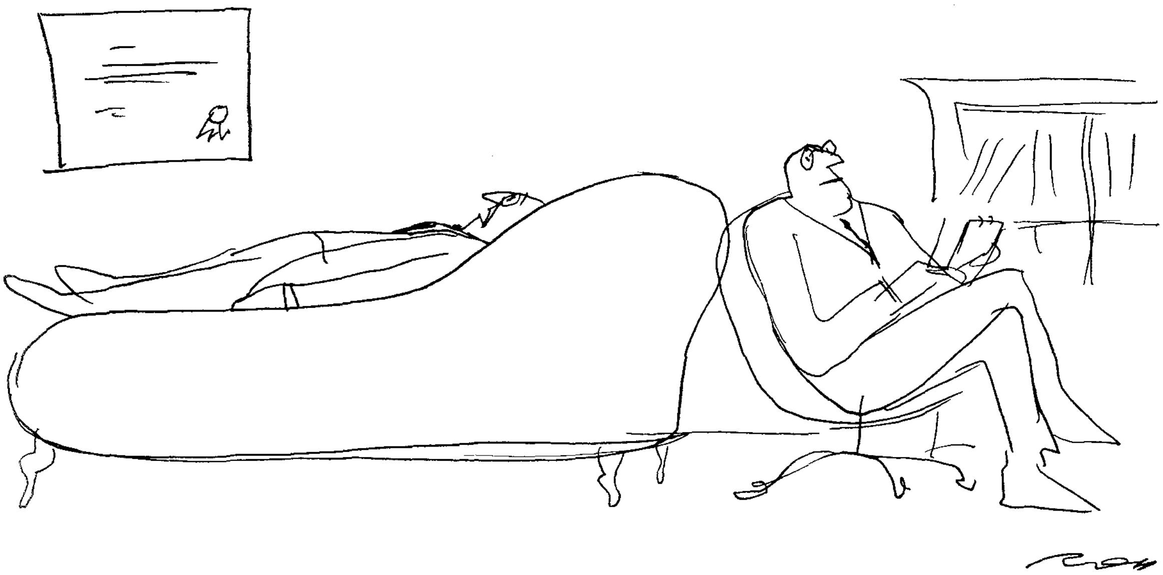
"Anything any good?" Martin asked them.

"Just the usual," Johnnie said. "Couple of good lobsters. There was a biggish bass by the side of the pool up there, but the gulls have had the best of him."

"Left him, then?"

"We came too late."

We took our spikes and fish bags and walked toward the estuary along the tracks that Martin and I had left. Two or three of the women had come to the



"I'm getting only twenty-two miles to the gallon in my Volkswagen."

top of the beach and were filling their sacks with the tinder wood. Sammie waved when one of them looked our way, but she didn't wave back. Farther along, we could see two of the nuns from the convent loading a barrow with seaweed. They did this every day, not only when there had been rough water to cast them up a rich harvest. Nobody ever helped them load or push the barrow over the boulders to the path. Once, the four of us boys had climbed a tree outside the convent so that we could look over their high wall, and we had seen the nuns spreading the weed over the earth and digging it in. They never seemed to take anything else from the beach—only the weed, which we didn't want. They were no part of our longshore world. When we reached them, we passed by without speaking.

Four yachts with yellow sails were making slow progress down the thin, low-water channel of the estuary toward the sea. There was barely enough wind left in the air to fill their sails. "There's some folk," I said, for one of us was bound to say what our fathers always said when the yachts went past, "folk with more money than sense, that is, that can't find better things to do." And the other three murmured their assent.

"Pleasure sailing's daft enough at the best of times," Sammie said, "but sailing without no wind's the work of a mad 'un." We were rehearsing the catechism we had heard so often by the boats.

"If it isn't trying to sail when there's not a bagful of air, it's sailing into a force nine with their little thin boards," Johnnie said.

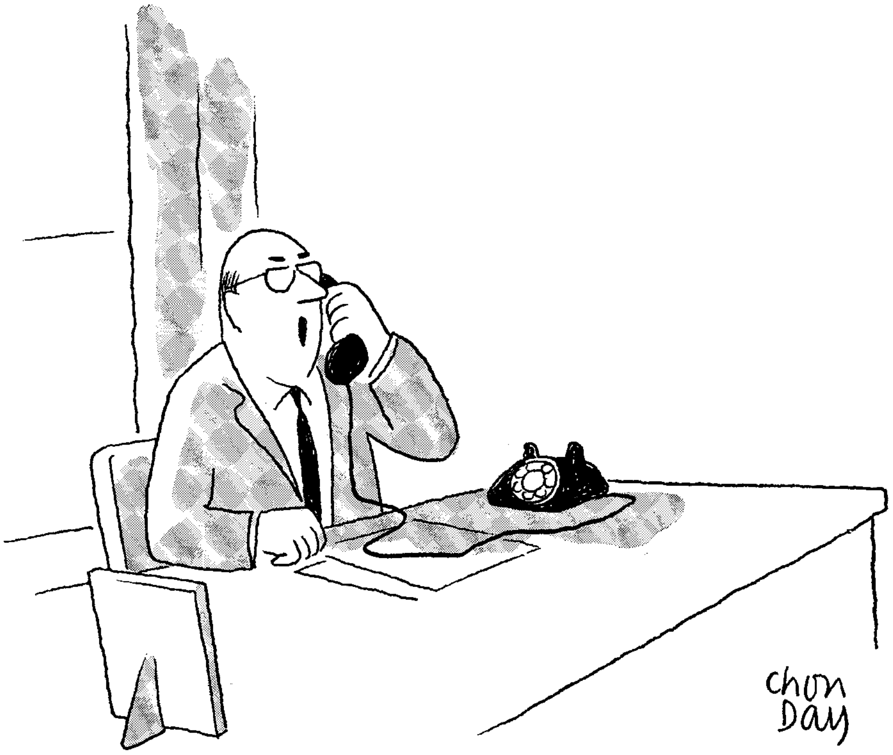
"And it's our kind has to put to and sort 'em out when they're in trouble," said Martin, concluding the indictment.

We had been in trouble two nights before, I thought. We hadn't, of course, put out in a gale, as so many of the amateur yachtsmen did. But we had been "caught out" by a wind we knew was on its way. This, in local opinion, was even worse than what the gentlemen sailors did. When it was obvious that we'd never manage to make the beach, we'd lowered the mast and my father had put out the navigation lights. He would never have been able to face the other men if we'd been seen and helped out. He started the engine, and for the rest of the night kept up enough weigh to hold our stem into the weather. I wished again that Martin could know—in some way be told of what had happened. He carried some part of his dead father's shame, and I would gladly have shared it by telling him. I admired him; he seemed so much older than the rest of us. He wore his father's clothes, cut down to size, while the rest of us wore boys' things.

We plunged knee-deep into the mud of the estuary and began spiking along the runnels that drained into the center channel. This is where the flounders lay between the tides, and sometimes dabs, plaice, and soles. Sometimes, but not often, we could see the flatfish lying in the surface silt; we had a quick eye for the orange spots on the plaice's back, and if we saw the fish we had no need to spike him and spoil the look of him. Unspiked fish could be sold in the market, if there were enough, and we lifted them gently with our flat palms under their white bellies, and kept them in a separate bag from the rest. The mud in the sharp morning light was dark purple. When it dried on our boot tops or on our skin, it was a dogfish gray, which we'd wash off frequently in the pools. It was a sort of superstition we had, wiping away the dried mud; dead things, anything cast up, had its livid, crumbling look.

We kept in single file—Martin in the front, then me, then Sammie, then Johnnie. Martin and Sammie spiked to the left of the runnel, and Johnnie and I to the right. In this way, we were able to cover the likeliest places most thoroughly, for Martin and I, with our longer reach, could use our poles at their full extent, while Sammie and Johnnie held theirs at half shaft, working the closer parts of the steep cuts of mud. We kept to a rhythm that was broken only when one of us had spiked a fish; our paces kept time to Martin's swaying shuffle, and we lunged sideways into the banks and pressed the spikes home as he did, between each step. It was a rhythm we had learned from watching the coxless fours at the summer regatta, when they paddled light toward the starting buoy. Down one runnel we went, then along the middle channel to the next; up that one, then over the bank to the next, and down again to the channel. We worked our way in this fashion upriver, as far as we knew the fish were likely to be. We rested only when one of us withdrew his spike with a fish impaled on it and held it still and cocked upward for one of the others to take and put into the bag hanging from his belt. Sometimes we got the fish through the head, and that was best, for when the head was cut off at home, the white flesh would be untouched and handsome. If they were taken in the tail or the body, the bruise from the spike would spread inches round the wound and the meat would be discolored—the gray of the dried mud—and nobody would fancy it.

UP to this point, the day had been like so many others—apart from the secret that I carried, heavy as the dead weight of the fish bag. But then Martin made the day a particular



"Operator! Operator, our dialogue was cut off!"

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one. He turned to Sammie and Johnnie and said to them, very quietly, "Go on home now, you two kids. Tell them we'll be back in an hour. Here, you can take our bags and our poles with you."

I let him take my spike while I undid the bag from my belt. He was looking away from us, downriver, toward the sea. The tide was on the turn, and froth had begun to push a little way up the runnel we were standing by. Sammie and Johnnie started on their way back, putting up the gulls that had settled in our tracks.

"Got something to show you now they're out of the way," Martin said. "Follow me."

We left the mud behind us and walked upriver through coarse grass. I had never been so far inland; it seemed very strange to me, wearing seaboots and oilskins so far from the water. We crossed the railway line and turned left, to follow the embankment as far as a small concrete hut by a disused signal box. Martin reached up through a gap above the black door and undid a catch on the inside. "Come on in, then," he said. "Nobody knows about this place except you and me."

The floor was strewn with broken glass and bits of galvanized wire. There was nothing to sit on. Martin shut the door and fixed the catch, and we squatted down against the flaking, whitewashed wall. He took a piece of paper out of a tobacco tin that he'd had in his pocket and handed it to me. "I think you ought to have a sight of this," he said.

The paper was stained at the edges and full of creases that had begun to tear. There were traces of dried mud on it, and the pencilled words were difficult to make out. "If anything happens to me, don't let Martin do the same" was what I read. I stared at the paper and read the words over and over.

"It's what they found in my dad's pocket when they found him," he said. "It was in this tin. It was your dad that gave it me." And he started to cry.

I was appalled. Big Martin, crying. I put the paper back into his tin and put the tin beside him. Until he finished and put the tin away, I pushed a piece of glass from side to side in the dirt with a strand of wire.

He stood up and undid the catch. "You can come here when you want to," he said. "Only, when you do, bring a few bits of wood and we can light a fire in the doorway."

We cut across the fields going home. There was a hill that the path skirted, but instead of following it Martin led the way through gorse bushes to the top. It was within a couple of miles of home, a hill that I could see from my bedroom window, but this was the first time I had been up it. From the top, we could see the beach. The nuns were still there, gathering their seaweed, and there were still some of the women filling their sacks with tinder wood. Half of the piles of larger timber, we could just make out, were left. "There's our boat, isn't it?" I said to Martin. "And look, that's my dad by it. I wonder what he's doing?"

Martin had sat down. "All the men carry them, I expect," he said. "Your dad does, I daresay."

"Carry what?"

"Letters, in case anything . . . In a tin, in the pocket of their oilskins."

I sat down beside him. I thought again about that night in the boat. We had lain helpless on the water, helpless as the flounders caught on top of the mud. All that time, while we waited for the wind to blow itself out, there had been that tin in my father's pocket. One precise and unlucky sea would have been enough to capsize us.

"I often come up here on the way back from the hut," Martin said. "Matter of fact, I was up here day before yesterday. Just starting to get dark it was."

So Martin had seen us then, setting out. There had been nobody on the beach when we launched the boat. All the other men had gone home after lashing down their boats against the coming wind. We had been watched, and we hadn't known. Martin knew, but he wouldn't tell me directly. And I couldn't tell him that I understood he knew.

"I think nuns are stupid," I said, "picking up a load of old seaweed."

"Yeah. They say prayers for seamen when it blows up rough. My mum told me. Lot of good it did for my dad, I must say."

"Putting seaweed on a garden. Mad."

We went on home. But before we went indoors we washed our boots with water from the rainwater butt outside Martin's house. The fish that Sammie and Johnnie had brought back were lying in the yard, waiting to be shared out. Our spikes were leaning against the wall, cleaned, and our fish bags were hanging on them, upside down, to dry. I climbed the fence between his garden and mine and took off my oilskins and hung them in our tree. That night, the wind freshened a little. Each time I woke up, I saw the oilskins afloat at my window, in the cloudlight. —TED WALKER

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Do not give a woman a choice; just say: Shall we leave at six or six-thirty?
—*Adv. in the Times Book Review.*

And then get ready to leave at three minutes before seven.

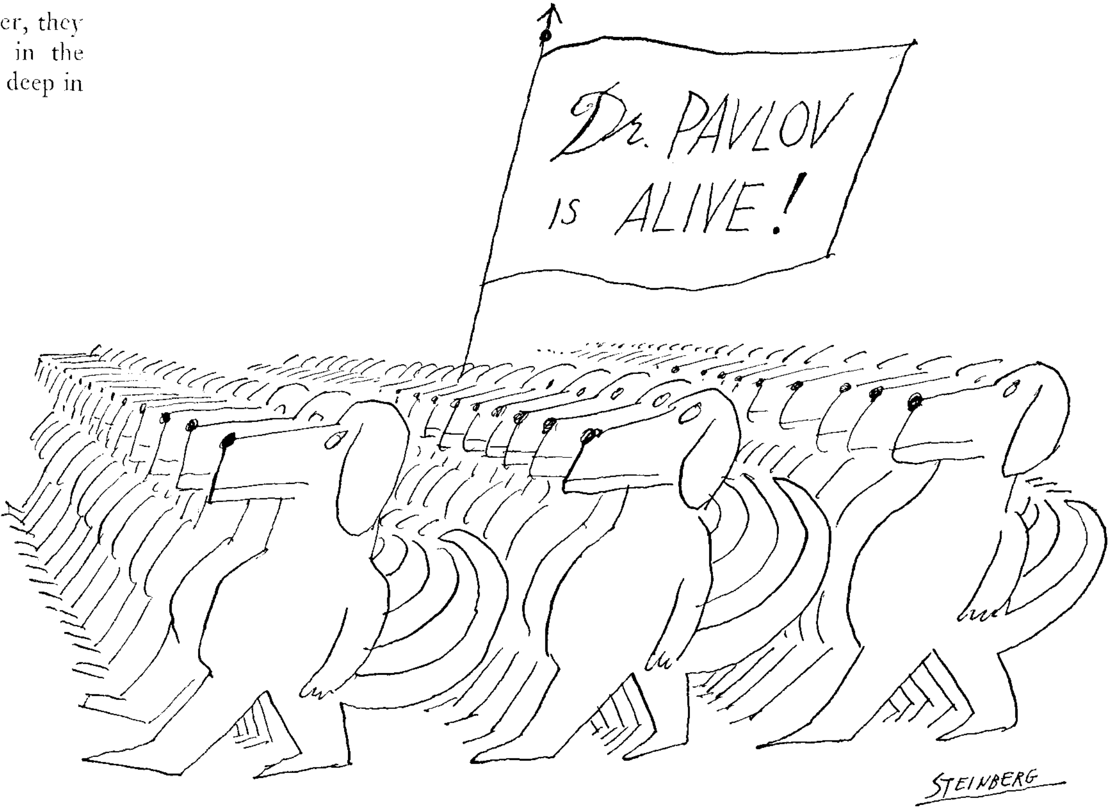
THE PHILOSOPHY LESSON

Cora Savage watched the first real snowfall of the year through the long trefoiled windows of the studio where the life class met. It was a high, sombre room in one of the two square towers of the auditorium, which, because of some personal proclivity of the donor, was exorbitantly Gothic and had nothing to do with the other buildings on the campus, which were serene and low and Italian Renaissance. Here, in this chilly room, three mornings a week from nine until twelve, twenty-seven students met in smocks, the uniform that was de rigueur in the thirties, to render Cora, naked, on canvases, in oil, and on rough-grained paper, in charcoal, seriously applying those principles of drawing they had learned, in slide talks, in their lecture classes. But just as Cora had predicted to her anxious United Presbyterian mother, the students took no more account of Cora than if she had been a plaster cast or an assemblage of apples and lemons for a still-life study. At first, the class had been disquieted by her inhuman ability to remain motionless so long, and they chattered about it among themselves as if she had no ears to hear. Their instructor, Mr. Steele, a fat and comfort-loving man who spent a good part of the three hours seated on a padded bench reading and, from time to time, brewing coffee for himself on a hot plate behind a screen, told them bluffly that since this talent of hers could not possibly last, they should take advantage of it while it did. Thereafter, they ceased to speak of her except in the argot of their craft. Mr. Steele, deep in Trollope, was polite if they sought him out for help, and once an hour he made a tour of the room, going from easel to easel, commenting kindly but perfunctorily.

Cora rested only twice in the three hours. After she struck the pose, at nine, she waited, in heavy pain, for the deep bell to ring in the chapel tower, signalling the passage of fifty minutes. When she stepped off the dais with the first peal and came to recognizable life again by putting on her blue flannel wrapper, a tide of comfort immediately and completely washed away the cramps and tingles in her arms and legs. For ten minutes then she sat on the edge of her platform smoking cigarettes, which, because of her fatigue, made her agreeably dizzy and affected her eyes so that the light altered, shifting, like the light on the prairies, from sage green to a submarine violet, to saffron, to the color of a Seckel pear. When the bell rang again, on the hour, she turned herself to stone. She did not talk to the students unless they spoke first to her; nor did she look at their drawings and paintings until afterward, when everyone was gone and she stepped out from behind her screen, fully dressed. Then she wandered about through the thicket of easels and saw the travesties of herself, grown fat, grown shrivelled, grown horse-faced, turned into Clara Bow. The representations of her face were, nearly invariably, the faces of the authors of the work. Her complete anonymity to them at once enraged and fascinated her.

As she posed, she stared through those high, romantic windows at sky and the top of a cottonwood tree. Usually, because the tension of her muscles would not allow her to think or to pursue a fantasy to its happy ending, she counted slowly by ones to a hundred, and she had become so precise in her timing that five minutes passed in each counting: ten hundreds, a thousand, and then the bell commenced to ring. Often she felt she must now surely faint or cry out against the pain that began midway through the first hour, began as an itching and a stinging in the part of her body that bore the most weight and then gradually overran her like a disease, until the whole configuration of bone and muscle dilated and all her pulses throbbed. Nerves jerked in her neck and a random shudder seized her shoulder blades and sometimes, although it was cold in the studio, all her skin was hot and her blood roared; her heart deafened her. If she had closed her eyes, she would have fallen down—nothing held her to her position except the scene through the windows, an abridgment of the branches of the cottonwood tree whose every twig and half-dead leaf she knew by heart, so that she still saw it if her mind's eye wandered. She knew the differences of the sheen on its bark in rain and in sun and how the dancing of the branches varied with the winds; she waited for birds and squirrels and, if they came, she lost track of her numbers and the time went quickly. She had grown fond of the tree through knowledge of it, and at noon, when she left the building—this beautiful release was like the first day after an illness and all the world was fresh—she greeted it as if it were her possession, and she thought how pleasant it would look when its leaves came back to it in April.

Thus, while she recognized the chills and fevers and the pins and needles that bedevilled her, she remained detached from them as if their connection with her was adventitious and the real business at hand was the thorough study of her prospect of bits of wood

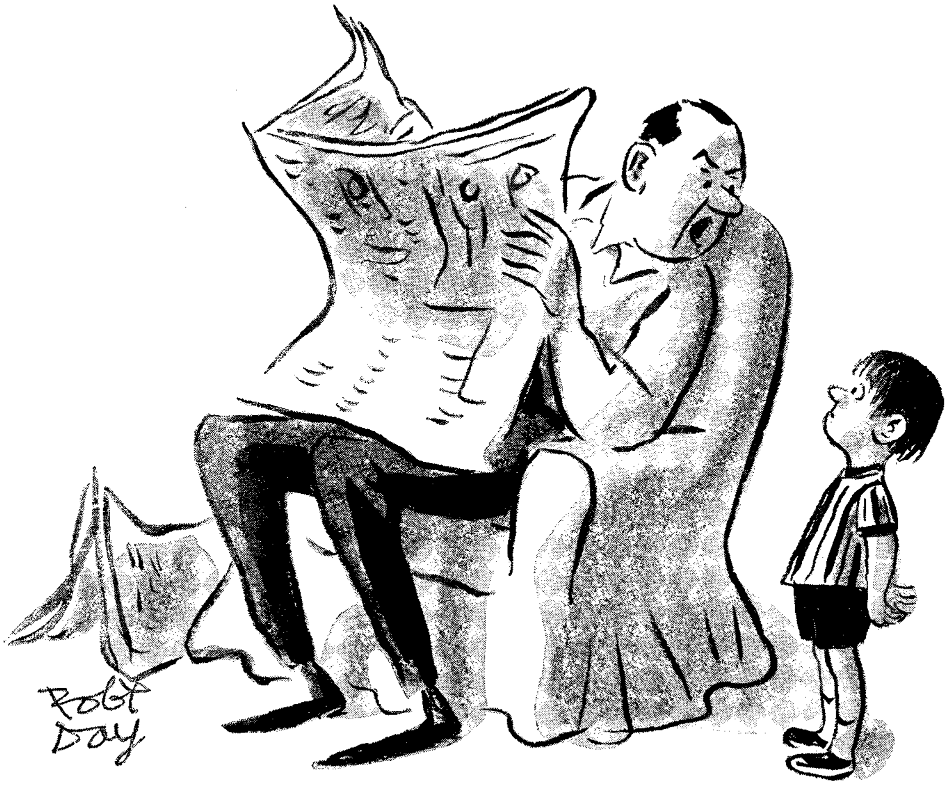


and bits of cloud, and counting to tell the hours.

On the day of the first snowfall, though, she did not deny her discomfort; she simply and truly did not feel it, and although she was pinioned, she drifted in a charming ease, a floating, as if she hovered, slowly winding, like the flakes themselves. The snow began in the second hour, just as she resumed her pose—one in which she held a pole upright like a soldier with a spear. It was the most unmerciful attitude she had yet held, for all her weight lay on her right heel, which seemed to seek a grafting with the dais, and the arm that held the pole swelled until she imagined that in time it would be so bellied out that her vaccination scar would appear as an umbilical indentation. For the first time, she felt put upon, and during her rest at ten o'clock she was angry with the students and with Mr. Steele, who took it for granted that she was made of a substance different from theirs. And when a girl in Oxford glasses and a spotless green linen smock, radiating good will, came to sit for a moment on the dais and said admiringly, "That would *kill* me! Are you going to do this professionally?," she was the more affronted; the servant whose ambitions go beyond his present status does not wish to be complimented on the way he polishes the silver.

When the snow came, the studio was dematerialized. The storm began so suddenly, with so little warning from the skies, that for a moment Cora doubted its existence, whirling there in the cottonwood, and thought that her eyes had invented it out of a need to vary their view. She loved the snow. When she had first heard of Heaven, she thought it would be a place where snow was forever falling and forever concealing the harshness of the world. And she had never remembered, when she was a child, from one year to the next, how cold snow was; always when the first flakes flew she had run out in her bare feet, expecting the miraculous purity to be as soft as a cat, and then she had run back into the house to lie on the floor in the front hall, giggling with surprise.

In Missouri, by the river, the snow had been as hard as a floor, but now and then a soft place would take her unawares and she would go in up to the top of her galoshes, and then she was a mess, her astrakhan coat covered with snow, her tasselled yellow mittens soaking wet. They went, she and her father and her brother, Randall, for the Christmas greens each year, for holly and ground hemlock and partridge berry to put in the long, cold summer parlor, where a green carpet spread like a lawn. The purple light of early Christmas morning came through the scrim curtains as the Savage children—Cora and Randall, Abigail and Evangeline—opened their presents. Often snow fell on Christmas Day, shutting them in, protecting them, putting a spell on them. The little girls, wearing new tam-o'-shanters and the bracelets and rings and fake wristwatches sent by cousins, surrounded by double-jointed dolls and sets of colored pencils, pig banks, patent-leather pocketbooks, jackstones, changeable-taffeta hair ribbons, teased their poor brother with his ungainly boy's things—tool chests, fishing gear, the year he was eight a .22.

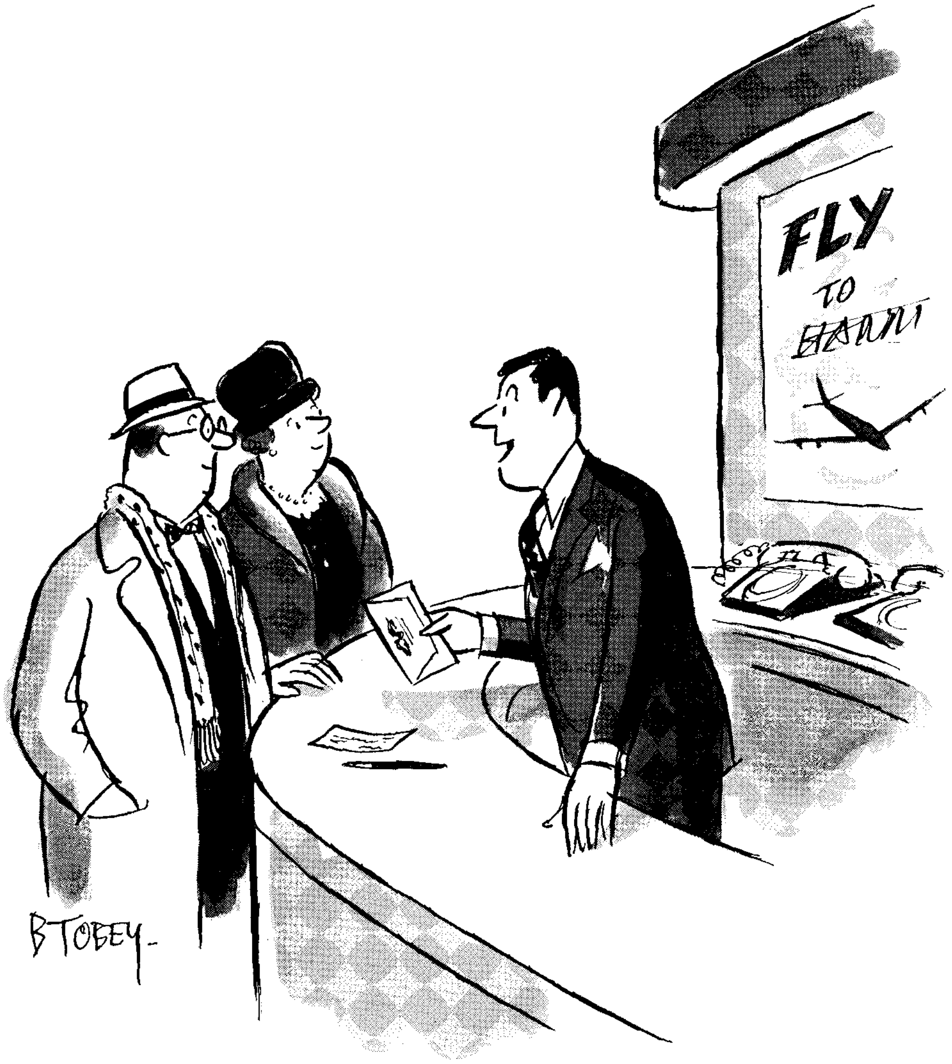


"I don't know why I don't know why!"

The snow had been best, perhaps most elegant, there in Missouri. There had been times when Grandmother Savage had driven over from Kavanagh to call; she had an old-fashioned sleigh with rakish curled runners. In the little parlor, what Mr. Savage derisively called "the pastor's parlor," they drank hot cocoa from fat, hand-painted cups bordered with a frieze of asters. And all the while the snow was coming down.

More elegant in Missouri—but it had been more keenly exciting here in Adams, Colorado. Randall and Cora (by now Cora was a tomboy and disdained her older sisters) had often taken their sleds over the practice ski jumps in the foothills behind the college. The wind was knocked out of them as they hit the ground, and, once, Cora lost control and went hurtling into a barbed-wire fence. It seemed to her, on reflection, that she had slowly revolved on her head, like a top, for a long time before the impact. Then, too frightened to move lest she find she could not, she had lain there waiting for her brother. Blood, in niggardly drops, from the wounds in her forehead stained the snow. Afterward, she had been afraid of the ski jumps and had only coasted down a steep hill that terminated in a cemetery, but this was dangerous enough, and reckless children sometimes crashed into the spiked palings of the iron fence and broke their heads wide open. There were so many of these accidents and the injuries were often so nearly serious that a city ordinance was passed forbidding anyone to slide down that street. Then, added to the danger, there was the additional thrill of possibly being caught by the police and put into jail. One hid oneself and one's sled behind the spooky little stone house at the graveyard's edge, where the caretaker kept his lawnmower and gardening tools, and waited for the Black Maria. But it never came.

Cora was pleased today that probably she alone in the studio had seen what was happening outside. The



"May I ask you, sir, if our little jingle on TV had anything to do with your decision to take along the missus?"

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students were intent on their work, applying to each other for criticism or for palette knives, measuring parts of Cora with pencils held at arm's length as they squinted and grimaced; sometimes, to her mistrust, they came quite close to examine the shape of a muscle or the color of a shadow on her skin. For the time being, the snow was a private experience; perhaps everything at this moment proceeded from her own mind, even this grubby room with its forest of apparatus and its smell of banana oil, even all these people. She thought of Bishop Berkeley, whom Dr. Bosch had assigned to the class in Introduction to Philosophy; she thought of the way Berkeley had dismantled the world of its own reality and had made each idiom of it into an idea in the mind of God. "Or in his own mind," said Dr. Bosch dryly, for he had no use for the Bishop. This morning, Cora had much use for him, and she concluded that she would be at peace forever if she could believe that she existed only for herself and possibly for a superior intelligence and that no one existed for her save when he was tangibly present.

As she pondered this quieting phenomenon (it just might work, she just might tutor herself to believe in such sublimity), the door to the studio opened and she turned away from the window. A latecomer entered, a boy in a sheep-lined mackinaw and a freshman beanie; his ashen corduroy trousers, freckled with oil paint, were tucked into the tops of his yellow field boots. His name was Ernie Wharton and he had been in high school with Cora; at the beginning of the year, she had resented him and had disliked hearing that familiar voice she had heard the year before in Spanish Two. Once, she had even been in a play with him, and on several evenings after rehearsal he had walked her home and they had talked at length at the foot of the steps on Benedict Street, where the smell of lilacs nearly led her to infatuation. But they had only gone on talking learnedly of "The Ode on Intimations of Immortality," which both of them admired. On the first day of the life class, he, too, had been embarrassed, and had looked only at the model's feet and at her face, but in time he merged into the general background and was no more specific to her than any of the others.

Panting as if he had been running, red from the cold, his canine face (the face of an amiable dog, a Border collie) wore a look of befuddlement, and at first Cora thought it stemmed from worry over his being so late, but she knew this could not be true, for Mr. Steele paid no heed at all to the arrival and departure of his students. Indeed, he had not so much as looked up from "Framley Parsonage" when the outside air came rushing through the door. No one gave Ernie's entrance more than passing recognition, no one but Cora, at whom he looked directly and whom he seemed to address, as if he had come to bring this news exclusively to her. "Somebody just committed suicide on the Base Line," he said.

In their incredulity, the class fell over themselves, dropped pencils, splashed turpentine, tore paper, catapulted against their easels, said, "Oh, damn it!" Then they surrounded Ernie, who stood against the door as if he did not mean to stay but was only a courier stopping at one of the many stations on his route. Although no one was looking at her, Cora continued to hold her pose and to look at the snow in her tree, but she listened and now and then stole a glance at the narrator's face, awry with dismay and with a sort of excruciated pleasure in the violent finality of the act he described. A second-year pre-medical student, two hours before, had been run over by the morning mail train coming from Denver. He had driven his car to the outskirts of town and there it had been found at a crossing, its motor still running. The engineer had seen the body on the tracks but had had no time to stop the train, and the man had been broken to pieces. Wharton had gone out there (they were fraternity brothers; the president had called him just as he was leaving for class) and had seen the butchered mess, the head cut loose, the legs shivered, one hand perched, like a bird, on a scrub oak. His name was Bernard Allen, said Ernie, and he had been one prince of a fellow.

Bernard Allen!

The girl in Oxford glasses went pale and said, "My godfather, I knew *him!* I went to the Phi Gam tea dance with him Friday."

(Friday? thought Cora. But that was the night he and Maisie Perrine

FOUR POEMS

HENGEST CYNING

THE KING'S EPITAPH

Beneath this stone lies the body of Hengist
Who founded in these islands the first kingdom
Of the royal house of Odin
And glutted the screaming eagle's greed.

THE KING SPEAKS

I know not what runes will be scraped on the stone
But my words are these:
Beneath the heavens I was Hengist the mercenary.
My might and my courage I marketed to kings
Whose lands lay west over the water
Here at the edge of the sea
Called the Spear-Warrior;
But a man's might and his courage can
Not long bear being sold,
And so after cutting down all through the North
The foes of the Briton king,
From him too I took light and life together.
I like this kingdom that I seized with my sword;
It has rivers for the net and the oar
And long seasons of sun
And soil for the plough and for husbandry
And Britons for working the farms
And cities of stone which we shall allow
To crumble to ruin,
Because there dwell the ghosts of the dead.
But behind my back I know
These Britons brand me traitor,
Yet I have been true to my deeds and my daring
And to other men's care never yielded my destiny
And no one dared ever betray me.

AFTERGLOW

Sunset is always disturbing
whether theatrical or muted,
but still more disturbing
is that last desperate glow
that turns the plain to rust
when on the horizon nothing is left
of the pomp and clamor of the setting sun.
How hard holding on to that light, so tautly drawn
and different,
that hallucination which the human fear of the dark
imposes on space
and which ceases at once
the moment we realize its falsity,
the way a dream is broken
the moment the sleeper knows he is dreaming.

PLAINNESS

The garden's grillwork gate
opens with the ease of a page
in a much thumbed book,
and, once inside, our eyes
have no need to dwell on objects
already fixed and exact in memory.
Here habits and minds and the private language
all families invent
are everyday things to me.
What necessity is there to speak
or pretend to be someone else?
The whole house knows me,
they're aware of my worries and weakness.
This is the best that can happen—
what Heaven perhaps will grant us:
not to be wondered at or required to succeed
but simply to be let in
as part of an undeniable Reality,
like stones of the road, like trees.

THE DAGGER

A dagger rests in a drawer.

It was forged in Toledo at the end of the last century. Luis Melián Lafinur gave it to my father, who brought it from Uruguay. Evaristo Carriego once held it in his hand.

Whoever lays eyes on it has to pick up the dagger and toy with it, as if he had always been on the lookout for it. The hand is quick to grip the waiting hilt, and the powerful obeying blade slides in and out of the sheath with a click.

This is not what the dagger wants.

It is more than a structure of metal; men conceived it and shaped it with a single end in mind. The dagger that last night knifed a man in Tacuarembó and the daggers that rained on Caesar are in some eternal way the same dagger. The dagger wants to kill, it wants to shed sudden blood.

In a drawer of my writing table, among draft pages and old letters, the dagger dreams over and over its simple tiger's dream. On wielding it the hand comes alive because the metal comes alive, sensing itself, each time handled, in touch with the killer for whom it was forged.

At times I am sorry for it. Such power and singlemindedness, so impassive or innocent its pride, and the years slip by, unheeding.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni*)

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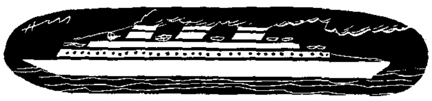
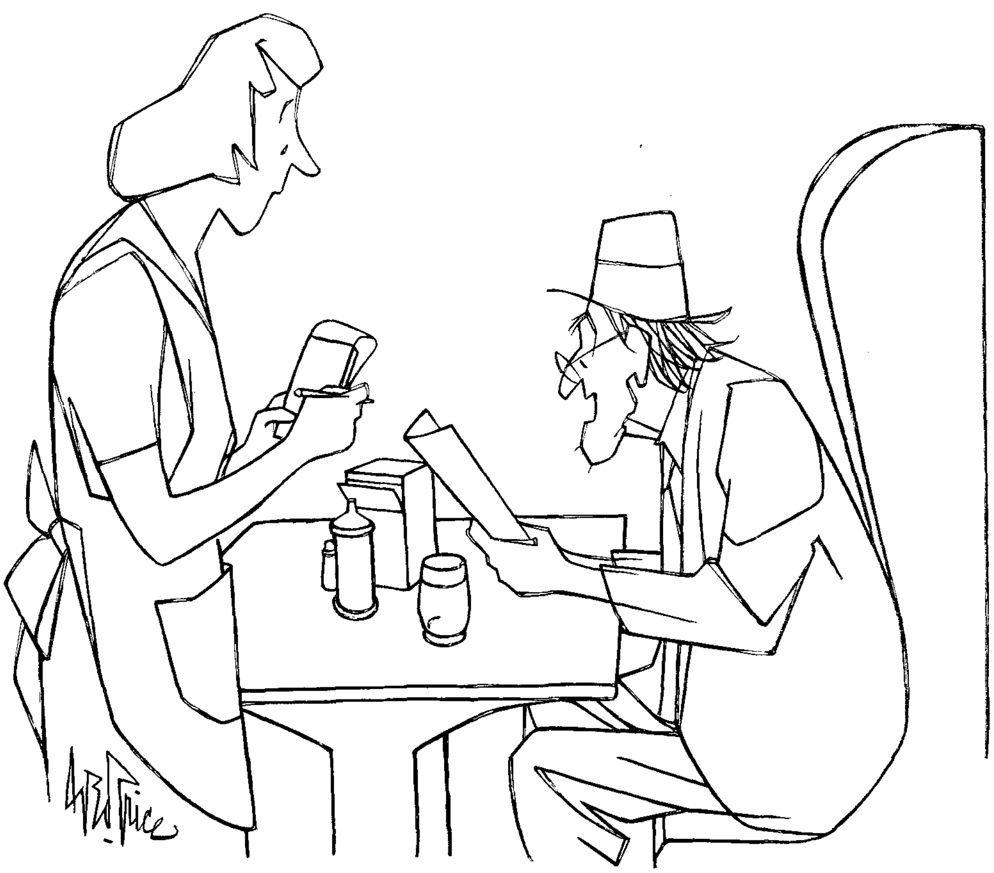
went horseback riding. That was the night I saw his white hair shining like this snow as I looked out my bedroom window toward the boarding house where Maisie lives, next door to us. I, spying at all hours of the day and night, spying and tortured at what I saw, saw Bernard Allen's blue Cord town car draw up to Mrs. Mullen's house at midnight last Friday. Bernard and Maisie must have been to a dance, for Maisie was wearing a long dress of gold lamé and her sable coat. "I'll be waiting on the porch. Don't be long," said Maisie. They kissed connubially. "I hate to have you take off that gorgeous dress," said Bernard, and she replied, "I'd look good riding a horse in this, wouldn't I?" He let her out of the car and took her to the door and then he drove away. Half an hour later, he was back and Maisie, in riding clothes, ran down the sagging steps of Mrs. Mullen's front porch. Where would they find a stable open at this time of night? They could. They would. For they had claimed the pot of gold and were spending it all on everything their hearts desired, on





"I believe I'll take the baked-meatloaf trip."

• •

clothes and cars and bootleg whiskey. Probably one of them kept a string of blooded horses somewhere with a stableman so highly paid that he did not mind being waked up in the middle of the night. "Why didn't you bring Luster?" asked Maisie. "Because he doesn't like the moon," said Bernard. Luster was his dog, a golden retriever. They drove away then in the direction of Left Hand Canyon. I suppose eventually I went to sleep.)

Forgetting now that Ernie Wharton's facts were immediate and that, because he had been united with the dead boy in a secret order, his was the right to tell the tale and to lead the speculation—forgetting this, the art students shrilly turned to the girl in Oxford glasses. Had he been strange, they asked her, had he seemed cracked?

"He was like everybody else," she said. "Like all pre-meds. You know, a little high-hat the way they all are because they know those six-dollar words."

She did not like to speak ill of the dead, she said, but, frankly, Bernard had been the world's worst dancer, and as she looked back on it she thought he had probably been tight. Not that that made any difference, she quickly added, because she was broadminded, but it might throw some light on his suicide. Maybe he was drunk this morning. It was unlikely, she supposed, that he would have been drinking at eight-thirty in the morning. Still, you never could tell. She could not think of anything else about him. Except that he had this pure-white hair—not blond, not towheaded; he had had a grandfather's white hair. It had been a blind date and a very short one, for they'd only gone to the dance and that was over at six, and then she had gone right home to dress for the S.A.E. formal. It had been just one of those dates that fill an afternoon and come to nothing—when you get along all right but you aren't much interested. Christmas, though, it gave her the creeps!

All the time the girl talked, Ernie stared at her, dumbstruck with rage. How *dare* she be so flip, said his frosty eyes. Presently, because her facts were thin, the students returned to him, and they interrogated him closely, as if he were a witness in a court of law. What had they done with the car? How long was it before the police arrived? Where did the guy come from? Had his family been told? At first, Ernie answered factually but abstractedly and then, hectored by a repetition of the same questions, he grew impatient and, turning wrathfully on the girl in the green smock, he shouted, "I'm not sure you knew him at all. He was engaged. He was engaged to be married to Maisie Perrine, and they announced it at the Chi Psi dance about three hours after you claim to have been at a tea dance with him."

The girl laughed lightly. "Keep your shirt on, sonny. That doesn't cut any ice. Can't you be engaged to somebody and take somebody else to a tea dance?"

Ernie said, "Not if you're so deep you end up by killing yourself."

"Oh, bushwa," said the girl, and went back to her easel, but she was the only one who did, and among the others a moral debate began: whether suicide *did* demonstrate depth, whether suicide was an act of cowardice or of bravery.

CORA no longer listened. She was thinking of Maisie Perrine and wondering whether her yellow Cadillac roadster was there now at the crossing, its top whitened with snow, the windshield wipers going. Maybe she did not know yet and was still in class, still undishevelled in her orderly, expensive clothes, her sumptuous red hair shining, her fine hand taking down notes on Middle English marketplace romances. What would happen when she heard? And where was Luster, where was Bernard Allen's fond golden dog?

And what was the misery that had brought the boy to suicide? Rich, privileged, in love, he and his girl had seemed the very paradigm of joy. Why had he done it? And yet, why not? Why did not she, who was seldom happy, do it herself? A darkness beat her like the wings of an enormous bird, and frantic terror of the ultimate hopelessness shook her until the staff she held slipped and her heart seemed for a moment to fail. She began to sweat and could feel the drops creeping down her legs. The bell rang and her pole went clattering to the floor, knocking over a portrait on an easel nearby, and all the students, still talking of the death that morning, looked up with exclamations of shock, but she could tell by their faces that none of them had been thinking her thoughts, that she alone, silent and stationary there on the dais, had shared Bernard Allen's experience and had plunged with him into sightlessness. No. No, wait a minute. Each mortal in the room must, momentarily, have died. But just as the fledgling artists put their own faces on their canvases, so they had perished in their own particular ways.

The snow was a benison. It forgave them all. —JEAN STAFFORD

ANNALS OF IMPOSTURE

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN—I

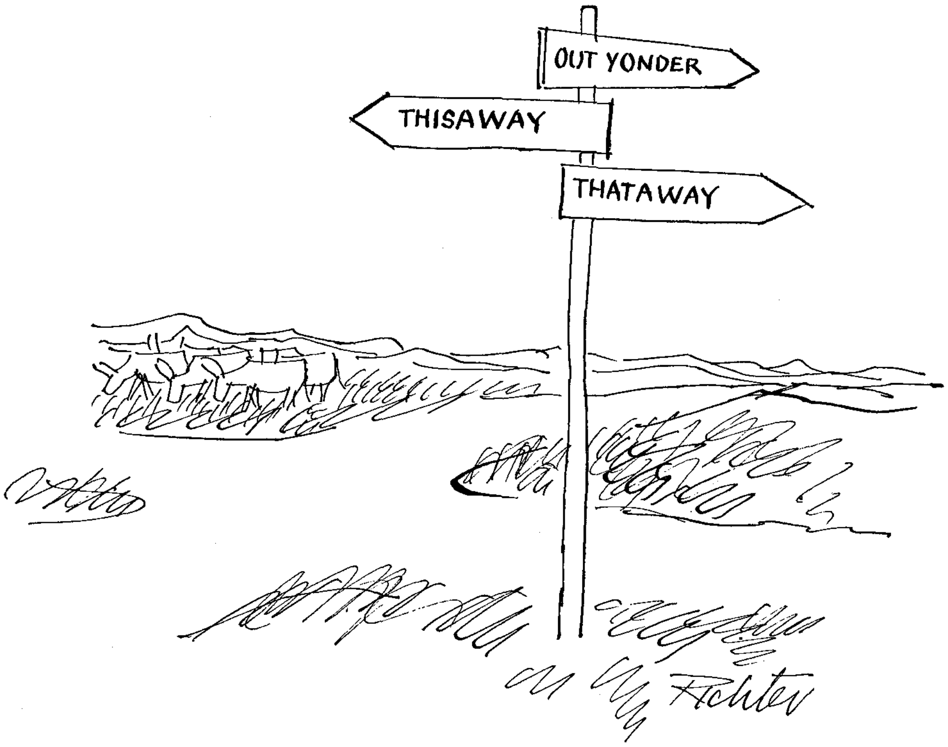
SEVENTY-EIGHT years ago, on November 25, 1890, in one of a long row of red brick two-story houses in Brooklyn that had five gray stone steps leading up to the front doors, coal stoves for heat, and toilets in the back yards—each house exactly like the other houses in the row, and also exactly like the ones on the opposite side of the street—a boy was born who was named by his parents Stephen Jacob Weinberg. He wasn't entirely satisfied with his name or with himself. Soon after he reached the age of twenty-one, he started tinkering with his name and being people other than himself. Except for swift, recurrent periods during which he was Royal St. Cyr, he stayed fairly close to the essentials of the name he had started out with. He was Royal St. Cyr only when he wished to drum home to himself and other people the notion that he was a lieutenant in the French Navy, which he wasn't. Otherwise, he was, more or less successively, S. Clifford Weinberg, Ethan Allen Weinberg, Rodney S. Wyman, Sterling C. Wyman, Stanley Clifford Weyman, Allen Stanley Weyman, and C. Sterling Weinberg, and he went back to S. Clifford Weinberg and Ethan Allen Weinberg for second and third tries. In middle age, he settled firmly on Stanley Clifford Weyman. From then on, he used only that name, but under it he continued to carry out impostures of great artistic merit. For the sake of simplicity in a chronicle that cannot be other than compound, and in deference to the man himself, he will generally be called here by the name he seemed to like best—Stanley Clifford Weyman.

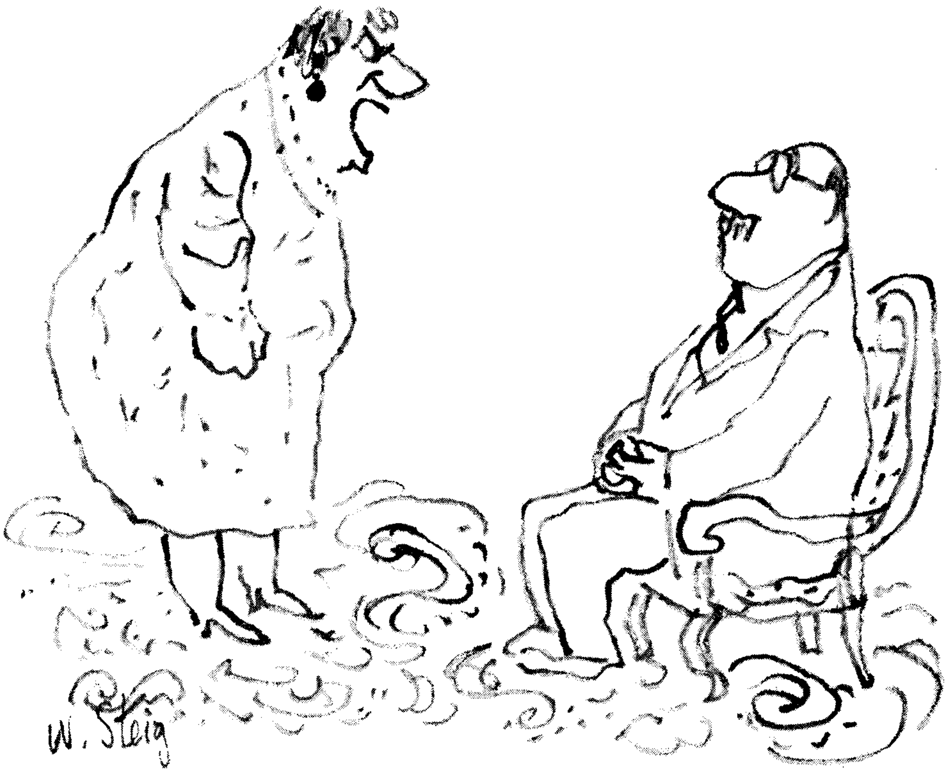
Weyman was a dedicated impostor. He was a man who, unwilling or unable to remain an obscure citizen of Brooklyn, became many men in the course of a long career of being people other than himself. The men he became were never obscure, and in time he himself ceased to be obscure. For him, it was not enough simply to have a dream of glory and then put it aside and go about his business. He acted it out. Only when it had been fulfilled did he put that particular dream of glory aside, as a painter puts aside a finished painting. Then he would find a fresh role to play and would perform another piece of impeccable imposture. And more than once he actually tasted glory.

No matter what imposture Weyman was engaged in, he never altered his face—not even by so much as shaving off a thin, spruce mustache, which, along with expressive, bright brown eyes, an aquiline nose, a strong, solemn mouth, a shapely head, and a tall, trim figure, gave him an air of distinction that he carried with disarmingly modest grace. Although Weyman was unaware of it, he bore a rather remarkable resemblance to the comic character with the wispy mustache and the shuffling gait created by Charles Chaplin on the silent motion-picture screen. Weyman, however, was not a conscious comedian, and it is doubtful if he possessed a trace of a sense of humor until the declining years of his long and changeable life. It was his destiny most of the time not to be funny to himself but to make other people look funny to still other people.

"Be yourself" is a common command. Sometimes it is addressed to a friend, a lover, a husband, a wife, or somebody else who the person uttering it has cause to think is not being himself or herself. At other times, an individual issues this command to the soul that exists at his very center. In any case, it is an edict that is infrequently carried out. Few people are entirely satisfied with being themselves. The urge to be somebody other than oneself is so universal and so deep-seated that it may well be an elemental instinct of the human species. Many people—and creative people in particular—admittedly spend the better part of their lives trying to find themselves; the inference is that the self they are making do with in the meantime is not their own but somebody else's. Children as young as three years of age, or even two, enjoy not being themselves. It is only a pathologically unimaginative child who doesn't try to palm himself off as an Indian or a cowboy as soon as he is big enough to make a horse out of a stick and ride it. And the chances are that long before that, by barking, mewing, or roaring, the ordinary child has endeavored to be a dog, a cat, or a lion instead of himself.

It would seem that human beings find, accept, and retain a single, permanent identity only with the greatest reluctance. Clearly, they would rather be two or more people than just one person. The wish often leads to lunacy. But in the world of art—and especially in literary art—sane grown people are able freely to indulge their tendencies toward dual or multiple personalities. Except for mental hospitals and the world of art, the only world in which these gratifications and satisfactions can be fully realized is the world of dedicated imposture. Everybody, of course, no matter who he or she is, engages in minor impostures to at least a small degree at one time or another, if not all





"You look bored!"

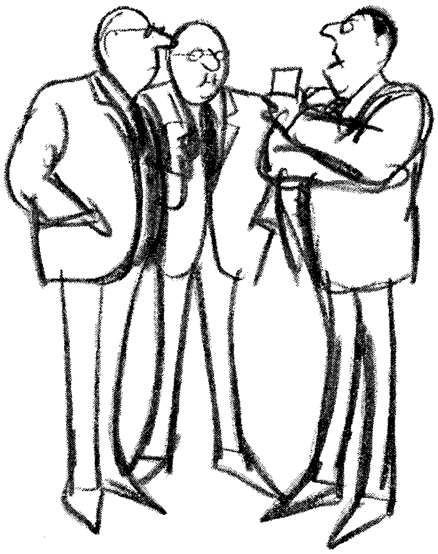
the time. When we temporarily or permanently assume a facial expression or a posture that conveys something we are not feeling inside, we are imposturing. It goes without saying that actors and actresses engage in imposture on the stage—and, not infrequently, off the stage as well. And in the world of politics, of course, a rather inferior variety of imposture is as rampant as a dizzy billy goat in a field of nanny goats. But few of us are dedicated impostors.

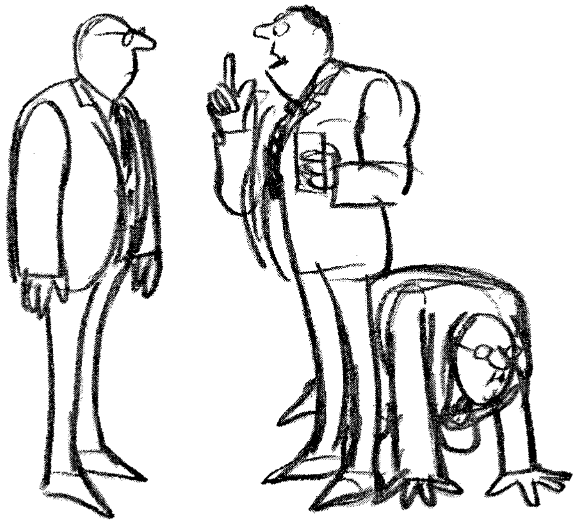
Dedicated impostors are, in a sense, artists. Their creations are the selves they sucessfully impose upon those with whom they come in contact while they are engaged in an imposture. And the relation of the impostor to the artist is a close one. It is also a somewhat mysterious one. Many great artists feel that they are impostors. Especially in their early years, men of genius often find it difficult, if not impossible, to believe that the extraordinary gifts they possess are really theirs. They are sometimes inclined to feel that they stole these gifts. In time, the artist usually becomes at least two people—his private self and his creative self. This division is frequently recognized by painters, sculptors, composers, and, especially, writers in their use of both a true name and a pseudonym. Novelists, poets, composers, sculptors, and painters are often curiously preoccupied with a tendency to tinker with their true name, even if they don't actually use a pseudonym. They insert or delete an initial, or drop a first name in favor of a middle name, or the reverse. And artists of all sorts through the ages have been peculiarly fascinated by impostors and by the ramifying subject of imposture. The switching of identities and other imposturous episodes are ever-recurrent themes of ancient myths and fairy tales and of all religions, and in literature, from its earliest beginnings, the same themes abound.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was not entirely happy with being himself. Several times, he remarked that he would rather be George Psalmanazar than himself. Psalmanazar was the assumed name of an impostor who presented himself to the eighteenth-century world as a Japanese. He invented a false history, geography, alphabet, and language of the island of Formosa, where he said he came from. He was so successful in his masquerade that his true name and the facts of his birth have never been definitely known, though it was later fairly well established that he had never travelled outside Europe. Goethe became so deeply interested in the background of Count Cagliostro (who wasn't a count and wasn't named Cagliostro) that he sought out the impostor's humble Sicilian family. He travelled to Sicily to do this, and while doing it he became an impostor himself; he used a false name and false credentials, and made a pretense of bringing the impostor's mother a letter from her son, which he himself had written, in disguised handwriting.

Fritz Kreisler is an example of a genius who as a young man either didn't believe that his gifts belonged to him or wished to convince other people that they didn't. At the age of eighteen, he publicly launched a series of imposturous compositions—a fact that he didn't reveal directly until the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. In those early years, he composed a number of entirely original pieces and attributed them to then little-known composers of the past, such as Vivaldi, Pugnani, Francœur, and Couperin. He proceeded to perform these works at his concerts, listing himself on the concert programs as their editor and stating that his editing was a free treatment of the originals (which, of course, didn't exist); at the same time, being as vain as the next genius, he stipulated that if these impostured works were played in public his name must be mentioned in connection with them. Later, he began presenting other original compositions under his own name, and didn't like to be questioned about those earlier works; he would evade such questions, or else he would falsely state that he had found the manuscripts of the compositions in old libraries. This explanation was similar to that given by the Scottish impostor James Macpherson in connection with the great eighteenth-century hoax of the Ossianic poetry, which he himself had written, and it was also similar to that given by Thomas Chatterton, in the same full-flowering century, in connection with the poems he attributed to a fictitious Thomas Rowley—poems that Chatterton had in fact written himself.

In a manner of speaking, all dedicated artists are dedicated impostors in that the self they impose upon their public is not their true self. It is their creative self. And that they create at all impresses other people as being magical. Conversely, the performances of impostors impress other people as having the marvellous quality of artistic achievement. This is especially true of dedicated impostors, for whom works of imposture are like the creations of dedicated artists in that they form the core of the creators' existence. In fact, the careers of dedicated impostors seem miraculous and inspired, like works of art. The impostor's ability to put on convincing acts of impersonation, including excellent reproductions of special skills—such as those of the impostured doctor, lawyer, or prince—is very





similar to the artist's ability to create something out of nothing.

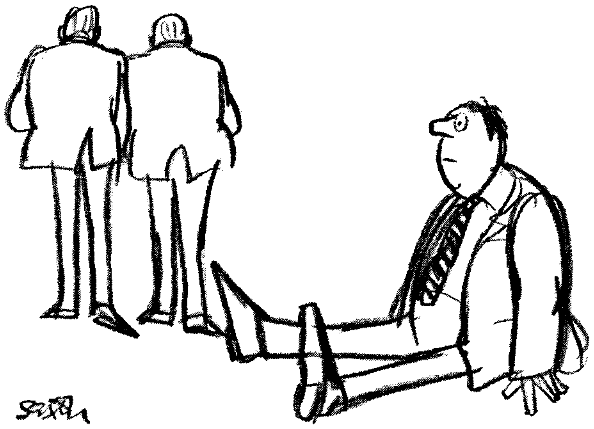
Dr. Phyllis Greenacre, a New York psychoanalyst, is the leading contemporary authority on the ins and outs of this odd entwinement of the impostor and the artist. "In both the creative artist on the brink of a new surge of creativity and in the impostor, between periods of imposture," she has written, "there is a sense of ego hunger and a need for completion—in the one, of the artistic self; in the other, of a satisfying identity in the world." Having spent many years studying both the world of art and the world of imposture, Dr. Greenacre speaks solemnly in one of her best-known works, "The Relation of the Impostor to the Artist," of "the dark, imposturous character which accompanies, like a shadow, the tread of genius." It might be said—less solemnly—that genius accompanies, like a shadow, the tread of the dark, imposturous character of the dedicated impostor.

Although the rich variety of Weyman's creations is not what establishes his superlative standing in the world's gallery of impostors, it is surely as impressive as that achieved by any other impostor in history. Some gifted impostors, like some gifted authors, composers, sculptors, and painters, have tended to settle into a rut. This is true of one of the most authentically talented impostors of the twentieth century, Prince Michael Romanoff. Like Weyman, he is a native of Brooklyn. At an early age, he decided that he wasn't Harry Gerguson of Brooklyn but was Prince Michael Romanoff of Russia. Even people who knew that he wasn't Prince Michael Romanoff of Russia liked to feel that he was when they rubbed shoulders with him, and they still do. He was until lately a successful restaurateur, and although he was a charming host, an intelligent, perceptive, and cultivated gentleman, it is undoubtedly a fact that one reason his Beverly Hills restaurant, called Romanoff's, was so popular in its golden years was that the people who used to go there were under the impression—even though they knew it to be a false impression—that they were being catered to by a member of the vanished nobility of Russia, a man who might have been a czar if it hadn't been for Marx and Lenin.

Another Johnny-one-note in the world's gallery of impostors was Dr. Johnson's idol, George Psalmanazar. He kept on and on with the Formosan imposture, and never attempted any other. James Macpherson was tiresomely devoted to being the poet Ossian. And it is understandable that he stayed in that rut. Macpherson's imposturous works, which he attributed to the third-century poet named Ossian, received much acclaim, were imitated by Goethe, Byron, and other great poets, and are generally credited with having deeply influenced the romantic movement in literature. Thomas Chatterton, a really talented poet, also perpetrated only one imposture. It was so much admired and he himself was so gratified with it that he may have felt that life under one name could hold no further satisfactions for him; in any event, he poisoned himself before he came of age.

There have not been as many female impostors as there have been male impostors, but one of them was in some ways the greatest of all impostors. This was Joan, or Joanna, who had her fling in the ninth century. The story of Joan has been handed down through the ages, and it was skillfully and delicately retold in 1886 by a Greek writer named Emmanuel Royidis, who because of it was excommunicated from the Greek Orthodox Church several decades before his book was engagingly translated into English, by Lawrence Durrell, in 1954. Although the very existence of Joan is generally questioned by Roman Catholic laymen, most of whom haven't heard of her, and by Roman Catholic churchmen, most of whom have, the fact remains that she is included in the "Lives of the Popes" written by Platina, the faithful and serious fifteenth-century church historian, who was a secretary to a pope and a librarian to the Vatican, and who was not excommunicated. In any event, Joan, after a period of experimentation, also got in a rut and stayed in it, but it was an extraordinarily high rut. She pretended to be a male monk and eventually became pope, under the name of John VIII. After being elevated to the papacy, and reigning as pontiff for more than two years, she inadvertently let the cat out of the bag in a motherly fashion by prematurely giving birth to a baby girl while riding in a papal procession in her imposturous role as the Holy Father.

Our modern hero, Stanley Clifford Weyman, never allowed himself to get in an imposturous rut. He performed throughout his long life one imposture after another, and once he



had achieved a solid imposturous creation, he quit and left it alone. Then, after a contemplative period, he went on to perform a fresh piece of imposture. In addition to being a lieutenant in the French Navy, several doctors of medicine, and two psychiatrists, he was a number of officers in the United States Navy—ranging in rank from lieutenant to admiral—five or six United States Army officers, a couple of lawyers, the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, an aviator, a sanitation expert, many consuls-general, and a United Nations expert on Balkan and Asian affairs.

Weyman was frequently satisfied with fooling only some of the people some of the time. Unlike Pope Joan, he avoided placing himself in predicaments that would inevitably result in the exposure, and thereby the failure and discontinuance, of the imposture on which he had embarked. Like all great artists, he exercised a certain amount of restraint. For example, in his series of naval impostures he only once made the tactical error of going aboard a ship, and when he was being an Army officer he did not even once make the mistake of mingling with troops. As an aviator, he never attempted to fly an airplane; he was nevertheless cheered by New York street crowds for feats of aeronautics he hadn't performed either above the ground or on it. As the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, to be sure, he mingled with both State Department people and United States Navy people, but he sensed that the ambiguity of his assumed title was confusing, and he was right; the Navy people presumed he was a State Department person, and the State Department people presumed he was a Navy person. Except for the time he went aboard a naval vessel while posing as a naval officer, Weyman was not once in his entire career unmasked because he was improperly or unconvincingly playing the role he had assumed. He was exposed only when somebody recognized him who had seen him before in one role or another. The people who exposed Weyman were usually either newspaper reporters or photographers or officers of the law.

Weyman was sent to state and federal penitentiaries on thirteen recorded occasions after his twenty-first birthday, and spent more than a third of his adult life inside them. But on six of the thirteen occasions he was sent behind bars simply for violation of parole. When he was engaged in imposturous activities of a lofty nature, he understandably found it beyond endurance to go to lower Manhattan at regular intervals to report to a parole officer, as he was supposed to do, and when he failed to do that he was sent back to prison. Actually, for a man who dedicated his life to being people he wasn't, Weyman's criminal record was a modest one. He pleaded guilty to or was convicted of grand larceny only once, forgery only once, impersonating an attorney only once, impersonating a naval officer only twice, disorderly conduct only once, running a school for draft dodgers only once,

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"I have a funny feeling he won't be cheap."

and embezzlement only once. For some of his most successful impostures, Weyman wasn't arrested at all. For example, he wasn't arrested for posing as Pola Negri's personal physician during the funeral of her loved one, Rudolph Valentino, in New York, in 1926, or for assuming, and acting out, the role of public-relations adviser to Valentino's manager, in which role he pretty much ran the whole, fantastic funeral of the famous movie star. One reason he wasn't prosecuted for posing as a doctor that time was that Miss Negri steadfastly refused to bring a complaint against him. She informed the American Medical Association several times that Weyman was the best doctor she had ever had or ever expected to have; another reason that neither the A.M.A. nor the District Attorney's Office could make a case against Weyman for this imposture was that he not only asked for no fee but refused to accept one when Miss Negri offered to pay him for his services.

Above all else, it is Weyman's firm disregard for the importance of money and fame, his dedication to imposture for imposture's sake, that sets him apart from most other impostors in history. Many of these failed to rise to the great heights of imposturous expression because, like mediocre practitioners in all the other arts, they were more interested in material things and in fame than they were in the private satisfactions of creative accomplishment. Weyman, it is true, made efforts to earn both honest and dishonest money at various times in his long career, but almost invariably his integrity as an impostor got in the way of his impure ambition to be a rich man. And when he did, on rare occasions, amass large sums of honest money, he quickly spent them. Time and time again, his imagination, his creative impulses, and his faithfulness to his desire to be somebody other than himself prevented him from cleaning up in situations, both honest and dishonest, in which a greedier man, or a man without artistic ideals, might have made a fortune. Very often, Weyman embarked on impostures in which there was clearly no money to be made and from which he couldn't expect any fame, and some of these stand out as superior works of imposturous genius.

Prince Michael Romanoff was capable of going hungry in preference to dropping his princely pose, though it was never recorded that he was unwilling to accept ready cash when he had none. Years ago, before Romanoff became a successful restaurant man, some of his friends found him on a New York City street, destitute and suffering from malnutrition. As his biographers have recorded, these friends took him to somebody's apartment, put him to bed, and called a doctor. Before the doctor arrived, they brought him an empty

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tumbler and a pint bottle of milk. In those days, two grades of milk were sold in New York—Grade A and Grade B. The Prince read the label on the pint that had been offered him. Then he struggled into a sitting position and hurled the bottle against the wall. "Grade B milk for a Romanoff!" he croaked indignantly as he sank back on the pillows.

A similar set of circumstances never confronted Weyman, but there is no doubt that he would have met them as triumphantly as Romanoff did. In some respects, Romanoff was fortunate, for without marring his princely imposture he could appear to be poor when he actually was poor. An impoverished prince is in every way artistically and imposturously acceptable, whereas a physician, a psychiatrist, a lawyer, an officer in the armed forces, or the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, like the other men Weyman pretended to be, had to seem, for the sake of authenticity, to be solvent, if not wealthy. Weyman was stone broke when he turned down Pola Negri's offer of a fee; the fact that, as a doctor, he felt above accepting that fee can be explained only by the assumption that he thought of himself at the time as being such a rich and successful physician that he couldn't stoop to take a hundred dollars or so from a charming motion-picture actress whose fits of nerves he had soothed with avuncular advice and a few aspirin tablets; he evidently felt that it would have been as if one of the heads of the Mayo Clinic had shown a willingness to accept a fee for treating somebody who had had a fainting fit in a theatre.

Perhaps the most nearly perfect example of Weyman's work that constituted imposture for imposture's sake was an occasion on which he posed as a member of the New York State lunacy commission. This was in 1925. By that time, he had been in and out of penitentiaries in New York State and in and out of the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, and had spent much time in the psychiatric wards of the prison hospitals. He had what he considered some constructive ideas concerning the inferior psychiatric treatment that prisoners with neurotic or psychotic personalities and manic-depressive tendencies received in those institutions. One morning, he was lounging around his home in Brooklyn in a state of depression, full of ego hunger, when he read in a newspaper that in a few days' time there was to be a meeting of every known variety of medical man, including mental medical men, at the Mid-

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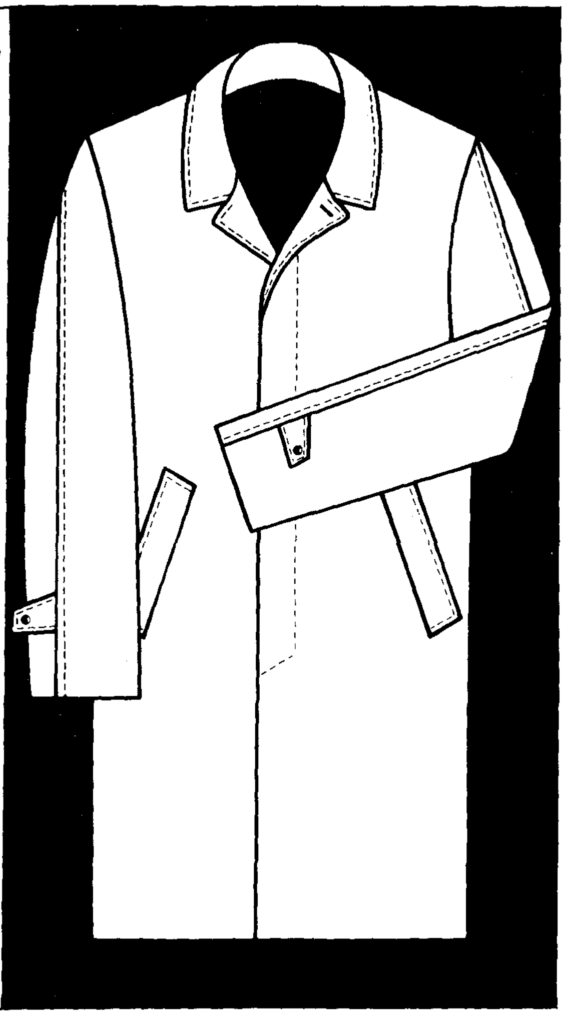

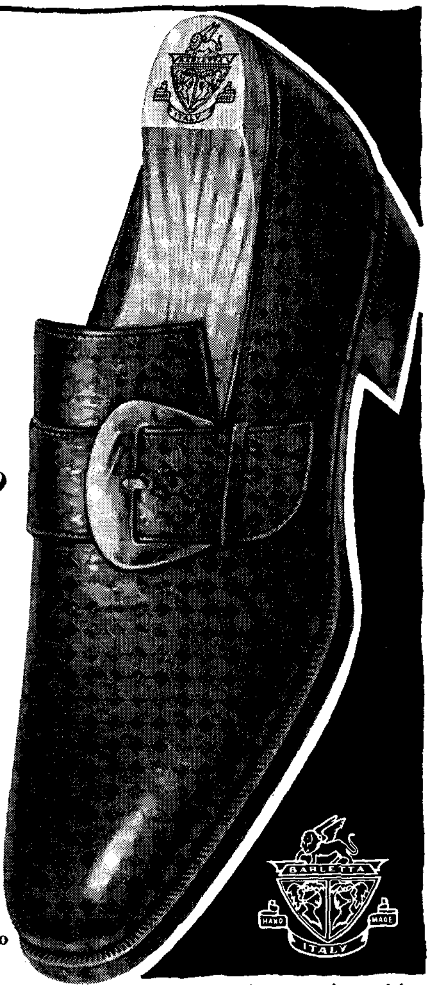

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dlesex College of Medicine and Surgery, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. When he read that item in the newspaper, he perked up. He shaved and took a shower. From his extensive wardrobe he selected a dark-blue suit that he had bought at Brooks Brothers during one of the periods when he had made some honest money. To go with the suit he selected a Brooks Brothers shirt of the button-down-collar sort, which was then coming into vogue. Low in funds that day, he took the precaution of making himself a couple of bologna sandwiches, and he put these into a small black bag of the kind carried by general practitioners. He had often used this bag before when hanging around various hospitals, dressed in a long white coat of the sort worn by doctors on a hospital's staff, and gratifying his wish to be taken for a physician by people he chatted with. The only things he ordinarily carried in the bag, in addition to a sandwich or two, were a few bottles of tablets of a harmless kind, such as aspirin and soda mints. These he would occasionally dispense to would-be patients who got him in a corner. He was a gentle and decent man at heart, and never undertook to treat anybody who was seriously ill.

That day in 1925, he put into the bag, along with the bologna sandwiches, the aspirin, and the soda mints, a blank notebook such as he had used in high school for composition work. He also put into the bag the newspaper containing the item about the meeting at the Middlesex College of Medicine and Surgery. Around that item he had drawn a circle.

At Grand Central, Weyman caught the next train for Boston and occupied a seat in a day coach for the five hours it took to get there. From Boston, he rode the subway to Cambridge. He reached Cambridge in time to mingle with the physicians, surgeons, and psychiatrists who had come from all over. He introduced himself to them as Dr. Allen Stanley Weyman and told them he was a member of the New York State lunacy commission. To several of the psychiatrists who were attending the meeting he mentioned some of his ideas having to do with the improvement of psychiatric treatment in prison institutions, and they were so impressed by what he said and by the way he said it that they asked him to be one of the speakers at a banquet that was taking place that evening in an assembly hall of the college. He had put down some notes for just such a speech in his composition book during the train ride to Bos-

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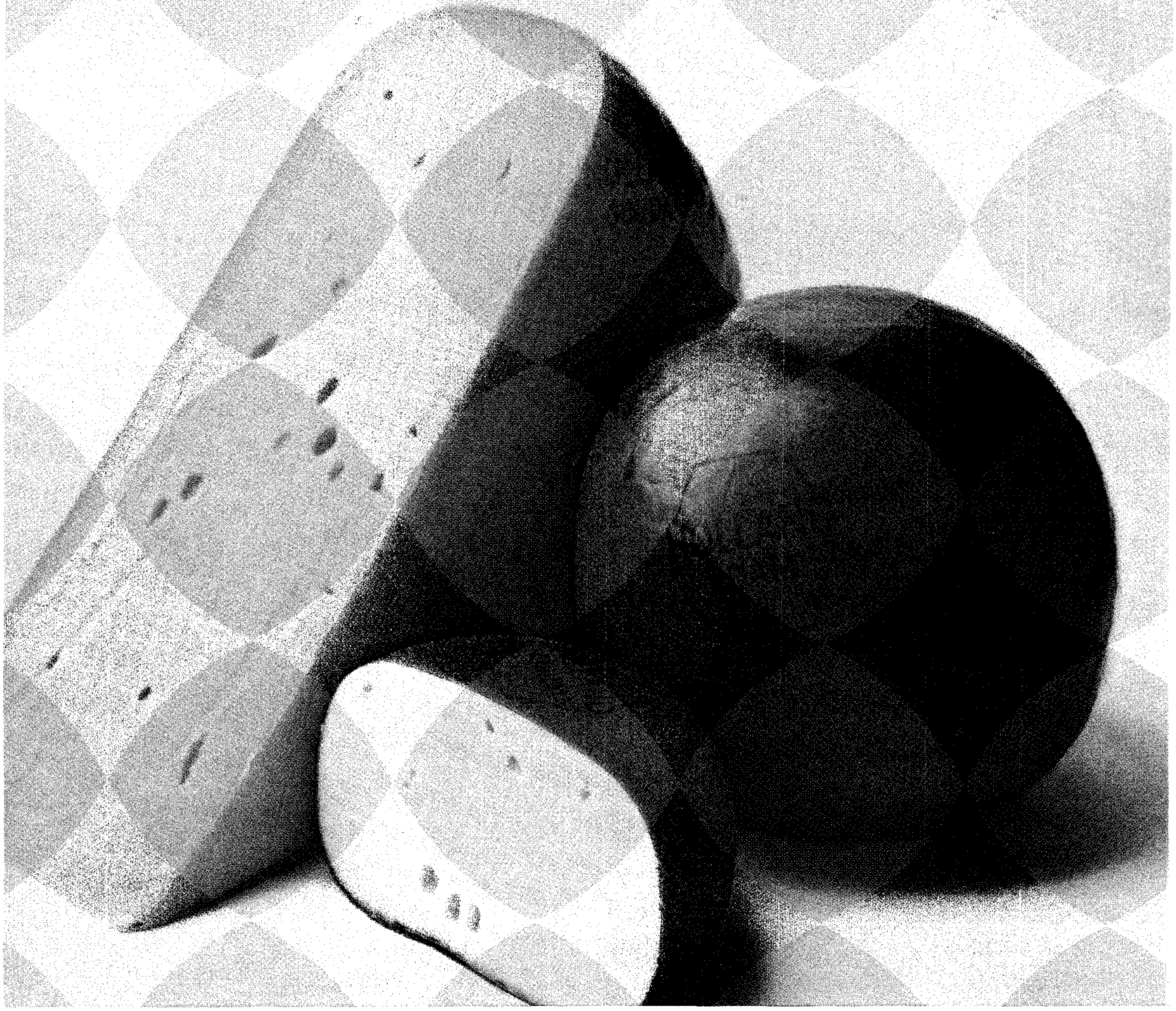

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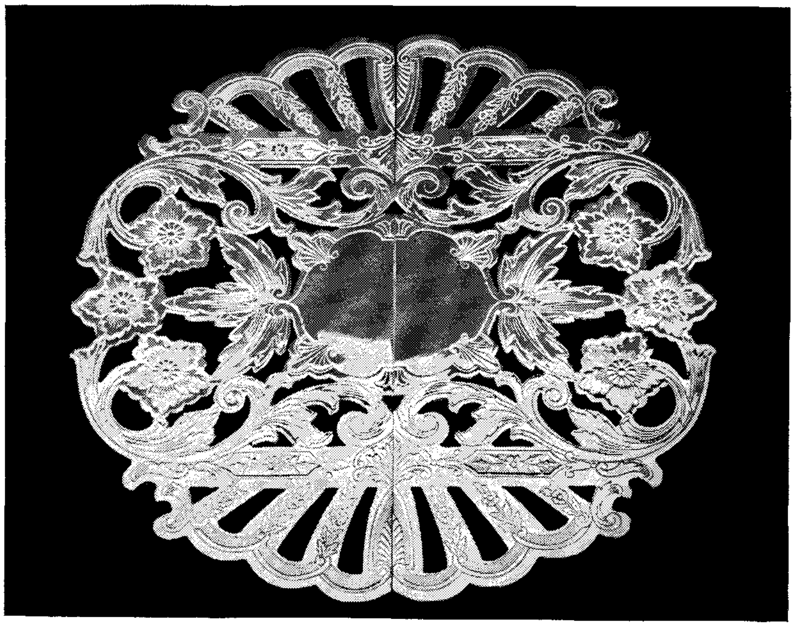
ton. According to several psychiatrists who were there, and who are still alive, his speech was vigorously applauded by one and all. Weyman left Cambridge late that evening, after being clapped on the back by many a newfound learned acquaintance, with whom he promised to keep in touch. He didn't keep in touch, and many of the psychiatrists didn't learn until years afterward that he was an impostor. Weyman asked for and got nothing out of this escapade except perhaps a sense of satisfaction at having given a leg up to a movement in which he was interested—the reformation of psychiatric services in the nation's penitentiaries. In time, these services did improve, and, to some extent, he was able to take advantage of the improvements.

This quietly magnificent piece of Weyman's imposturous work would probably never have become known to those who have studied his career if it had not been for the fact that a short time after his trip to Cambridge he was picked up in Manhattan on the humdrum charge of impersonating a lawyer. Somebody had recognized him and turned him in. Still short of funds at that time, he had pawned the briefcase he usually carried while impersonating a lawyer, and was making do with the little black bag of the medical practitioner. In this bag detectives found the newspaper with the circled item about the Middlesex meeting. They asked Weyman about it. He told them that he had attended the meeting, posing as a member of the New York State lunacy commission, but that he hadn't done so with larcenous or other criminal intentions. And when the detectives questioned the learned acquaintances Weyman had made at the medical get-together they found that what he said was true.

The name Stanley Clifford Weyman and the other names that this big little man from Brooklyn gave to and took away from himself were aliases, but they were aliases in an unusual sense. He would think them up and adopt them not so much to conceal an old identity as to adorn a new one, and he switched them around as offhandedly as he changed his hats, shoes, shirts, collars, neckties, jackets, vests, trousers, topcoats, overcoats, and military, naval, and diplomatic getups. As in the case of names, he had more clothes than any of his fellow-citizens of Brooklyn, who, on the whole, seemed to find the rituals of conformity more attractive than he did. When he was in funds, he bought all kinds of



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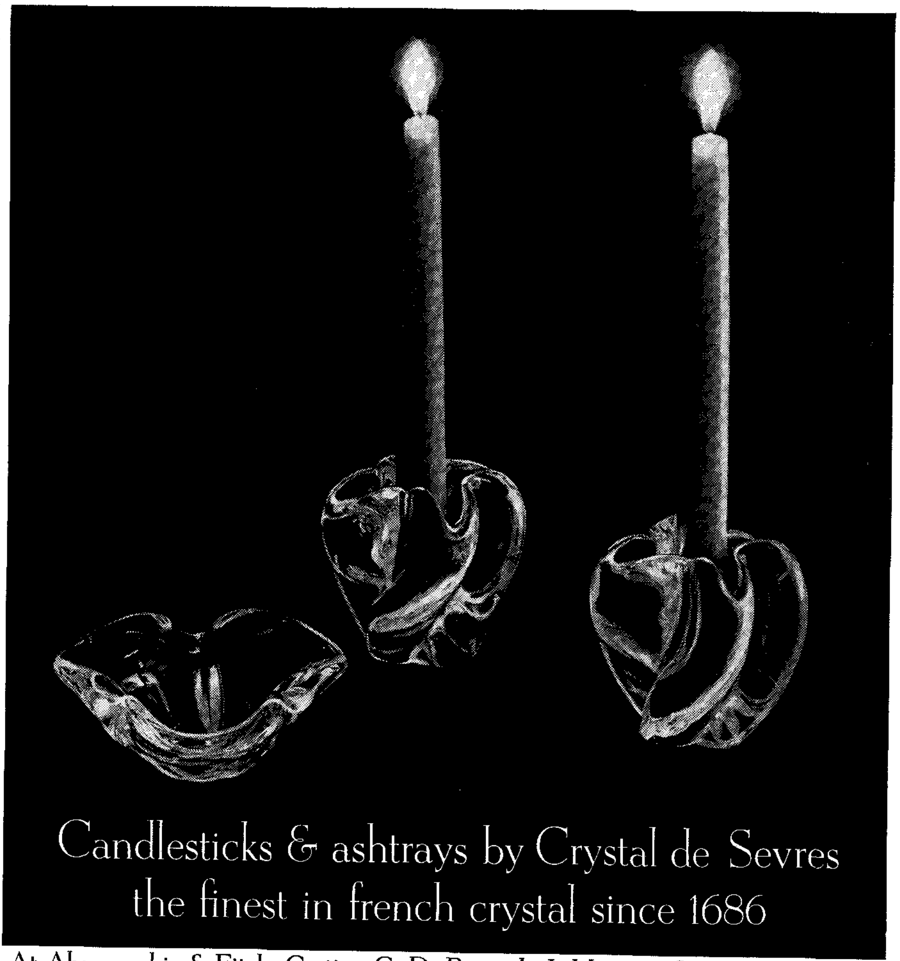
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wearing apparel, and he never pawned any of it. And although from the age of twenty-one on he was frequently wanted by the police, and sometimes by the federal authorities, he never tried to hide behind a new name or an old one. As a matter of fact, he never tried to hide at all. He always made his home in the same neighborhood in Brooklyn—the one in which he was born and brought up and first arrested, and in which he was based when he carried out his first imposture. He might enter his home as Lieutenant Royal St. Cyr of the French Navy and emerge from it later on as S. Clifford Weinberg, the top-hatted, striped-trousered, morning-coated Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York, but he never sneaked or ran in or out of his house, even when he knew there was a warrant out for his arrest. At one time, he happened actually to be—there are no two ways about it—a bona-fide Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York, and on both of two entirely tangible motorcars he owned at the time he had placed tags of his own design that said in plain English that he was. In the feathery galaxy of comprehensible fabrications that represented almost the entire firmament of Weyman's existence, there occurred from time to time mundane truths such as that he *was* for a period a Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York. Standing out, as they did, in what was otherwise an ornamental cloudland of pure imposture, these ugly verities tended to increase the befuddlement of men who had been instructed to find Weyman and handcuff him, and also of men who, having no wish to know Weyman, discovered that Weyman wished to know them, or to *be* them.

The law-enforcement officers were further rattled by Weyman's trait of being open and aboveboard. His neighbors in Brooklyn grew accustomed to seeing him go in and out of his house in broad daylight, one time as one man, another time as another man, and soon ceased to give the matter a second thought. But the police seem at first to have been incapable of grasping the fact that Weyman's life was an open book. They persisted in the belief that the fellow they were after was a shamefaced scapegrace whose tactics would be studiedly underhanded, and that he was bent on pulling the wool over their eyes. Because they were sure he would be too sly to go home when the heat was on, they almost never made an effort to find him there. He was practically always there except

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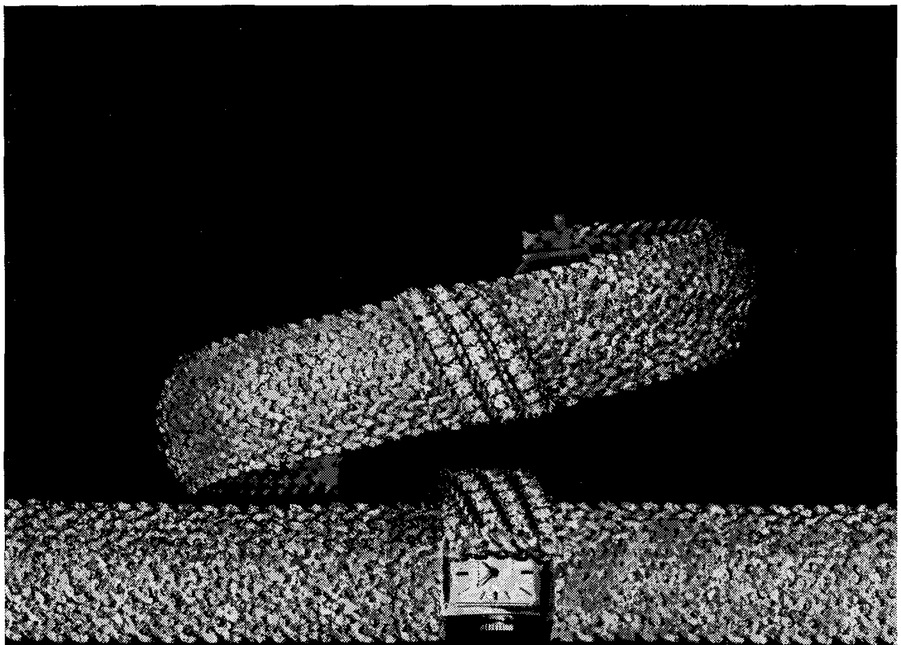

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when he was out on some imposturous jaunt or other, yet he was usually recognized and picked up by the police while he was jaunting around, rather than tracked down by them to his home in Brooklyn.

All of Weyman's getups, like Weyman himself, had a Chaplinesque quality. With striped trousers and morning coat, for example, it was not unusual for him to wear a pair of tan shoes. He occasionally put on a white tie with dinner clothes or a black tie with tails. And his military and naval uniforms were never exactly right—a brass button might be missing, an epaulet might be askew, there might be too many gold stripes on one sleeve and too few on the other. Yet nobody ever seemed to notice these imperfections when face to face with Weyman and listening to Weyman talk. When Weyman was well perked up, full of self-confidence over not being himself, and his ego was fattened with success, he spoke to, and frequently barked at, people, and seemed to have a hypnotic effect on them. In any case, they almost always did exactly what he told them to do, and they usually believed everything he said to them. It was only after he had left them and their heads had begun to clear that they were able to remember that he looked quite a lot like Charlie Chaplin—or, to be more precise, like Charlie Chaplin posing as a millionaire, an admiral, an Army officer, a physician, the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, or whatever. It was sometimes not until years afterward, though, that these people found themselves able to laugh, for it was Weyman's contribution to the gaiety of nations that in one way or another he made people look funny to everybody but themselves and himself.

As things turned out, picking up Weyman without going to his Brooklyn home became comparatively easy for the New York police to accomplish. After a few years of being perplexed into a state bordering on numbness by Weyman's undeceitful ways, they appear to have put their heads together and figured out that what Weyman would probably do was try to outwit them by making himself conspicuous. Once they had evolved this theory, police detectives would nonchalantly haunt the most noteworthy event that was enlivening metropolitan life on a particular day, and, sure enough, they would usually find Weyman mixed up in it somewhere, and possibly in charge of it. They would recognize him by his face and pick him up.

An example of what came to be the

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Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

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Juice of 1 lime
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standard police method of capturing Weyman occurred on April 23, 1917, when he was twenty-six years old. On that day, nothing much was going on in Manhattan, but there was a military shindig in progress at an armory in Brooklyn. Police Detective Francis X. Sullivan, of the Delancey Street station, in Manhattan, wanted Weyman, because a while earlier Weyman had forged the name of United States Senator William M. Calder to a letter of recommendation that had landed Weyman a job as a cashier at a downtown branch of the Bank of United States. Weyman hadn't run off with any of the bank's funds, and wasn't trying to, but Senator Calder, the bank, and the District Attorney's Office felt that Weyman's procedure in getting the job had been felonious. Detective Sullivan went over to the armory in Brooklyn and hung around. Weyman showed up after a short time, and Sullivan recognized his face, if not the rest of him. On the one occasion that Sullivan had seen him before, Weyman had been wearing the top hat, morning coat, and striped trousers of his identity as the Consul General of Rumania. Now he was in the dress uniform of a rear admiral of the United States Navy—a striking outfit, with a high-crowned cap, epaulets, flotillas of brass buttons, and garlands of gold braid. It was the sort of naval uniform that is never seen anymore except in movies or on the covers of historical novels. After returning the salute that the Army sentries at the entrance to the armory gave him, Weyman sailed inside, received and returned a salute from the major general in charge, and told the general that, as a gesture of interservice courtesy, he had come to inspect the troops. Sullivan, like most human beings, took pleasure in delaying a foreseeable climax, and he drifted along unobtrusively in the admiral's wake. The general was about to start inspecting the troops with the admiral when Sullivan lunged, put the handcuffs on the admiral, and took him to the Delancey Street station house.

Sullivan could have had Weyman earlier that day if he had simply gone to Weyman's home in Brooklyn and waited for him to come out, or had walked into the house and pounced on him while he was taking off the uniform of the French Navy in order to put on the uniform of the United States Navy. Weyman had been St. Cyr that morning. Newspaper clippings and a railway stub that were taken from his wallet when he was booked at the Delancey Street station house showed

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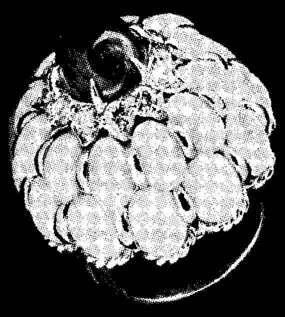

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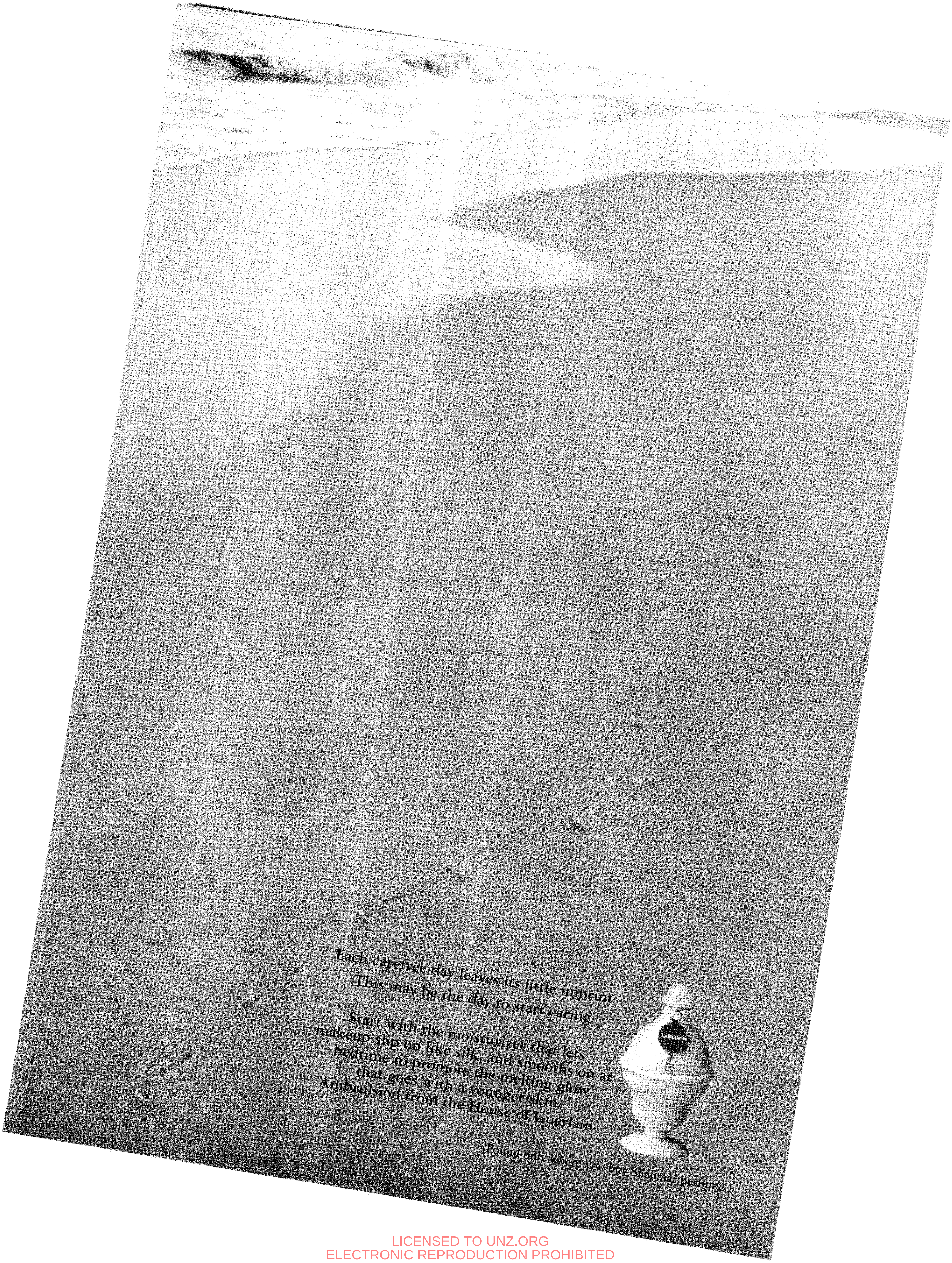

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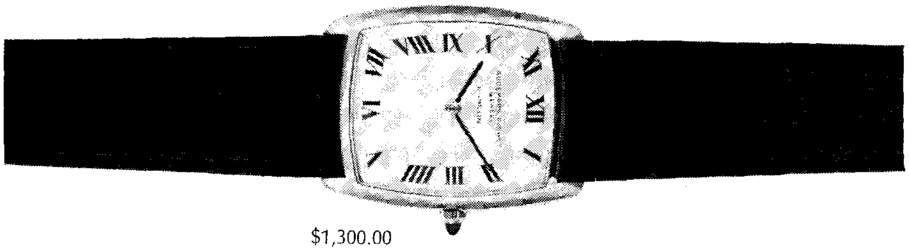
that he had just come back in a lower berth of a Pullman car from a visit to Washington, D.C., where, as Lieutenant St. Cyr of the French Navy, he had been, as the society editor of the Washington *Evening Star* put it, "among the more colorful guests" at a succession of dinner parties. One of these dinners was a stag affair given for a group of men of consequence by Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, who was celebrated in those days as a conscious humorist rather than an unconscious one, and was the man who said, among other witty things, that what this country needed was a good five-cent cigar.

Weyman didn't get to the White House on that 1917 trip to Washington. The Chief Executive at that time was, of course, Woodrow Wilson. When Weyman was searched at the Delancey Street station house, there was a letter in his pocket from Mrs. Wilson's social secretary, which was addressed to "My dear Lieutenant St. Cyr," and which said, "In reply to your letter of recent date, permit me to say that the President and Mrs. Wilson have so many engagements in the near future that it would be impossible to arrange a time when they could conveniently receive Mme. St. Cyr and yourself." At that time, Weyman wasn't any more married than he was an officer in the French Navy or in the United States Navy. In spite of a contrary impression he gave many people who were casually acquainted with him, or who cursorily studied his career, Weyman was married only once, and he stayed married to the woman of his choice. Both his courtship and his marriage were as tempestuous—and perhaps as happy—as those of the hero of "The Taming of the Shrew." However, one of his foibles, both before and after his marriage, was to offer rare treats, such as prearranged visits to the White House, to ladies of his acquaintance. He nearly always came through with what he offered, too. Four years after the 1917 visit to Washington, he promised to take a different lady to call on President and Mrs. Warren G. Harding, and he came through with that in grand style. That he was not received at the White House until the summer of 1921 should not be taken as an indication that he wouldn't have got in there sooner if he had been able to try again after his initial failure with the Wilsons. He didn't have a good chance to try the Wilsons a second time because he was in prison almost continuously from the day Detective Sullivan picked him up in April,



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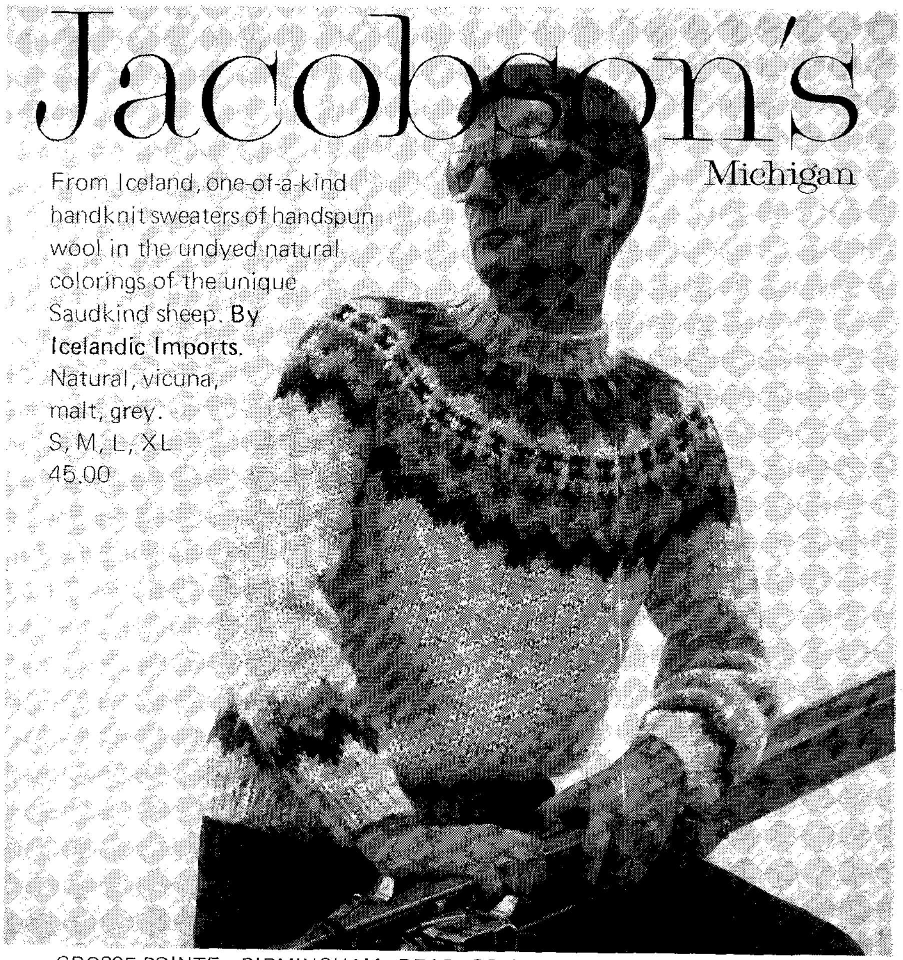

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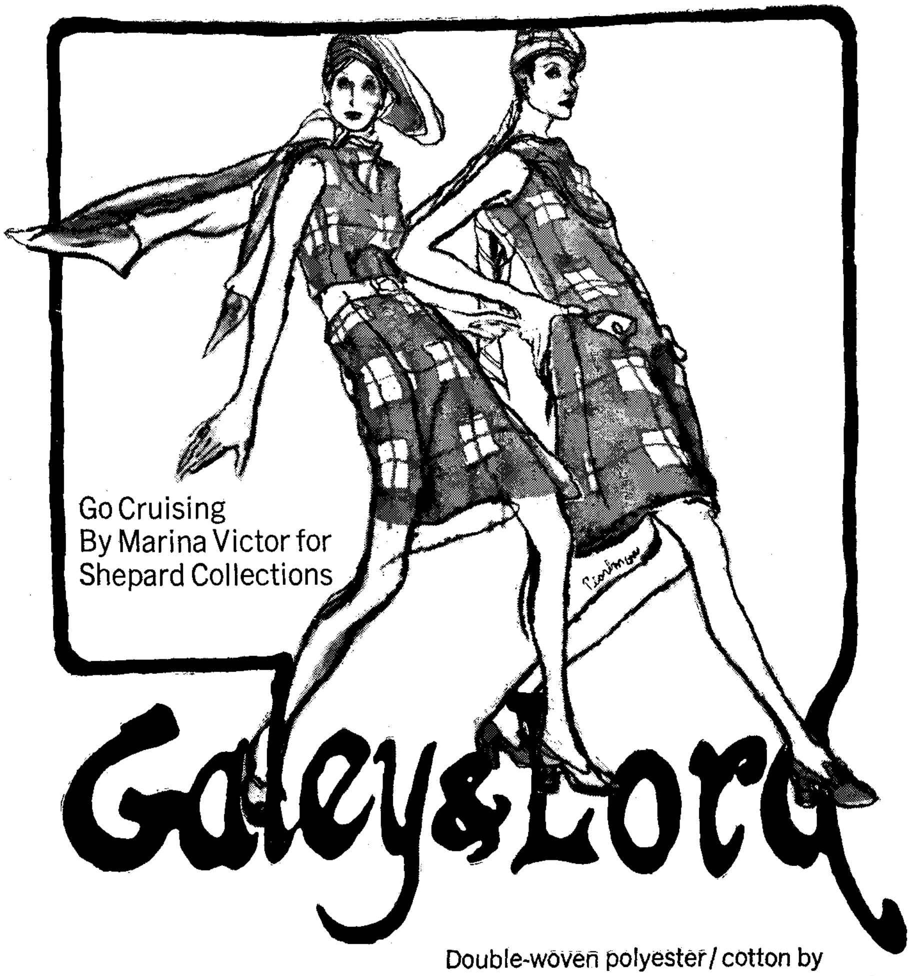
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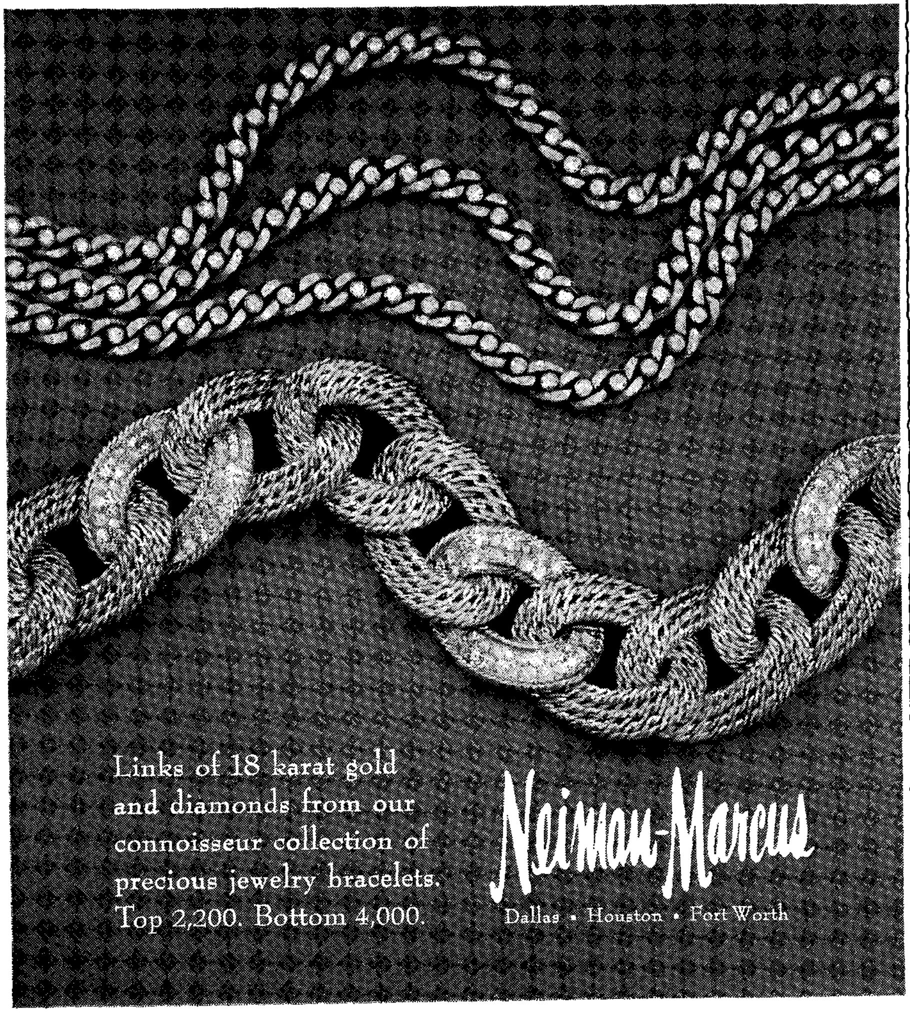
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1917, until March, 1920, and by that time the Wilsons were in their last year in the White House and the President was recovering from his illness. And Weyman probably could and would have called on the Hardings on one pretext or another soon after Harding's inauguration, in March, 1921, if he had not been away on a foreign mission. In late 1920 and for a part of 1921, Weyman was working as a physician and sanitation expert for an American engineering company in Lima, Peru.

THERE were many things that might have furrowed the deceptively noble brow of President Harding in the summer of 1921, but that he was worried about the newly independent country of Afghanistan is not indicated in any of the studies of his troubled Administration that have been made—by his admirers or by his detractors. On the whole, the international scene in the summer of 1921 was similar to the international scene in the summer of 1968. Everybody was talking about disarmament, and President Harding was inviting the principal powers to a summit conference. There was a strong objection in some quarters to United States foreign policy in the Far East. China, which had not been invited to the conference, was trying to get itself invited. The collapse of the Communist government of Russia was being prophesied in the West, and the Russian Chairman, Nikolai Lenin, was advocating peaceful coexistence with the capitalist countries until such time as the wave of worldwide Communism enveloped them. Anti-American sentiments were discernible in the Caribbean, and Cuba was complaining about the United States policy there. As for the domestic scene, an editorial in the *Times* stated that the country was "groaning under taxes." Almost everybody in Congress was complaining that the United States was giving too much money away to foreign countries. The Secretary of Labor felt so passionately about the necessity for a balanced federal budget that he had just announced that his department was going to save fifty thousand dollars a year by using pencils without erasers. The Washington baseball team was playing miserable baseball. Forward-looking citizens in all sections of the country were urging that more playgrounds be built for underprivileged children. By this means, they asserted, juvenile delinquency would be eliminated. Bills had been introduced in Congress to make Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday in the

District of Columbia, but the Southern Democrats were dubious about it. They threatened a filibuster. On the day that Weyman was to take a lady to the White House, President Harding had just returned from a camping trip in Maryland with Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, and Harvey S. Firestone, and he was looking forward to playing eighteen holes of golf that afternoon.

It is doubtful if Weyman cared any more or knew any more about Afghanistan at the beginning of that summer of 1921 than President Harding himself did. Prince Amanullah Khan had become Amir of Afghanistan in 1919, displacing his uncle, Nasrullah Khan, and in May of that year Amanullah had sent troops into India against the armies of Great Britain, which, with her allies, had at last succeeded in defeating Germany in the First World War. After a few weeks of sporadic fighting in the deserts and mountains of the Gunga Din terrain—the terrain that had set Kipling atingle and that later spawned so many motion pictures—Amanullah sued for peace. A temporary treaty with Great Britain was signed at Rawalpindi on August 8, 1919, whereby Amanullah lost the annual subsidy that Britain had been granting the country but obtained—or so he thought—freedom from British control over his relations with other foreign powers. His envoys signed a treaty with Russia in February of 1921 and with Turkey the following month. In July of that year, Amanullah sent a diplomatic mission to Washington, headed by Prince Mohammed Wali Khan, perhaps with the idea of signing a treaty with the United States. Prince Mohammed and his mission arrived in Washington but got very little attention in the newspapers; in fact, nobody, including Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes and President Harding, seemed to be very much interested in him or his mission.

However, there arrived in New York that same month a princess from Afghanistan, and she got a great deal of attention in the New York newspapers. Her name was Princess Fatima. She wore long robes "like nightgowns," according to one reporter, and in her left nostril she wore a large sapphire. She was a comfortably stout, mahogany-colored lady of middle age. She had come to New York by train from San Francisco, having taken ship from Karachi and sailed through the Indian Ocean and across the Pacific to California. She was accompanied by her three teen-age sons, whose names

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were Ashin, Azic, and Akber, and she and her sons were ceremonially received at City Hall by Mayor John F. Hylan and given keys to the city. To the New York newspaper reporters on that day, Princess Fatima said that she was going to England by way of America for two reasons—she wished to be introduced to "that handsome man" President Warren G. Harding, at the White House, and she hoped to dispose of an enormous diamond she had brought with her from India. This diamond, the newspapers noted, was called the Durya-i-Moor and was a jewel of great worth that had been in her branch of the Afghan royal family since the time of Alexander the Great. The newspapers said that the name of the diamond meant, in English, River of Glory. With the proceeds she expected from the sale of the diamond, Princess Fatima told the newspapers, she intended, after meeting the President in Washington, to go on to England and send her sons to Eton and Oxford.

The day after these revelations, which were accompanied in the newspapers by photographs of the Princess in her robes and with the sapphire in her nose, Associated Press dispatches from Washington indicated that she might encounter some difficulty in getting an introduction to President Harding. It was pointed out in these dispatches that Prince Mohammed Wall Khan of Afghanistan was in Washington as the head of a mission from the Amir, and that he had been unable to arrange a meeting with Secretary of State Hughes, let alone President Harding. It appeared that the British Ambassador, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, had asked the State Department to hold off on establishing formal diplomatic relations with Afghanistan until Great Britain had signed a permanent treaty with the newly independent kingdom. The Associated Press noted that Prince Mohammed was annoyed about the whole situation. Its dispatches from Washington said that he had spoken unchivalrously of Princess Fatima when asked about her, and that he had said she was a distant cousin of his ruler, the Amir, and "a member of the tribe of Mohammed Zaie." History tells us that it was not until November of that year that Great Britain signed its permanent treaty with Afghanistan, and it was not until fifteen years later that formal diplomatic relations were established between the United States and Afghanistan. Whether Prince Mohammed waited around for this event, or went away and came back,

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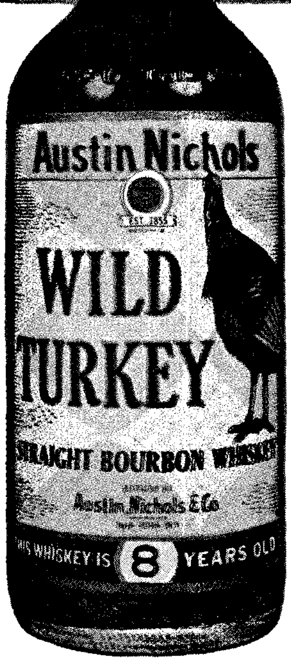
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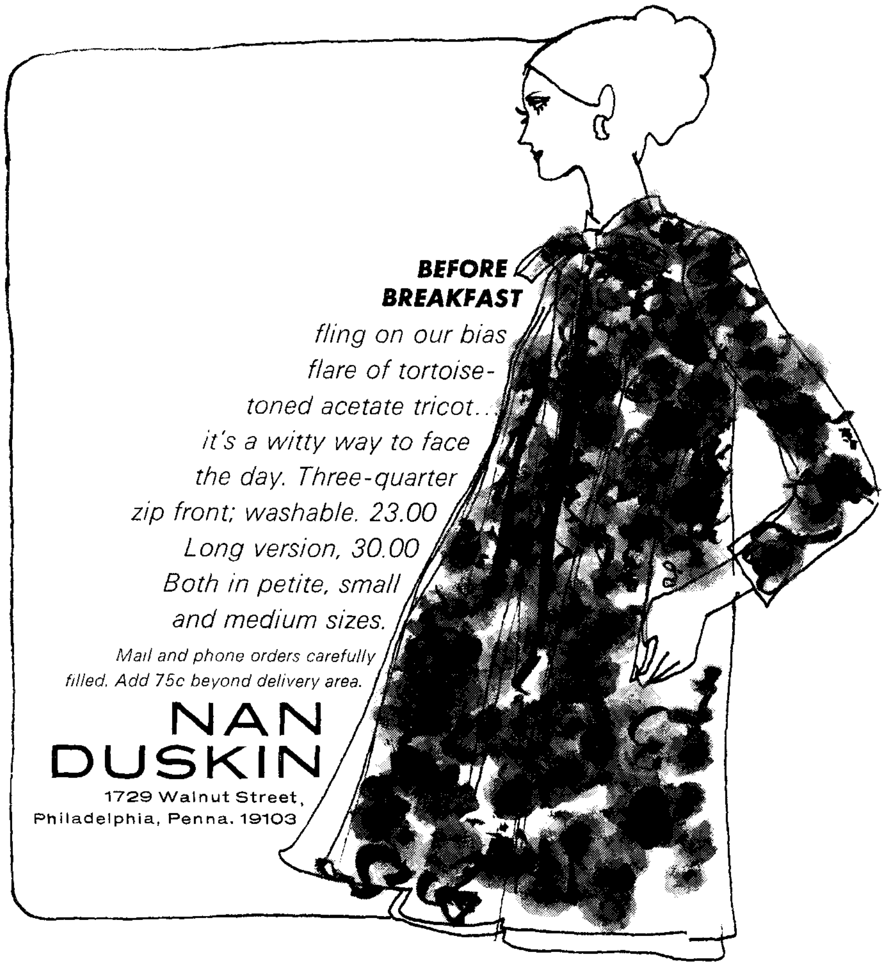
or went away and was replaced by some other diplomat, history doesn't tell us. In any event, he didn't get to meet President Harding in 1921.

But Princess Fatima did. After expressing her wish to meet President Harding, she settled down in a suite at the Waldorf with her three sons and began negotiating with some jewellers for the sale of her diamond. And, of all the hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who read in the newspapers that week in July of 1921 about Princess Fatima's chagrin at not being able to go to Washington and meet President Harding, only one person did anything about it. This one person was Weyman. Before the month of July was out, Weyman had taken the Princess and her three sons to Washington on the Congressional Limited—after telling everybody in an entirely convincing fashion that he was "the State Department Naval Liaison Officer" and telephoning the White House to make an appointment—to meet President Harding. He had then simply led the Princess and her three sons into the White House. There he performed the introductions, and later he posed on the White House lawn for a group photograph that included the President, Mrs. Harding, the military and naval aides at the White House, and the Princess and her three sons. Only a little over a month after he had first read about Princess Fatima in the newspapers, he returned to his home in Brooklyn, having washed his hands of the whole affair. His work of art had been accomplished, and he was done with it.

It was a long time, though, before the State Department in Washington was able to wash *its* hands of the whole affair, and when it did wash them, it turned the whole affair over to the Department of Justice. By then, the State Department file on Weyman weighed about five and a half pounds. Its file on Afghanistan up to the time of the beginning of its file on Weyman was so skimpy that the Afghanistan file was simply stuffed into the Weyman file. The combined file covering that period opened with a letter from the British Embassy to the State Department. It was addressed to Secretary of State Hughes and was signed by Lord Hardinge, and it said, "My government do not look with favor on the activities of this [the Afghanistan] mission or their endeavors to conclude agreements with other countries. . . . We consider Afghanistan, though ostensibly independent, as still within our sphere of political influence, and are anxious to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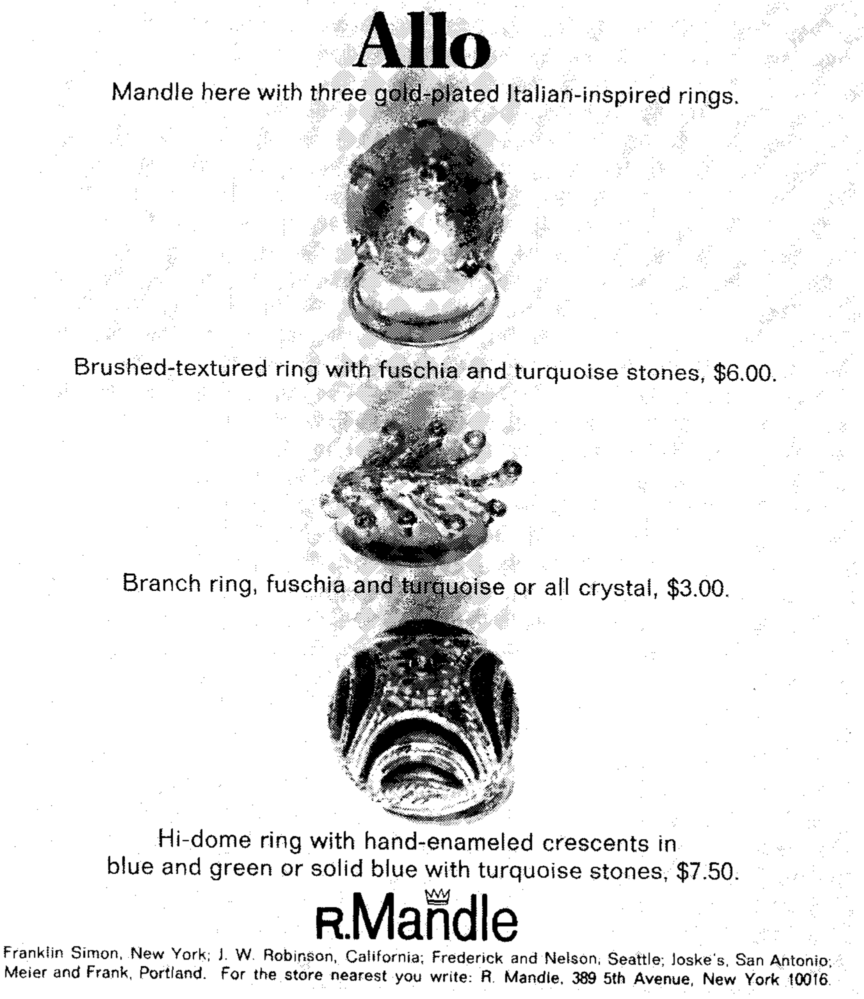
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discourage any proceedings which imply that we are not concerned in the foreign relations of that country." On July 9th—before the arrival of Princess Fatima in New York—Mr. Warren D. Robbins, the acting head of the State Department's Division of Near Eastern Affairs, wrote a memorandum to Secretary Hughes that said, "I trust it will not be necessary to take up the President's or your valuable time with this [the Afghanistan] mission. We have, to my knowledge, no particular interest in Afghanistan, and in view of the British attitude toward the object of this mission, it would seem to me that we might accede to the desires and pay as little attention to the mission as we can with propriety do."

This was the entire file on Afghanistan when Weyman, lying in bed late one morning at his home in Brooklyn, read in the New York newspapers about Princess Fatima's desire to meet President Harding, and about the standoffish attitude that the State Department had adopted toward the Afghanistan mission in Washington and, by extension, toward the Princess in New York. Weyman had been feeling depressed for weeks, and his ego was ravenous. He had simply been lounging around the house, spending much of his time in bed. But when he read about Princess Fatima and her dilemma he began to perk up. He decided he was the man to take her and her sons to Washington and introduce them to President and Mrs. Harding.

For Weyman, perking up constituted a rather extraordinary physiological and emotional process. In later life, he described this process time and time again to any number of psychiatrists, both in prison and on the outside, and, in addition to that, a number of the prison psychiatrists were able to observe him in the act of perking up. From all the available evidence, it seems that what happened to Weyman when he read about Princess Fatima in the newspapers was that he pictured himself introducing her to President and Mrs. Harding at the White House. Then, in a flash, he asked himself why *he* would be introducing Princess Fatima to President and Mrs. Harding at the White House, and he quickly answered himself that he would be doing this because he was the State Department Naval Liaison Officer. In a jiffy, he had shaved his jowls—but not his Charlie Chaplin mustache—taken a bath, and put on a uniform that made him look something like a commander in the United States Navy. The fact that there was no such thing as the

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State Department Naval Liaison Officer didn't bother him, any more than the fact that his uniform was actually that of an officer in the United States Junior Naval Reserves, a non-governmental organization that was a kind of seagoing Boy Scout affair.

Well perked up, Weyman rushed out of his Brooklyn house on that July morning in 1921 and boarded an I.R.T. subway train. He got off at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, walked the two blocks to the old Waldorf-Astoria, and blew into the lobby at around eleven o'clock. He was soon talking with Princess Fatima and her three sons. The turbulent cascade of words that issued from the lips under the wispy mustache included a question about whether she would be ready to go to Washington within a week or ten days. She delightedly said that she and her sons could go any day at all. A few days later, Mr. Robert Woods Bliss, Third Assistant Secretary of State, got a long-distance telephone call from New York in the course of which he was told that Rodney S. Wyman, the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, wished to report to him that Princess Fatima was agreeable to seeing President and Mrs. Harding on or about July 25th, and that he, Wyman, would make arrangements for the visit by communicating directly with the White House. Bliss took this to mean that one of his superiors in the State Department—possibly Secretary of State Hughes—had decided that Princess Fatima ought to meet President and Mrs. Harding, and so he told the State Department Naval Liaison Officer "Uh-huh," or syllables to that effect. After hanging up the telephone, Bliss read over to himself a memorandum from the acting head of Near Eastern Affairs, addressed to Secretary of State Hughes and dated July 14th, that said:

> 1. The Department was not notified by any diplomatic or consular office that Princess Fatima intended to visit the U.S. She arrived as an individual and without any credentials or recommendations.
>
> 2. Newspaper clippings indicate that her relations are not cordial with the Afghanistan mission.
>
> 3. There is no need for the President or Secretary of State to receive the mission. If mission is not received, there is no need for the Princess to be received. Moreover, unpleasant feeling may be created between the Mission and the Princess if the latter should be received while the former is not.
>
> 4. If, on the other hand, it should be deemed advisable to receive the Mission, the importance of its being received might be somewhat diminished should the Princess also be received. Such a course, if it

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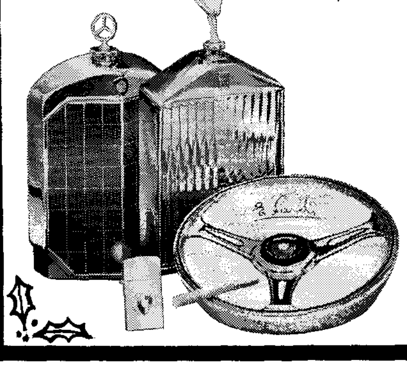

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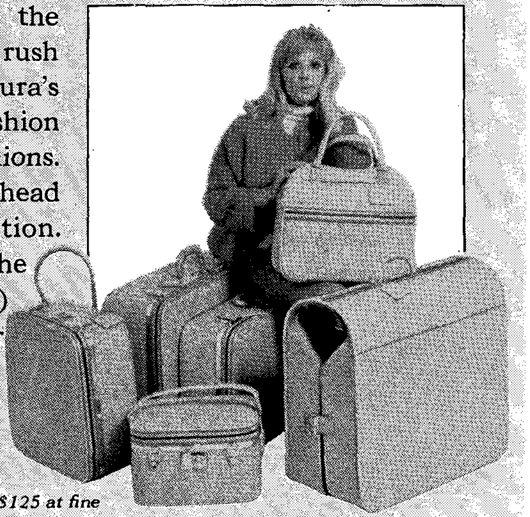

should meet with the Secretary's approval, would probably please the British.

Bliss was a very rich and charming fellow whose residence was a huge Georgetown estate called Dumbarton Oaks. He was accustomed to thinking hard about international affairs late in the morning after garden parties, dinner parties, supper dances, and balls. When Bliss had looked at the Afghan affair every which way over some black coffee around half past eleven (and looked forward to lunch), it seemed obvious to him that if the State Department Naval Liaison Officer was arranging for Princess Fatima to be received by President and Mrs. Harding on July 25th, it might be a good thing for the Secretary of State to acquaint the President with at least some of the facts about the complex Afghan situation before the Princess arrived. According to the State Department file on Weyman and Afghanistan, Secretary Hughes briefed the President on Afghanistan on July 18th.

The meeting of Princess Fatima with President Harding was described at length in the Washington *Post* of July 26th. On the afternoon of the same day, the Washington *Evening Star* published a photograph of Princess Fatima, her three sons, President and Mrs. Harding, and "Commander Rodney Sterling Wyman of the United States Naval Reserve, the State Department Naval Liaison Officer." The *Star's* write-up was rather matter-of-fact, but the *Post's* story was all that its readers could ask for.

> Royalty touched hands with Democracy at the White House yesterday [the *Post* said] when Princess Fatima, Sultana of Afghanistan, and her three sons were received by President Harding in special audience. They were accompanied by Prince Zerdecheno, Crown Prince of Egypt. The President received the party in the Red Room.
>
> Seldom has the President received a more picturesque group. The brilliant hues of the Princess' garments and jewels were contrasted with the sombre hues of the conventional clothes worn by the men of the party, to which their turbans added a striking touch.
>
> The costume of the princess was of deep pink satin heavily embroidered in Egyptian designs in gold and black. The coatlike bodice was high at the neck and had loose sleeves, which revealed many bracelets when she moved her arms. Her skirt was narrow and ankle length, bearing a close resemblance to the present harem boudoir gowns.
>
> The pièce de resistance was the large sapphire worn like an earring in the left nostril. A huge 50 carat diamond, enormous diamond pendant earrings, many chains of pearls and other jewels, a jewelled girdle about her waist, and a long veil caught about her head by a

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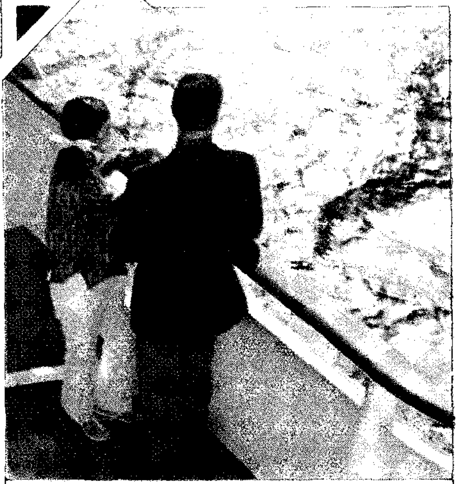

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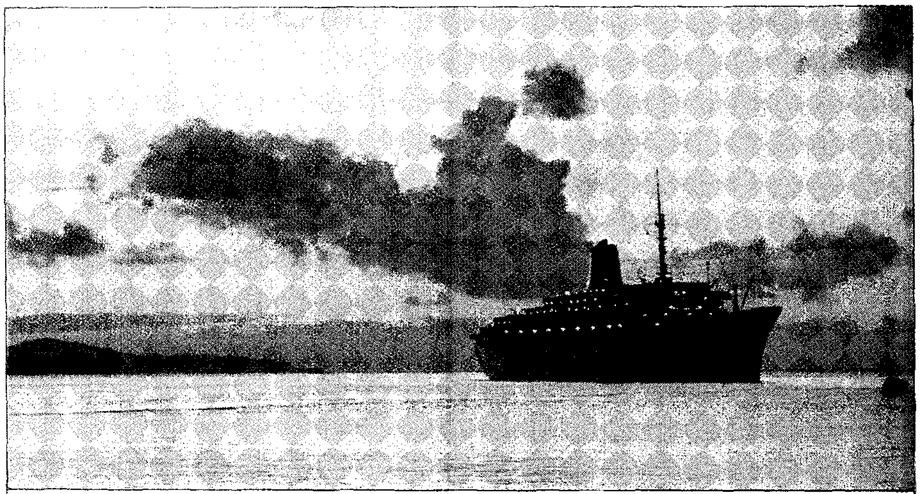

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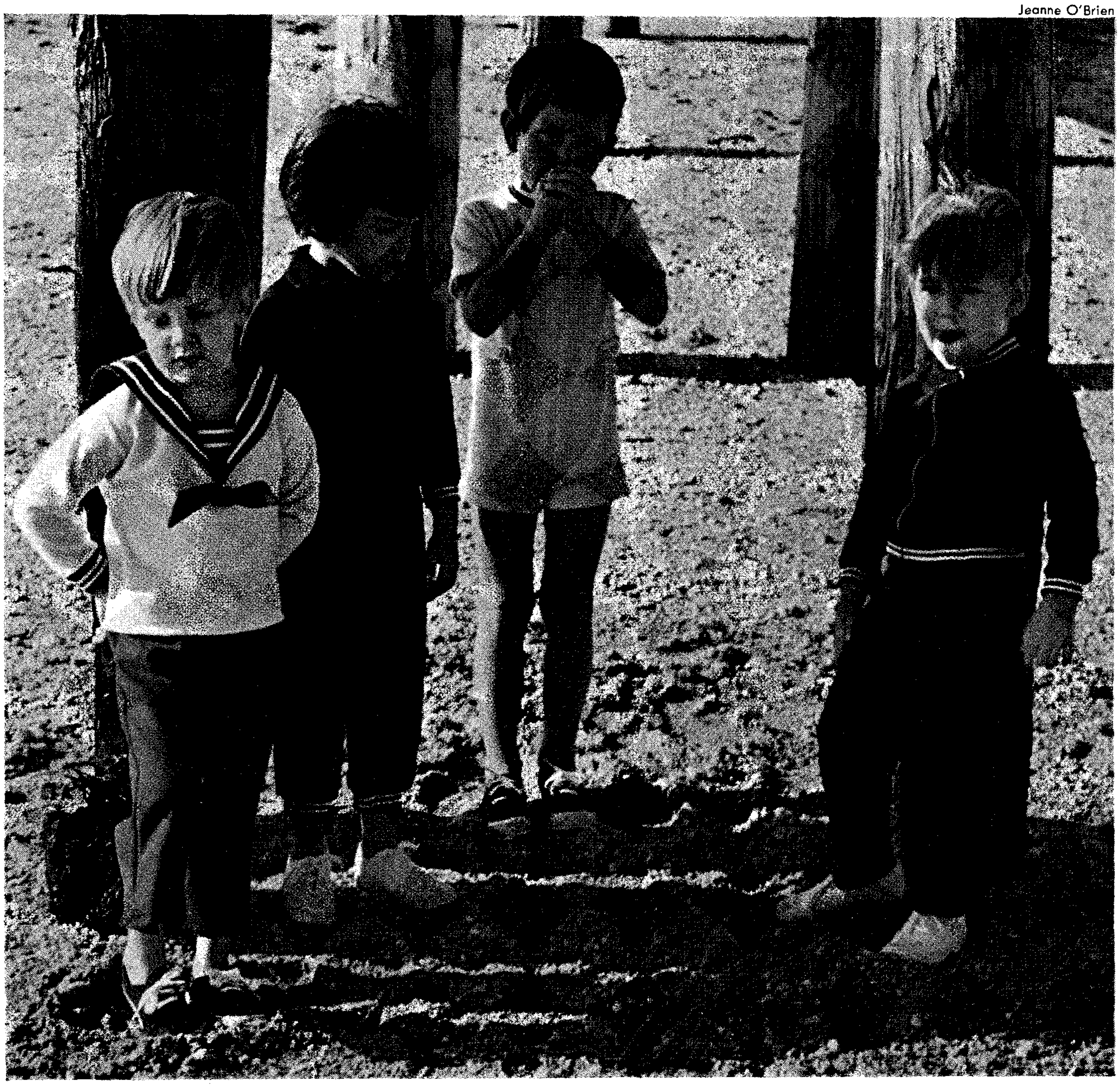

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close fitting bandeau of green ostrich feathers and twined about her waist completed the costume. She wore American made sandals of black kid and a glimpse of conventional black silk stockings could be seen as she walked.

The Princess brought gifts of cashmere shawls, veils, Kermanshah rugs, table cloths, and turbans to the President. One veil was a counterpart of the one worn by the Princess and is woven of finest wool. Its gossamer quality was suggestive of the softest, silkiest chiffon and was shot through with stripes and embroidered in 14-carat gold thread.

Princess Fatima told the President through an interpreter [Weyman] that she was in this country as a traveller and to obtain an education for her sons and to acquire an understanding of the United States.

"I admire your civic ideals and institutions," the Princess said, "and the glorious history of your land. It is God's chosen land."

It is understood she asked for the quasi-protection of the government usually accorded to royal travellers who are not the official guests of the nation. The President welcomed her cordially and expressed interest in her mission.

In her apartment in the Willard, the princess sat in state and talked through an interpreter [Weyman] with the Washington *Post* reporter. She said she had been in most of the countries in the old world, but was so impressed by America [by that time] she might decide to make her future home here instead of staying only four years while her sons obtained an American education.

"When I first arrived in New York," the Princess exclaimed, "I thought it the most symmetrical city in the world, but it cannot compare with Washington. Your men and your women are so interesting, too. I want to learn what I can from them so I may help my own people."

Princess Fatima is unique among the women of her race as an advocate of women's suffrage and is the only woman of her family who does not wear a veil over her face. For a number of years she has been living in India.

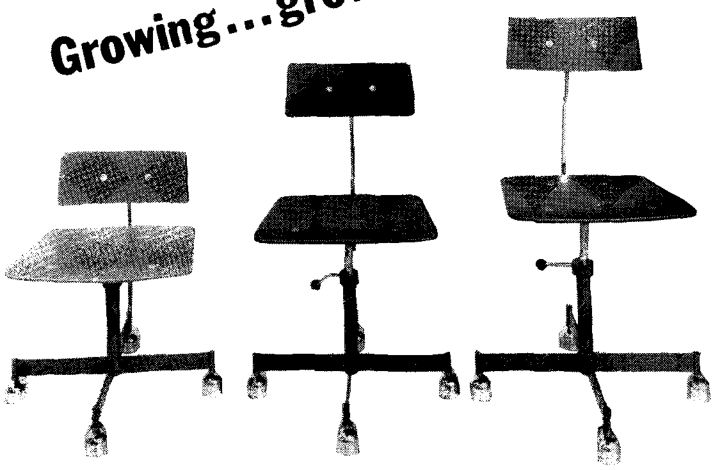
The princess and her party were escorted around the Capitol by Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois. They listened, with the aid of an interpreter [Weyman], with great interest to the discussions in both chambers.

Secretary Hughes will receive the party this morning. Prince Akber Khan, one of the sons, expressed a desire to see the great seal of the United States and the original Declaration of Independence. The princess wanted to see the little red trunk in the library of the State Department in which Dolly Madison carried the Articles of Confederation in her flight across Chain Bridge to Virginia when the British burned Washington in 1814.

A visit to the tomb of Washington to place a tribute at the shrine of the great American whose fame has also reached to their native land is also a part of the program planned by the royal visitors.

Comdr. Rodney Sterling Wyman, U.S. Naval Militia, is acting as personal adviser and physician to the princess [as well as her interpreter].

The princess, it was learned, takes out



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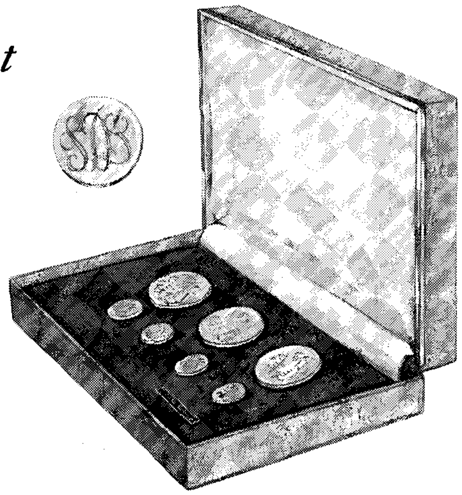

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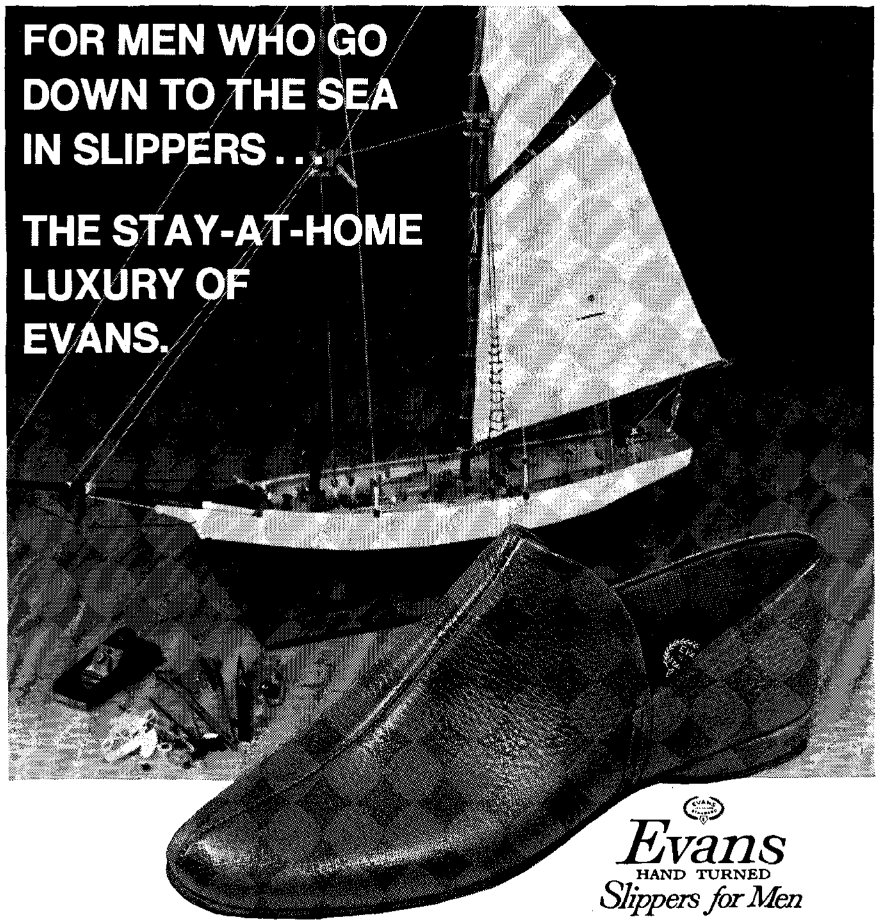
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her nose jewel when she goes to bed at night, as other women remove their earrings. Unlike American women, she is not afraid of rats, mice, or bats. The reason for this immunity from those customary feminine fears is that in the Mohammed religion, which she professes, not only cats but all animals are sacred.

Readers of this chronicle will have noted that the *Post* story said Princess Fatima's party was "accompanied by Prince Zerdecheno, Crown Prince of Egypt." Here the *Post* was not quite accurate. Prince Zerdecheno hadn't gone into the White House with the Princess's party—or Weyman's party—but had only come out of it with that party. The Prince was an impostor himself. He had talked his way into the Executive Mansion somehow and had made his exit with the Princess on or near his right arm. More will be said about the obtrusive Crown Prince of Egypt in due course.

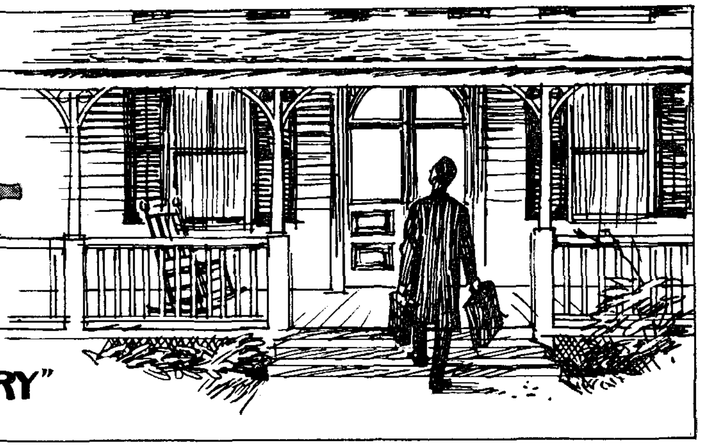
The fact that Weyman (or Wyman) was described in the *Post* as "acting as personal adviser and physician to the Princess" should be put down not to careless journalism but to the excessively rapid and seemingly whimsical changeableness that Weyman displayed in telling people just who he was. What appears to have happened in this instance is that Weyman decided that his usefulness as the State Department Naval Liaison Officer had run out when he walked into the White House and introduced Princess Fatima and her sons to President Harding. He therefore told Princess Fatima after the White House ceremony that the State Department had given him a leave of absence in order to let him act as her personal adviser and interpreter, and he threw in as an afterthought the statement that he was a doctor of medicine, in case she needed a doctor of medicine. Whatever he was, he was able on that trip to Washington to chalk up a meeting with Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Wilson against his failure to meet them in 1917. While he was returning from a quick visit to Mount Vernon in a hired limousine with Princess Fatima and her sons, the limousine had a blowout. Woodrow Wilson and his wife happened to be passing by in another limousine, and saw the predicament of the Princess and her party, stranded at the side of the road. The former President told his chauffeur to stop. Weyman performed the introductions while the Wilsons' chauffeur helped the Princess's chauffeur fix the tire.

A good time having been had in Washington by all, Weyman returned

(*Advertisement*)

DINK STOVER AT FROLICDALE-BY-THE-SEA

OR "THE CROQUET-GROUNDS MYSTERY"



In which Dink, participating in Amalgamated, Inc.'s jolly outing (although it, of course, combines business with pleasure), finds an innocent game overshadowed by the menace of "the ferret."

The faithful reader will recall that our last episode ended on an ominous note. Our hero, speeding by train to the annual outing of his agency's largest client, was accosted in the dining car by a somewhat ferret-faced man. After the latter had weaseled his way into Dink's confidence (thereby extracting information about the 3-day sales meeting), he cast a slur on the good name of Homer ("Big Wheel") Barrow, Chairman of Amalgamated. Then, he disappeared. Will "the ferret" prove a serious threat? Read on:

"Corking good shot, sir," exclaimed Dink, as the croquet ball cleared the wicket and ricocheted off his shin. "That entitles you to another turn," he continued, as Mr. Barrow stepped up to the ball that would have terminated in the raspberry bushes (had it not been for the adroit manner in which Dink had positioned himself).

"Yes, Stover my boy, the old game's coming back to me. Glad I decided we'd have a go at croquet this afternoon. After all, we can indulge in golf or tennis anytime."

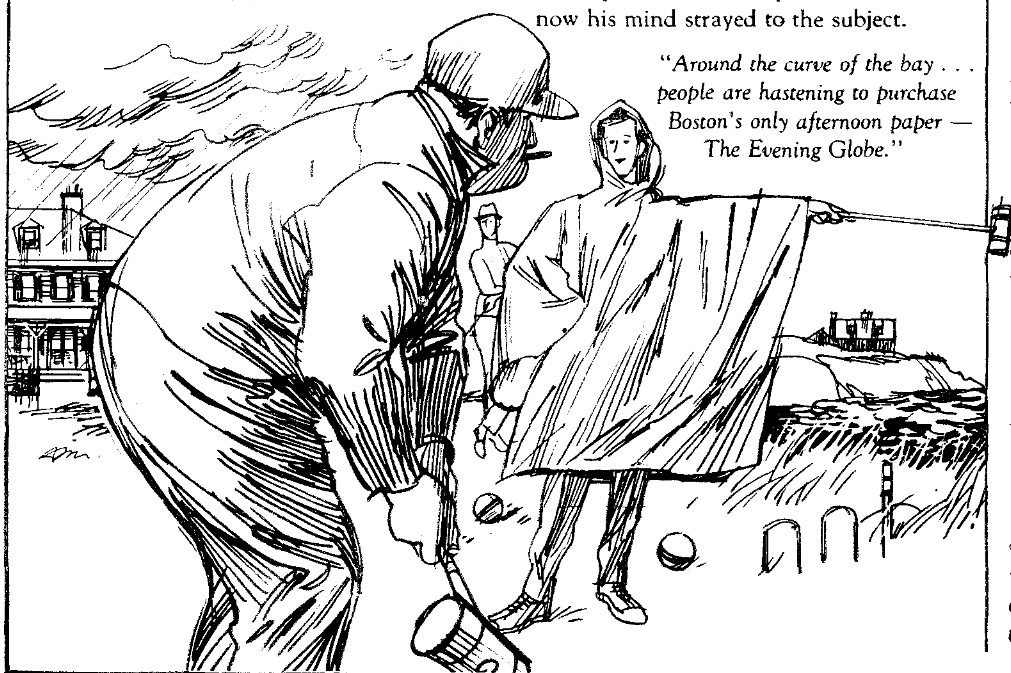
"Exactly," responded the young, newly appointed Media Director. "I wouldn't have missed this good-natured contest, here in the rain, for anything. In fact, sir, Frolicdale-by-the-Sea is everything you said it would be."

. . . Dink would never forget that first view of Frolicdale last evening, as the bus let him off at the front door. The broad veranda with its venerable boards sloping to the putting green. The picturesque pits for horseshoe-pitching. The shuffleboard court in the moonlight. The dunes. The surf. Above all, the ineffable satisfaction that he was fully accepted by the client as a key member of his agency's "team."

His worries seemed behind him. It was probably the merest coincidence that a black car had followed him all the way from Boston's South Station. Why concern himself with "the ferret" and that vulgar little man's unseemly interest in Amalgamated's sales meeting?

How good life was, even in the drizzling rain. Dink would long remember the impact of this morning's "kickoff" meeting. The opening remarks by Rutherford ("Dick") Tracey, President of Amalgamated. And the rousing pep talk (as impassioned as any Dink had heard during the half of a Yale-Harvard game) explosively delivered by none other than the National Sales Manager, Everett ("Boom-Boom") Gunn.

Tomorrow would come Dink's own hours of triumph — the media presentation. Even now his mind strayed to the subject.



"Around the curve of the bay . . . people are hastening to purchase Boston's only afternoon paper — The Evening Globe."

"Just think, Mr. Barrow," interjected Dink, using his croquet mallet as a crude, improvised pointer, "around the curve of that bay lies Greater Boston, one of your most meaningful markets. This morning, The Boston Globe was delivered throughout the area. And, at this very moment, people are hastening to purchase Boston's only afternoon paper — The Evening Globe. By nightfall, 65% of Boston's households with incomes of $10,000 or over will have enjoyed and profited from the morning and evening editions of The Globe."

. . . a black car had followed him . . .

"Well spoken," said Barrow. "I like the enthusiasm of your media recommendations. But you're keeping us waiting, Stover — it's your turn. Shoot!"

Quite by mistake (if the truth be told) Dink's shot hit the croquet stake squarely and he found himself "poison" — obligated to eliminate the other players. The ball nearest him was that of Mr. Barrow. Discretion dictated, however, that he humor the Chairman of Amalgamated and miss. Dink missed by a foot and a half.

"Must have struck a twig," said Dink.

Barrow breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm hitting out of here," he exclaimed. Lashing with his mallet, he propelled his croquet ball at full force — over the green, through the raspberry bushes, across the pine flats, down the sand dunes, over the cliff.

Dink immediately offered to retrieve the elusive sphere. "No, my boy, the exercise will do me good," said the Chairman (revealing his veneration of good sportsmanship and fair play). He made his way through brush and sand, down the path to the sea.

Soon Dink heard a faint shout. (Or was it merely the cry of a seagull?) He ran to the edge of the cliff. There was no sign — no sign at all — of Homer Barrow.

Has "the ferret" struck at last? Who is the somewhat ferret-faced man?. What feeds his venomous rage? Can Dink unravel the mystery? Will these events upset his media presentation? Watch for the next episode — in the somewhat near future.

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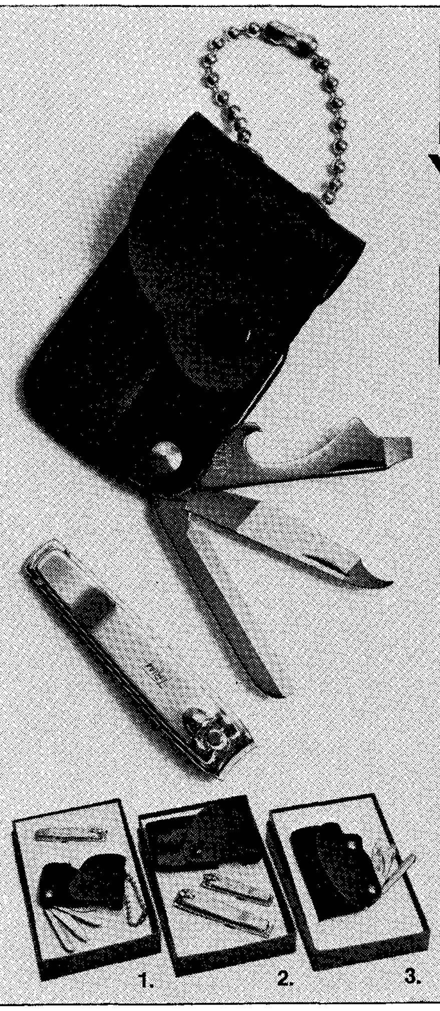

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TRIM

to New York with Princess Fatima and her sons. Prince Zerdecheno had tried to stay close to the party, but Weyman had given him the cold shoulder and some heated words, and the Crown Prince had sloped off to other pursuits, only to turn up later in New York, as will be seen. Somewhere along the line, and somewhere in Weyman's head, a grandiose plan had been formulated under which Weyman hoped to persuade the Princess to persuade the United States government to give her some land and an annual stipend. A few days later, a Mr. Henry Fletcher, Under Secretary of State, received a letter about this from New York, signed by Princess Fatima. The Princess could speak and write English perfectly well, having been educated at English schools both in England and in India, and the fact that she spoke to President Harding through an interpreter must be put down to a desire on her part to make that meeting appear to be more highfalutin than it was by pretending that she knew no English. In this sense, she was engaging in imposture herself, along with Weyman and the so-called Crown Prince of Egypt. In any case, students of Weyman's mind and of Weyman's prose have reason to believe that the letter to Mr. Fletcher from Princess Fatima was written by Weyman; in fact, it could hardly have been written by anybody else. Here are some excerpts from this letter:

> We sincerely feel that this country is the haven of all who aspire to live under a rational system of government. Your political system is the Utopia of all forms of government, autocratic and otherwise. For precisely this reason, it is the desire of my children and self, to reside in this country permanently with the avowed intention of becoming citizens thereof. . . . In order that we may carry our plans into execution, it is requested that this government may grant us requisite lands in any part of the territorial domains and stipend. We wish to be treated as members of foreign royalty and not as citizens. We are the only members of royalty that have come from such a far distance to visit this country. It has come to our information that, by enactment of a federal statute, lands are granted only to those who have exercised the prerogatives of citizenship. In the event of this information being accurate, we ask this government to waive said restrictions so as to enable us to procure requisite acreage for our sustenance and well-being. . . . By reason of circumstances which cannot be divulged in this communication, we would elect to make this country our permanent residence. . . .

There is no record of a reply from Mr. Fletcher. It may be that he was mulling over the nice question of whether, in order to receive territorial domains and an annual stipend, Princess Fatima would have to relinquish her Afghan citizenship and become a citizen of the United States or whether it would be simpler for the government just to go ahead and waive these restrictions. In any event, Fletcher seems to have had no keen desire to dwell on the matter, for he quickly turned the letter over to the already quivering Third Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Bliss.

For weeks afterward there seemed to be no means by which Bliss could return to his gay, carefree ways. On August 14th, for example, he received a wire from Weyman that said, "PRINCESS FATIMA SULTANA WISHES TO MAKE APPOINTMENT WITH YOU AFTER 20TH REGARDING PERSONAL MATTER WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO COME ALONE ARMED WITH ALL NECESSARY DOCUMENTS AND DATA IN HER BEHALF ADVISE DATE AND INFORMATION." The telegram was from "RODNEY S WYMAN, HOTEL MARSEILLES, NEW YORK." By that time, the Princess and her party, including Weyman, had moved from the Waldorf to the Marseilles, because the Princess, who hadn't sold her diamond, was running out of cash. Bliss wired Weyman the same day, "PREFER YOU WOULD WRITE ME DETAILS OF MATTER TO WHICH YOUR TELEGRAM ASKING FOR AN APPOINTMENT REFERS."

Frustrated by this telegram, Weyman went through one of his swift changes of attitude. He decided that the request for a territorial grant and an annual stipend, which he had persuaded Princess Fatima to make, was not a good idea, and that the Princess was to blame for the fact that it was not a good idea. In the grip of this new attitude, Weyman telephoned Bliss and then whipped off the following letter to him:

> MY DEAR MR. BLISS:
>
> Supplementing conversation with you this afternoon regarding letter sent you by Princess Fatima, wish to state that same was sent to you, although the letter itself was addressed to Mr. Fletcher. Inasmuch as I have taken this matter up with you, I would ask that you make reply to same, in the event that it has gone to Mr. Fletcher.
>
> Personally, I wish to make it clear that I realize the fallacy of her request, but she has insisted that same go forward, and has even advised that I go to Washington to see you.
>
> I suggest that the entire situation be made clear to her, citing that part of the law which deals with grants of land to citizens only, and that if she proposes to

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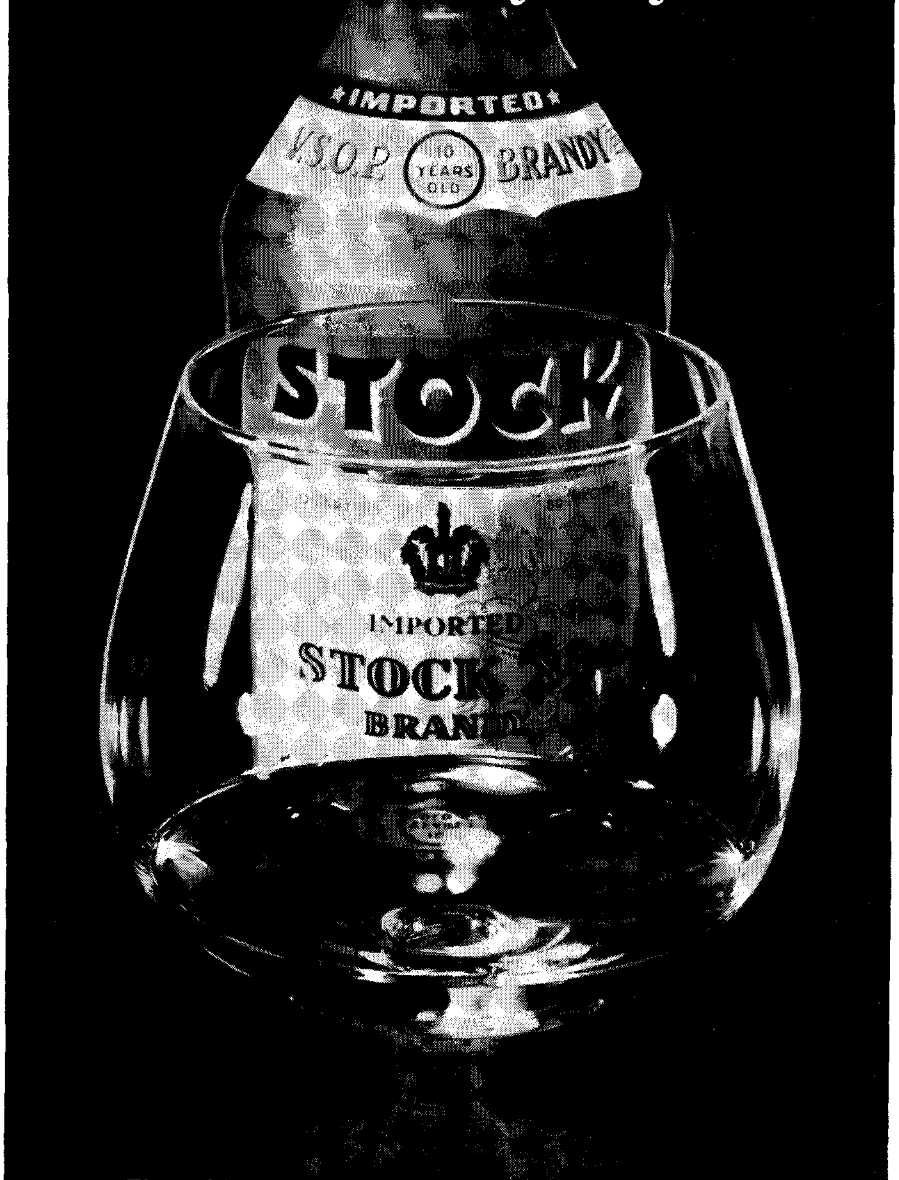

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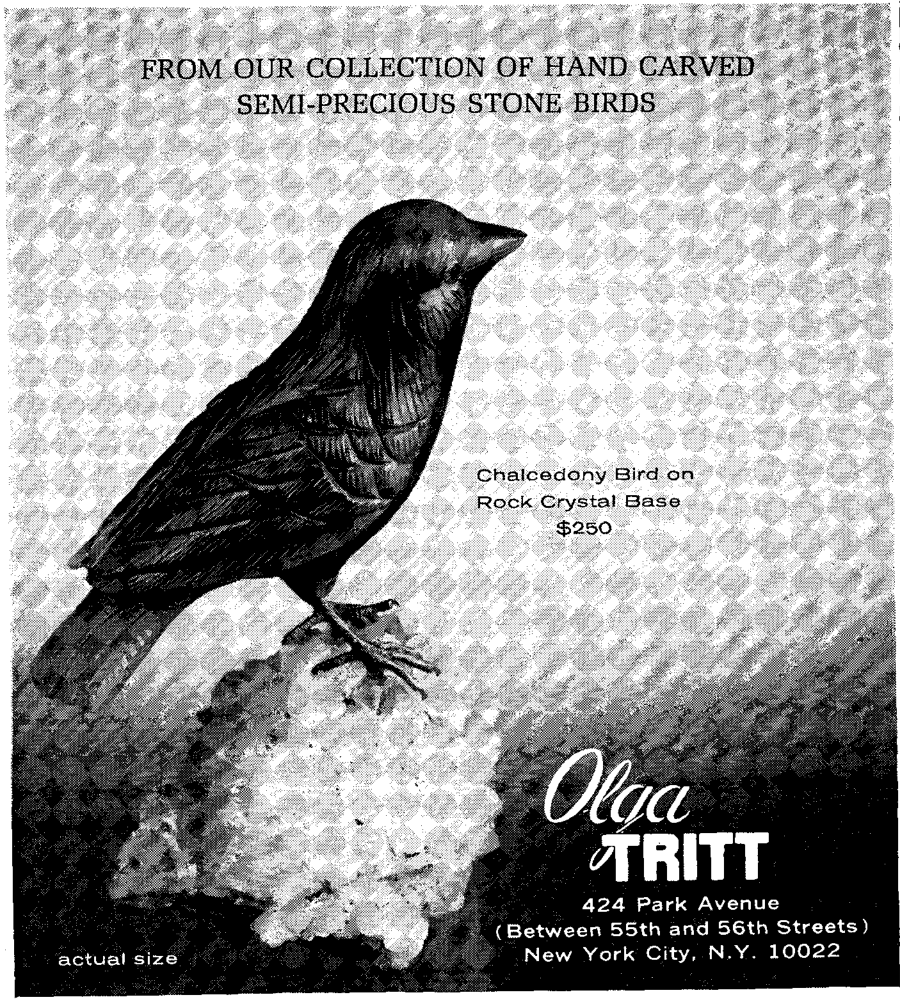

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make this country her permanent place of abode, she will receive that which is usually accorded to all citizens.

You may state therein that you have discussed the matter with me and in this manner I will be in a more secure position to deal with her and impress her as needs be.

Inasmuch as she will carry with her on her return to India certain impressions, it is advised that your letter be made as conciliatory as possible under the circumstances.

Trusting you will pardon my seeming presumption, I beg to remain, my dear Secretary,

Sincerely,
RODNEY S. WYMAN

Faithfully following Weyman's advice, Bliss wrote, on August 20th, a rather long letter to Princess Fatima explaining, in conciliatory terms, that it was utterly impossible for the United States government to award her any grant of land or any annual stipend, and that there would be even less chance of its being done if she became a citizen of the United States than if she remained a member of the royal family of Afghanistan. Bliss's prose had for some reason begun to sound like Weyman's prose. At one point in his letter he said, "Captain Wyman had previously discussed this matter with me from New York by telephone, and I beg to confirm the information which I then communicated to him to the following effect . . ."

If Bliss thought that after writing this letter he was through with Princess Fatima and Weyman, he was mistaken. On September 11th, he received the following wire from Weyman, which had been dispatched from New York at five-twenty that morning: "AM TAKING THIS OPPORTUNITY OF ADVISING YOU FINANCIAL AFFAIRS PRINCESS FATIMA ABSOLUTELY PENNILESS AND I HAVE ADVANCED HER 700 TO SEPT FIRST STOP SHE HAS CONTRACTED VARIOUS OBLIGATIONS IN THIS CITY AND ELSEWHERE CLAIMS SHE HAS FUNDS IN INDIA STOP I HAVE CABLED FOR SAME JULY 28 NONE FORTHCOMING STOP UNPRINCIPLED IN HER DEALINGS WITH ME AND IN GENERAL IS ASSOCIATING WITH FAKE CROWN PRINCE EGYPT RECENTLY EXPOSED BY NEW YORK WORLD STOP SONS IMMORAL AND BECOMING RECOGNIZED CHARACTERS STOP SHE HAS PLEDGED JEWELRY AT NEW WILLARD AND IN THIS CITY STOP SITUATION SUCH THAT I BELIEVE SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO YOUR ATTENTION STOP SHE IS SURROUNDED BY NUMEROUS PSEUDO ADVISORS STOP

INDIANS STUDYING AT COLUMBIA WHO AGITATE AGAINST BRITISH GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA FROM THIS CITY STOP WILL TRANSMIT DETAILED REPORT UPON REPLY STOP ADVISE FULLY."

Just what was going on in Bliss's throbbing brain by this time is not made clear in the State Department file. Some authorities on Weyman's career believe that it had begun to dawn on the State Department that there was no State Department Naval Liaison Officer, and that the dapper, charming man with the thin mustache who had arranged for Princess Fatima to meet President Harding and had convinced both the White House and the State Department that in doing so he was acting for the State Department was an impostor. It is claimed by the followers of this school of thought that Lord Hardinge, the British Ambassador, huffed and puffed with rage when he read in the newspapers that Princess Fatima had been introduced to President Harding and was carrying on generally as if she were a citizen of a free country. He is then supposed to have gone to the State Department and protested the uncompliant attitude that it was showing in respect to Great Britain's desire to go right on controlling Afghanistan and all Afghans as it had been doing ever since Disraeli presented India to Queen Victoria as another jewel for her crown. It is at this point that the State Department is supposed to have initiated an intra-departmental inquiry as to just who it was who had made the commitment under which the cornerstone of the State Department's policy toward Afghanistan seemed to be that President Harding ought to shake hands with Princess Fatima. However, in the light of all the available evidence, it now seems more likely that the State Department had forgotten—or, at least, had wished to forget—that the introduction of Princess Fatima to President Harding was not an act of God but something that had been initiated by the State Department itself or by somebody (Weyman) *acting for* the State Department. At any rate, there is no evidence that the State Department was in a mood to find fault with itself in relation to the Princess Fatima episode until September 13th—seven weeks after the introduction had been performed. On that day, Princess Fatima herself wrote to Secretary of State Hughes. This letter was obviously not composed by Weyman (who, incidentally, had promoted himself from commander to captain by this

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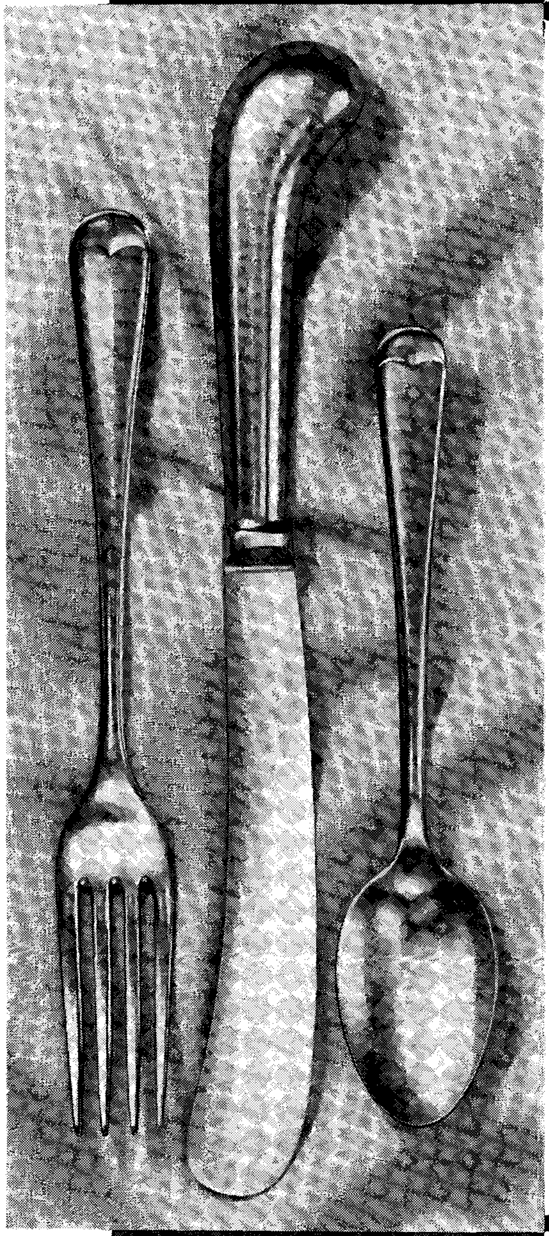

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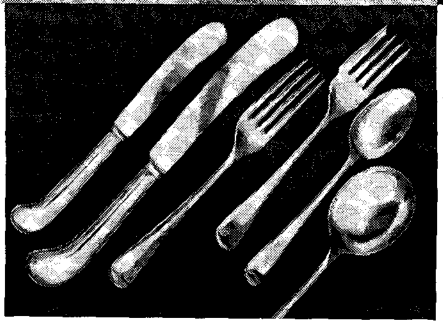

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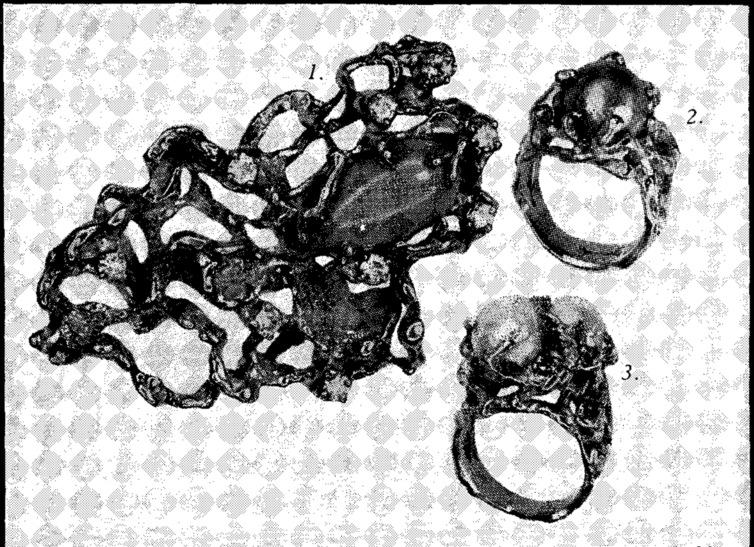

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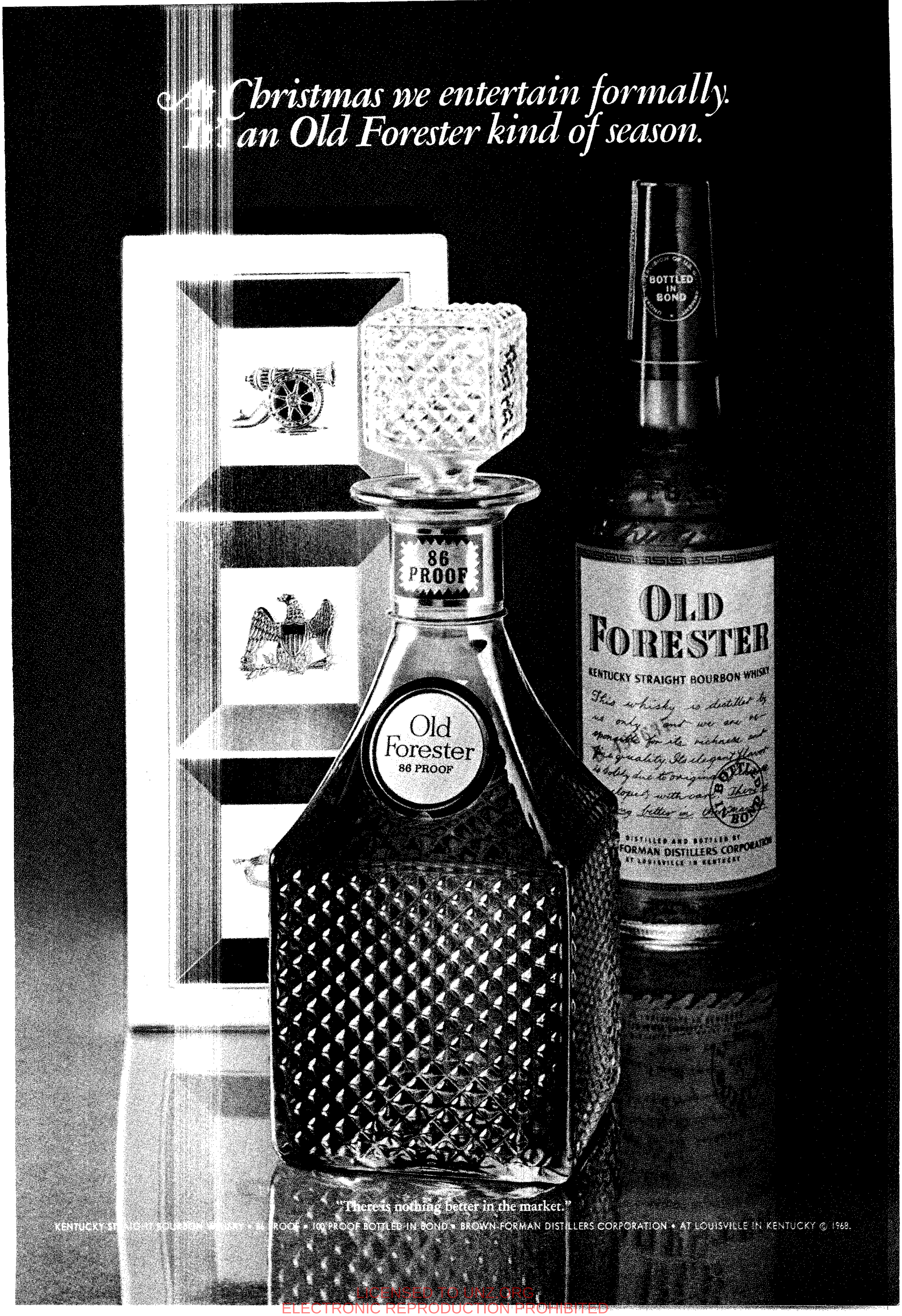
time), or by anybody but Princess Fatima. It went as follows:

> The Honorable Charles Evans Hughes,
> Secretary of State,
> State Department,
> Washington, D.C.
> Dear Sir:
>
> About two weeks ago I gave Capt. Wyman, who was sent by the State Department to help me, some four articles as presents from me to Mrs. Hughes. He had promised me to present them to you at once, but I very much doubt whether he ever did so. While here, and with me, he behaved in a very objectionable manner, and did great disservice to me, instead of being helpful to me, for which purpose I understand the State Department had sent him here. His hostile activities have compelled me to dispense with his help, and I have nothing to do with him any longer.
>
> But in spite of my several requests he has failed to respond to me re the presents I had given him to carry to Mrs. Hughes.
>
> I do not know whether he has presented these to you or Mrs. Hughes either. I shall feel very thankful to you if you would let me know they have been received there. In case you have not received them, would you ask Capt. Wyman to make them over to you right away.
>
> With best wishes and kind regards to you and Mrs. Hughes, I am,
>
> Yours sincerely,
> Princess Fatima

Though it might be supposed that this letter would stir up the State Department, there is nothing in its Wyman-Afghanistan file to indicate that it did. Three days after writing it, Princess Fatima—clearly having received no reply from the State Department—wrote a second letter to Secretary Hughes, in which she had this to say:

> It is a sad thing that the purpose of my addressing you on this occasion is an unhappy one. But the circumstances force me to write to you things which I have hitherto hesitated to even touch upon.
>
> Captain Wyman came to me one day, when I was staying at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, and told me that he was detailed by the State Department to be helpful to the Afghanistan Royal Party. A few days later he brought some letters addressed to me from the State Department stating that Captain Wyman was a thoroughly reliable man, that the State Department guaranteed his honesty, and that I could safely place my affairs in his hands. This appeared to me to be quite sufficient testimony and I trusted him with many of my personal affairs. One of the first things which was managed by Captain Wyman was my trip to Washington to see Mr. Harding. The story of this trip is long in its details, but it would be enough to mention here that he spent the better part of the $600 I had placed in his hands, without my permission or knowledge. When I learned of the expenses he had done, I was astonished, but the bills having been drawn up in my name, I had to pay them all just to avoid unpleasantness. But that did not end the trouble. Captain Wyman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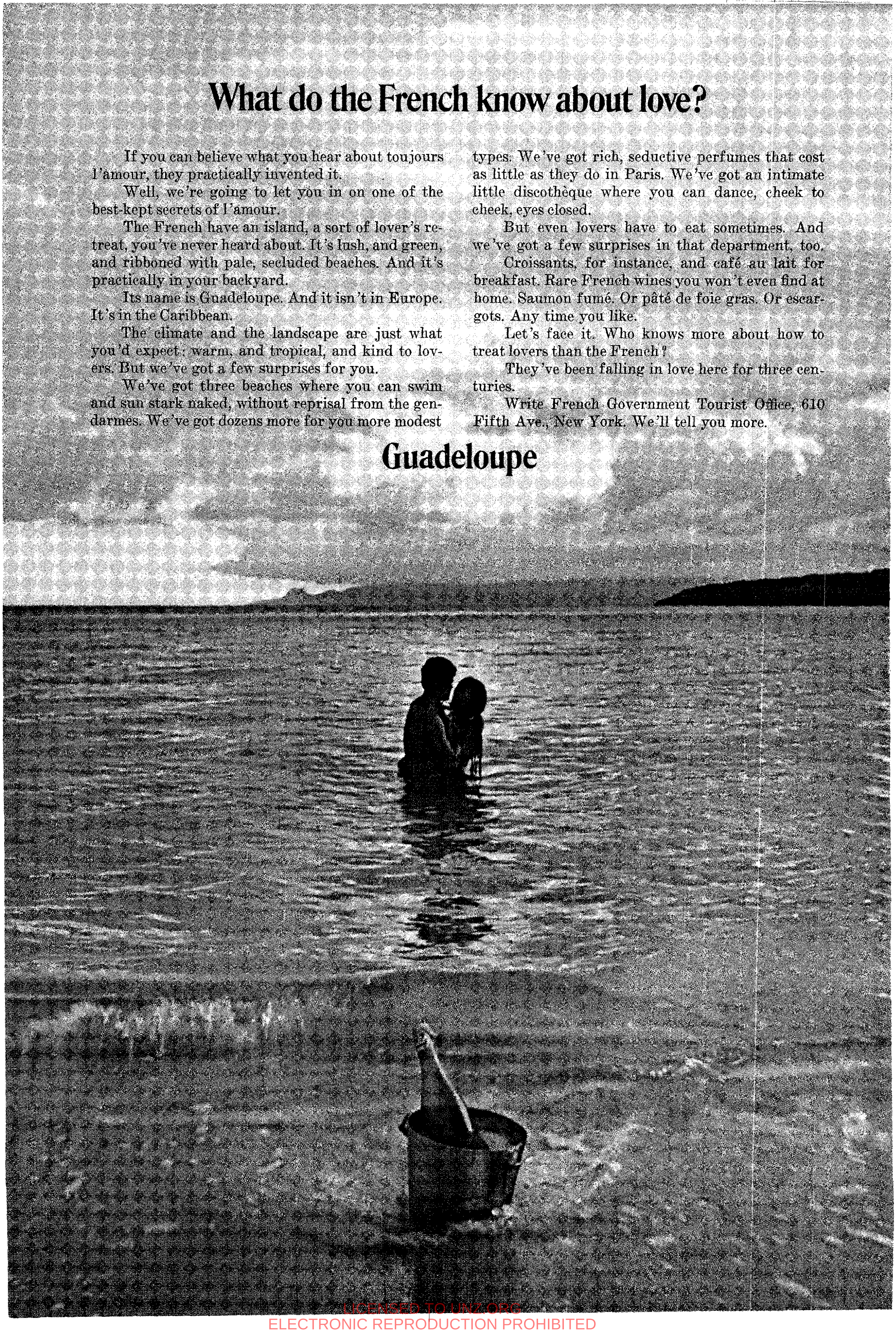

so manipulated my affairs in New York that all my money was spent, and I was left in a fix. He then tried to fool me into something like auctioning the diamond I possessed. I refused to do that, but I was persuaded to give him the power of attorney for the sale of the stone, at my price. This document was duly signed by me, countersigned by a notary public. Now more than two months passed and he failed to arrange for the sale of the diamond. Then I asked him to return the papers, which he flatly refused to do.

On August 13, I was informed on the telephone by one of your staff that if I went over to Washington in person I would know better after conversation with Mr. Bliss the situation regarding my application dated August 9. I decided to go to Washington on the 18th. But one morning Captain Wyman came to me and said that the State Department had instructed him to tell me that I should not go to Washington and that I should send Wyman alone with my family papers. Believing his words to be true, I gave the family papers to him. Then after a few days absence he returned and told me that the State Department had examined the papers and is going to address me a letter regarding the matter shortly. But the letter never came, and he charged me about forty-two dollars for this trip which I doubt whether he ever took.

In many cases it has been proven that he actually incited the people to file suits against me for debts of whose existence I had no knowledge. And all this time, he posed as my secretary.

The instances of his improper behavior were legion, but I always thought of the recommendations of the State Department and of his character as your representative with me.

But my latest discovery of his misdemeanor is simply astounding. It so happened that I owed a sum of $339 to the New Willard Hotel of Washington. I gave $200 to Wyman to be paid to this hotel as a part payment. He brought to me a paper which he called a receipt by the New Willard Hotel for $200. Then came the representative of the New Willard Hotel to collect the bill. I showed him the receipt for $200 and offered to pay the balance of $139. But he informed me that the receipt was false and that the New Willard had not received any part of the $200. On closer examination and further investigation, I am convinced that Captain Wyman has cheated me for this amount of money too. I have been trying for the last ten days to get in touch with him, but he has successfully evaded coming in contact with me. I therefore naturally feel inclined to start legal proceedings against him. But since he was your representative, I deem it advisable first to inform you of the whole affair and request you to tell me as soon as possible if you could do something to help me recover from him the money I have been robbed of. It would save me a great deal of trouble and expense in this foreign land if you could take steps to have my grievance redressed.

Very truly yours,
PRINCESS FATIMA SULTANA

It appears from the State Department file that upon receiving this let-

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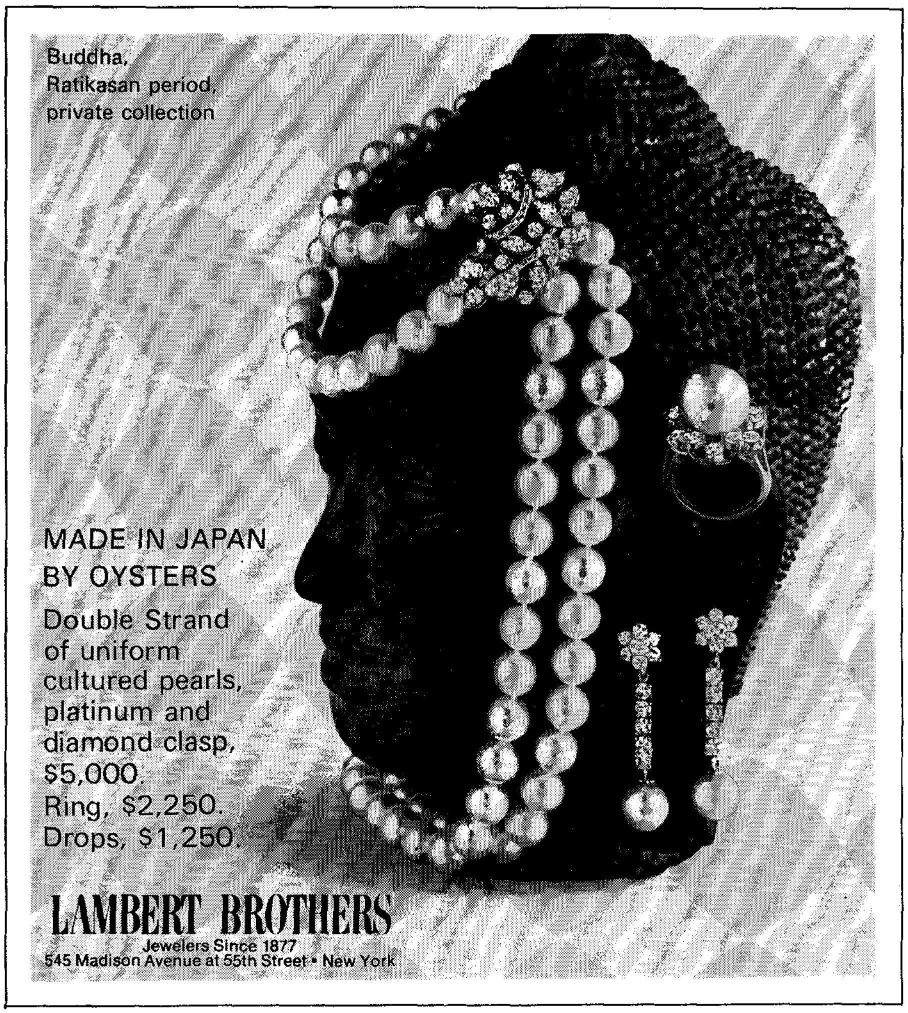

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ter the State Department was at last stirred up. Secretary of State Hughes and his various assistants turned the matter over to one of the State Department's special agents, R. C. Bannerman, to investigate and, if possible, interview the man who had introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding.

The State Department had asked the New York police to try to find Rodney Sterling Wyman—the only name the State Department had for our man—and place him under arrest for having impersonated a naval officer, since the impersonation had occurred in New York as well as in Washington. The police had reported to the State Department that they had been unable to find Rodney Sterling Wyman, and it is evident that they did not recognize the name as merely another name for the impostor they had been well acquainted with since 1911 and had arrested three times (for grand larceny in 1911, for forgery in 1917, and for impersonating a naval officer in 1920), besides having been concerned in picking him up for violation of parole four times. Bannerman, the State Department special agent in Washington, was sent to New York with instructions to report to R. S. Sharp, the State Department special agent in New York. This was a matter of State Department protocol, Sharp being superior in rank to Bannerman. Sharp turned Bannerman loose on the case, and Bannerman soon found that in a number of letters to Princess Fatima the impostor had given his address as 71 Maujer Street, Brooklyn, and his telephone number as Stagg 3060.

> I called at 71 Maujer Street in an endeavor to locate Wyman and found a lady there who disclaimed any knowledge of Wyman but stated I might be able to find him in one of the other houses [Bannerman noted in a report to Sharp]. In the one she suggested, I found a man named Weinberg, an elderly man, who emphatically stated that he knew nothing of Wyman. Later, in checking up the telephone number, I found that Stagg 3060 was in a drugstore at 292 Leonard Street. The druggist, on being questioned as to Wyman's home address, said, "Oh, he lives across the street—perhaps at 617." I proceeded to 617 Metropolitan Avenue, which was the place referred to, and searched the building completely. I found no trace of Wyman. I returned once more to the drugstore and was informed by a clerk there that Wyman did live at 617 Metropolitan Avenue but that he was known there by his real name, which was Weinberg. There, after diligent research, I found Wyman's wife, a frail little girl, with a baby three or four months old, and her mother, a Mrs. Sheer. They told me that the lady I had spoken to at 71 Maujer Street was his

mother, Mrs. Weinberg. They also stated that the elderly man I had spoken to was his father. They said his father would have nothing to do with him but that his mother at all times protected him as far as possible.

Having ascertained where Weyman could be found, Bannerman took up with the Naval Intelligence people in New York the matter of bringing about the impostor's arrest for impersonating a naval officer. He found that the Naval Intelligence people did not wish to have anything to do with the case. In his report to Sharp, he implied that the reason for this was that, the year before the Princess Fatima incident, the impostor had been hobnobbing with Admiral Henry Braid Wilson, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. He had been a guest of the Admiral's at dinner on several occasions. It was the Admiral's fear of notoriety that caused the intelligence people to adopt their hands-off policy, Bannerman indicated. In looking further into the case of this 1920 impersonation by the impostor, Bannerman found that Weyman had merely been brought before a Brooklyn judge, fined ten dollars, and released, even though he was on parole from another conviction at the time. With this information Bannerman concluded his report to Sharp, and Sharp then sent to Washington a rather pointed memorandum addressed to Mr. Bliss, which gave the gist of Bannerman's report and said, among other things, "I call your special attention to the fact that the officials of the State Department made no preliminary inquiries as to the rights of this criminal to represent Princess Fatima. It is apparent that if any preliminary inquiry had been made regarding the status of this man it would have developed the entire situation at once. I therefore close the case out without further instructions to Special Agent Bannerman as to the prosecution of this criminal and refer it to your office for such further action as the Department deems necessary."

Bliss was evidently unable to persuade the Navy Department to prosecute the impostor, but he did think of one constructive thing that the State Department could do in the matter. Bannerman had discovered in the course of his investigation that the impostor possessed a passport issued to "Clifford Grete Weston Wyman," so if Bliss could not do anything about the fact that the impostor remained free to move around the United States, he could at least see to it that he was not free to move around the world. Accordingly, Bliss instructed Sharp to in-

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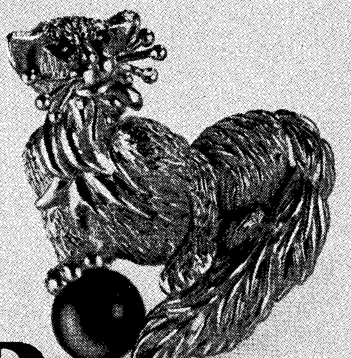

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struct Bannerman to pick up the impostor's passport, and on October 4th Bannerman reported to Sharp as follows:

> Pursuant to instructions received from the Chief Special Agent to take up Passport No. 104155, issued to Clifford Grete Weston Wyman.
>
> Realizing that it would be impossible to secure this passport other than through subterfuge, I enlisted the services of R. J. West & Company, Incorporated, 130 West 42nd Street, New York City. This company is an employment agency. On September 25, Wyman had written them a letter applying for a position.
>
> Mr. West signed the letter which I wrote to Wyman on the suggestion of the agency to the effect that there was a position there open for a man of his ability and if he would be in their office Saturday morning, October 1, at 10 a.m., the client of the agency would be there at that time. On Friday, September 30, Wyman telephoned them stating that it would be impossible for him to keep that engagement, inasmuch as he had to meet a friend coming from Europe and proceed to Washington the following morning. However, he would return to New York on Monday morning and set the hour at 10 o'clock.
>
> At the appointed hour, I was in the office of R. J. West and Company, and Wyman elaborated on his experience in auditing and his experience as a foreign trade adviser for large concerns and spoke nonchalantly of his acquaintance with men of affairs in this country and others. Stated that he was the personal, confidential agent of Harold McCormick of Chicago. Stated further that he had been called in to rearrange the system of handling goods through the Custom House—in fact, felt that he would install an entirely new system so as to expedite matters going through the Appraiser's Stores. This sort of talk continued for some time until I, as his prospective employer, asked Wyman for his references.
>
> He produced one from the Comsr. of Immigration.
>
> One from Senator Pat Harrison.
>
> One from Earle S. Kinsley, Director, Republican National Committee from Vermont.
>
> One from H. E. Higginson, Consul General of Peru in New York.
>
> One from Southern Pacific Company signed by Chester Reddy.
>
> Notation, typewritten, showing his service record in the Treasury Department.
>
> One from David R. Francis.
>
> After listening to his tale of experiences during the last few years, and noting numerous places where his period of service with different concerns or individuals overlapped, and noticing a certain similarity of signatures on his references, I put his references in my pocket, informed him as to my real identity, and demanded that he appear in our office at 4 o'clock in the afternoon with his passport, the articles of handiwork which Princess Fatima had given him to present to Mrs. Hughes, and also his power of attorney—all of which I submit with this report, including copies of his references and newspaper articles showing his recent ac-

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> tivity in the Harold McCormick case.
>
> I am positive this man could not tell the truth in any instance and therefore can place no reliability on anything he would say. If the Department wishes to prosecute him, I feel that he can always be located directly or indirectly through his wife.
>
> Regardless of the repudiation by Mr. McCormick of any connection with Wyman in the articles appearing in the newspapers, Wyman called me on the phone to ask if I had noticed these articles. On being assured that I had, he stated that no doubt Mr. McCormick felt justified in doing this inasmuch as Wyman had probably talked too much with the press, but he assured me that his connection with Mr. McCormick was bona-fide, inasmuch as at the moment in which he was talking to me, he was in possession of Mr. McCormick's Rolls-Royce car, which I could confirm by calling on Mr. Brooks of the Plaza Hotel, who had furnished him the money from Mr. McCormick with which to pay the customs duty on it.

Having received this memorandum and, with it, the passport, Sharp now did manage to close the case for good as far as the State Department was concerned. He sent the passport to Bliss, along with this final memorandum:

> . . . You will note that Special Agent Bannerman has succeeded in procuring this passport and I herewith enclose the same for your disposition. . . .
>
> You will also note from the Special Agent's report that Wyman has turned in a number of the articles which it is alleged the Princess Fatima delivered to him with instructions to turn over to Mrs. Hughes, the wife of the Secretary of State. Three of these table covers are now in our possession, and we will await your further instructions with reference thereto. One of these covers is still in the possession of Wyman's wife and can be recovered, and the other two making up the entire six articles which Princess Fatima claims to have sent by Wyman to Mrs. Hughes, Wyman claims were sent by him to the White House by way of a telegraph messenger boy picked up by him on the street. Wyman is such an inveterate liar, however, that this story is not believed by us and on the contrary, we are of the opinion that he has sold these articles or otherwise disposed of them and kept the proceeds.
>
> In his personal conversation with us, Wyman is very positive that he has worked for both the Republican and Democratic National Committees. . . .
>
> My personal observation of this man confirms me in the belief that his mind is not right, and he admits that he has served a term in an insane asylum. He frankly says that he cannot see any objection to telling these lies in order to secure a position. His mind is positively brilliant, and his memory for dates and details is wonderful. I am positive that any admonition which might be given him will be of no avail and that he will continue to do in the future what he has done in the past.
>
> You will note from Agent Banner-

man's report herewith, his very latest escapade was to ingratiate himself into the good wishes of Mrs. Harold McCormick, the daughter of John D. Rockefeller, and at the same time we have positive evidence in our possession that this statement to the effect that he was also working in connection with Mr. Harold McCormick, Mrs. Edith McCormick's husband, is true. In other words, he was doing to the McCormicks in their domestic entanglements exactly what he was doing to the Republican and Democratic National Committees, working things at both ends and in the middle.

You will note the evidences of his insanity in the interview which he gives out to the New York *News*, a daily illustrated publication in New York City, who are so completely duped by this man that they do him the honor of publishing his picture.

In April of 1922—eight months after he had introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding—Weyman was tried and convicted in the Federal Court in Brooklyn on a charge of wearing the uniform of a United States naval officer. Judge Thomas I. Chatfield presided over the trial, Weyman's attorney was Herman C. Pollack, and the prosecution was conducted by Assistant United States Attorney Guy O. Walser, acting for the Department of Justice. Weyman's defense was that when he introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding he was wearing the uniform not of the United States Navy but of the United States Junior Naval Reserves, to which he did in fact belong. He was nevertheless found guilty.

Before Judge Chatfield pronounced sentence, his lawyer began a plea for light punishment, but he didn't get very far. "His record," said Pollack, "has been against him, but a careful scrutiny of it will prove that he has never done anything which shows moral viciousness. He—"

"He has done many things," Judge Chatfield interrupted. "I think that he is a dangerous man to be at large until he learns that playing tricks on people while trying to keep within the letter of the law is not the way to live."

Mr. Pollack then pointed out that the charge was almost a year old and that his client had "a good explanation as to why he had arranged to introduce Princess Fatima to President Harding."

"His ability to satisfy you on that score only shows that his skill in making explanations is considerable," Judge Chatfield said.

Weyman's father then appealed to the Judge to suspend sentence, and promised to support his son, his daughter-in-law, and his grandchild, and to pay for psychiatric treatment for his

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son. After that, Weyman's wife began an appeal on behalf of her husband but burst into tears and had to be removed from the courtroom. Next, Weyman himself addressed the court. "I do not wish to discuss the insanity theory, on which you seem to have made up your mind," he said to the Judge. "In none of my acts has there ever been intentional turpitude. All were committed in a phase or cycle or period of recurrent manic depression, to which the doctors found I was subject."

Judge Chatfield then sentenced Weyman to serve two years in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary and to pay a fine of one dollar, remarking that the maximum sentence for Weyman's offense was three years in the penitentiary and a fine of one thousand dollars. Seemingly as an afterthought, the Judge said he was convinced that Weyman had succeeded in fooling the doctors into thinking he was crazy.

As for Princess Fatima, she had for some time been receiving from the British Government, through the British Consul General in New York, enough money for herself and her sons to live on. Her diamond, which she had said was worth half a million dollars, had finally been sold for four thousand dollars, of which two thousand went to a Fifth Avenue jeweller who had advanced her that amount some weeks earlier. The British Consul General persuaded her to agree to leave the United States for India on the steamship Lahore, sailing from New York on March 16, 1922, but neither the Princess nor her sons were on board when the ship left, and no further intelligence concerning Princess Fatima is available in the newspaper files or in the files of the State Department of the United States.

—St. Clair McKelway

(*This is the first of two articles on Stanley Clifford Weyman.*)

•

A boy and his girl have a quarrel and leave each other at an angle of 36°, the boy stalking due east. They soon stop, and the boy notes that his direction to the girl is W47°N. The girl shouts that she has already walked 400 feet alone. How far apart are they?—*"Basic Concepts of Mathematics," by Charles G. Moore and Charles E. Little.*

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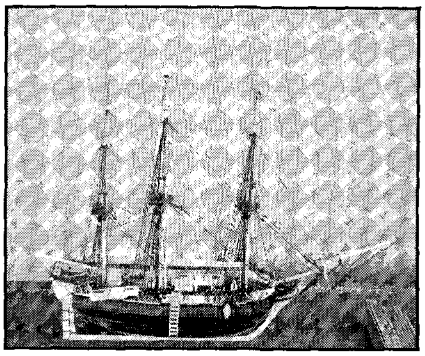

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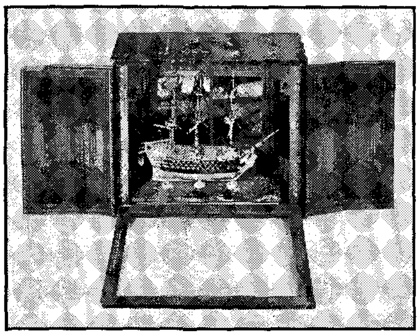

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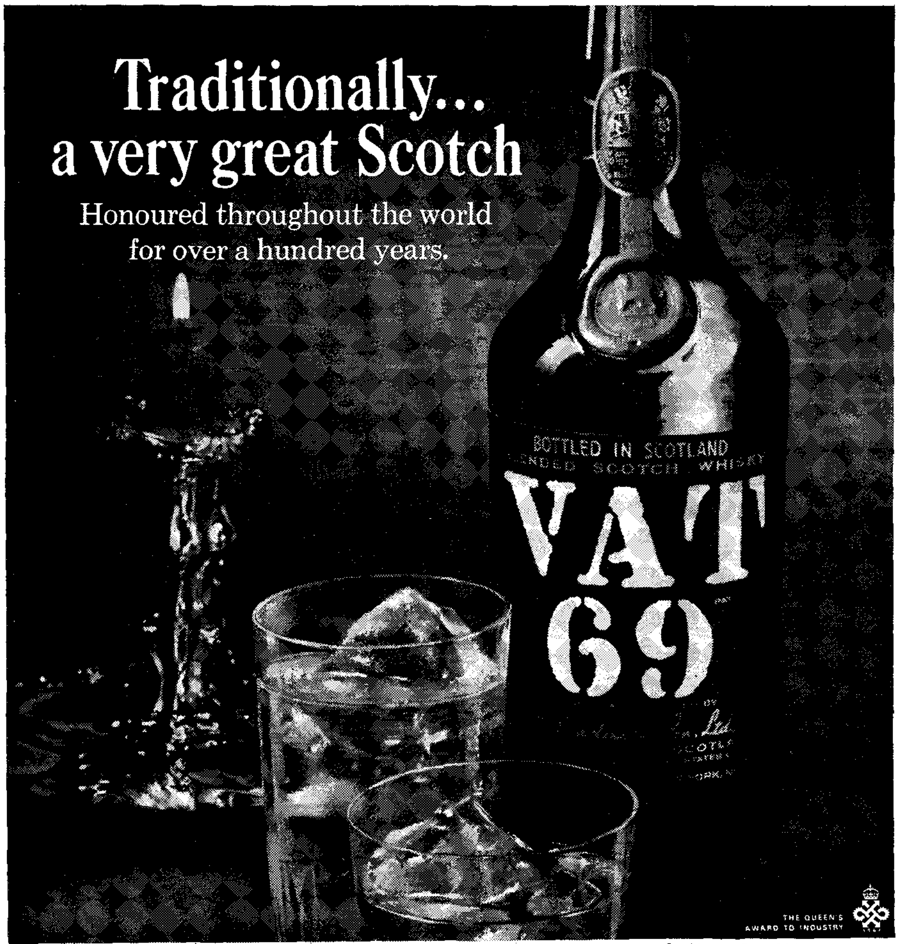
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THE THEATRE

LIFE WITH FATHER

"King Lear" is so hedged about with age-old critical pieties that it is hard to face the play freshly, as a thing in itself, and harder still to pass judgment on a particular production of it. Just as there are cities that one cannot hope to govern well but that one deserves credit for governing as little badly as possible, so there are productions that, though unsuccessful, may be negatively praised for not being worse than they are; cold comfort is better than none. I am obliged to report that the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre's production of "King Lear" began by irritating me and ended by boring me into a state of pins-and-needles physical distress, but to the extent that one can assign blame in these cases I am inclined to place a goodly portion of it upon Shakespeare. Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands; the company at the Vivian Beaumont has made plenty of mistakes, but they are trifles compared to the mistakes that Shakespeare has made, or, these centuries later, has seemed to make. The other evening, I tried to pretend that I was seeing and hearing "Lear" for the first time. Again and again, I found myself thinking, "What a thoroughly disagreeable play!" and then, more impatiently, "What a thoroughly preposterous one! And how much we forgive it on the strength of its long fame!" All of us know something about being children, thankless or otherwise, and most of us know something about being parents, but the shocks of recognition that we are apt to feel in "Lear" are small indeed, and no amount of professorial guff about ritual and about the play's being not true but an allegory of truth will suffice to make these shocks more ample. On off days, I have been as suggestible as Macbeth, or as hesitant as Hamlet, but most of the dramatis personae of "Lear," including Gloucester, Kent, Edgar, Edmund, Regan, Goneril, and the old ninny himself, are such extreme embodiments of types of good and evil, wisdom and folly, that I remain aloof not only from them but from the playwright's efforts to engage me with them. The beauty of the language of "Lear" is the only life left to it; the rest is the dregs of intellectual preoccupations no longer fascinating except in Academe (the nature of kingship, the anatomy of choler), and all the more tiresome for being accompanied by a puffingly effortful cranking up of Elizabethan stagecraft. The characteristic accumulation of corpses in the last act of "Lear" is every bit as revolting and nearly as meaningless as an accident on the New Jersey Turnpike. The conventional ploy is to praise the lofty themes in "Lear," leaving oneself free to object to the subject matter by which they are made manifest; as dutiful acolytes of the Bard, we are allowed to laugh behind our hands at the implausible plot, counterplot, and subplots of the play, provided that we take care to acknowledge its sublimities. Well, but what *are* these sublimities? They are referred to frequently in appreciations of the play; where are they to be discovered inside it? Alfred Harbage, for example, speaks of Lear's guilt, remorse, and acts of abasement as he and Cordelia approach their doom, citing as especially significant Lear's "When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down/ And ask of thee forgiveness," but a permissible interpretation of these lines is that an incorrigible father is up to his old, contemptible habit of exacting, consciously or unconsciously, a *quid pro quo* from a child. This is precisely what Lear did at the beginning of the play; if he were transfigured, surely he would be willing to beg forgiveness of the daughter he has savaged without requiring an act of deference from her. Lear is the least trusting and most selfish of fathers (with Gloucester, so eager to believe virtuous Edgar a villain, running him a close second), and even in senility and at the point of death he never changes; it is not surprising that his last words are to complain of what *he* has lost by Cordelia's murder.

Feeling as I do about the defects of "Lear," I should like to deal quickly with the defects of the present production. I mentioned having been irritated by it from the start; in fact, I was irritated by it before the start, thanks to an unexpectedly pretentious set by Ming Cho Lee. The first thing we see when we enter the theatre is what appears to be a huge Viking funerary ship, suspended a few feet above the raked floor of the stage; this peculiar object turns out to be merely a chandelier in Lear's castle and is soon hoisted up out of our immediate vision, but what an arbitrary invasion of the play it is for as long as it commands our attention! Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes for the King are also a nuisance; once having taken off his armor, Lear toddles about the stage in what might well be nightgowns—Gothic Dr. Dentons invincibly at odds with majesty. Lee J. Cobb makes a physically arresting Lear, but he is more at ease depicting royal peevishness than royal wrath; watching him as he sets about his ruin, one is fatally reminded of the maxim about there being no fool like an old fool. Philip Bosco is admirable as the Earl of Kent, and so is Stacy Keach as the bastard Edmund, smilingly relishing his evil nature as a Boy Scout might relish a jackknife. Stephen Elliott is mostly a mild presence in the role of Gloucester, except when Cornwall plucks out Gloucester's eyes onstage and stamps on them—a scene no doubt authentically Elizabethan in its bloody horror, and Mr. Elliott throws himself bloodily, horribly into it. Marilyn Lightstone, Patricia Elliott, and Barbette Tweed give correct but skimpy performances as, respectively, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. Goneril and Regan are clever women, who know their contrary father better than he knows himself, and they deserve to be shown as more than simple shouters. Save for four words ("No cause, no cause") that, being uttered falsely for a kind purpose, are quite unlike her, Cordelia is a scandalously self-congratulatory Miss Priss, and I sympathize with Miss Tweed and the director, Gerald Freedman, in their inability to breathe a warm womanliness into her.

—Brendan Gill

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 10

REFLECTING on what it regarded as the indecisiveness shown by the sovereign people in the election of 1960, the Washington *Evening Star* observed a day or so after that event that John F. Kennedy had won against Richard M. Nixon "a victory without a verdict, and a majority without a mandate." When the votes were officially tallied, it turned out that Kennedy had failed even to win a majority—though, to be sure, he came a good deal closer to it than it was possible for Richard Nixon to come in 1968. Similar judgments on Nixon's plight are heard all over the place today—with much weight, of course, being given to the fact that Nixon, unlike the man he lost to eight years ago, will have to govern with a Congress organized by his opposition. However, the lack of a clear mandate was anything but Kennedy's largest handicap—it freed him to draw up one of his own, which in time won wide popular acceptance and was later of considerable help to Lyndon Johnson—and the fact that he served with a Democratic Congress was of rather little help whenever he attempted any large steps toward his New Frontier. In Nixon's case, despite all the ambiguities of the returns, it is possible to conclude that he has one of the clearest mandates of any President in recent history. The war in Vietnam played a lesser part in the campaign than most politicians expected it to a few months ago, but this was not so much because the country was divided in its outlook as because it was pretty well united in its desire to disengage, and also because the two major candidates hoped against hope (for reasons not altogether pure and patriotic) that a diplomatic settlement would be reached while the Johnson Administration still held office. If Johnson fails, Nixon will have no reason to doubt that the country expects him to seek an early peace. Similarly, he has an overwhelming mandate to curb domestic violence. Though the three candidates may have meant different things when they spoke of "law and order," they all promised—each with at least some element of demagogy in his formulations—to promote domestic tranquillity, and domestic tranquillity is surely what this country wants.

The President-elect, then, has a clear and simple mandate: to reduce the level of violence in Vietnam and in the United States. But a mandate, as the incumbent President knows as well as any man who has ever held the office, is in itself an insubstantial thing—and never more so, perhaps, than when it can be described as clear and simple. It is rather like an ideology, in the sense that as a tool of analysis it may be very serviceable but as an instrument of power it is often useless, and even constricting. It is possible that the Johnson Administration will have reached some kind of political settlement in Vietnam by January 20th, leaving to the Nixon Administration only the responsibility of fulfilling the American side of the bargain—a difficult task in the best imaginable circumstances but a more agreeable one, in any case, than conducting a large, futile, and hugely unpopular war. And it is possible that if Johnson cannot negotiate our extrication in the next ten weeks, Nixon will find a way of doing so early in his Presidency. But there is also in view the awful prospect that our diplomatic resources may in the end turn out to be no more effective than our military resources have been, and that peace in Southeast Asia will elude the next President as surely as it has eluded the present one, with "Johnson's war" becoming in a year or so "Nixon's war." Even so, in the pursuit of peace abroad, one can talk with some degree of realism about the "resources" of the President and of the federal government. The President can bring to bear, however inconclusively in some parts of the world, military, diplomatic, and economic power—and, at the very least, make a good show of trying to carry out his mandate. He has vastly less power to prevent violence at home. In fact, unless he is prepared to institute some kind of martial law and deploy throughout the nation the forces assembled to defend the nation against external enemies, he has nothing at his command but rhetoric and what money he can get from Congress to build more jails and to make federal policy of the Birchers' motto, "Support Your Local Police." Reformers would add that he also has the option of getting at the "causes" of violence by bringing about some fundamental changes in our social and economic institutions, and no one seriously doubts either the general soundness of this proposition or Richard Nixon's general assent to its soundness. But in the politicians' understanding of the concept, mandates—particularly those that can be summed up in such specific terms as "peace" and "law and order"—are seldom expressions of yearnings for long-term amelioration of social maladies; they are instructions from the voters to the candidates to get hopping, to solve a particular problem during the coming term of office. It hardly seems in the cards that Richard Nixon can pro-

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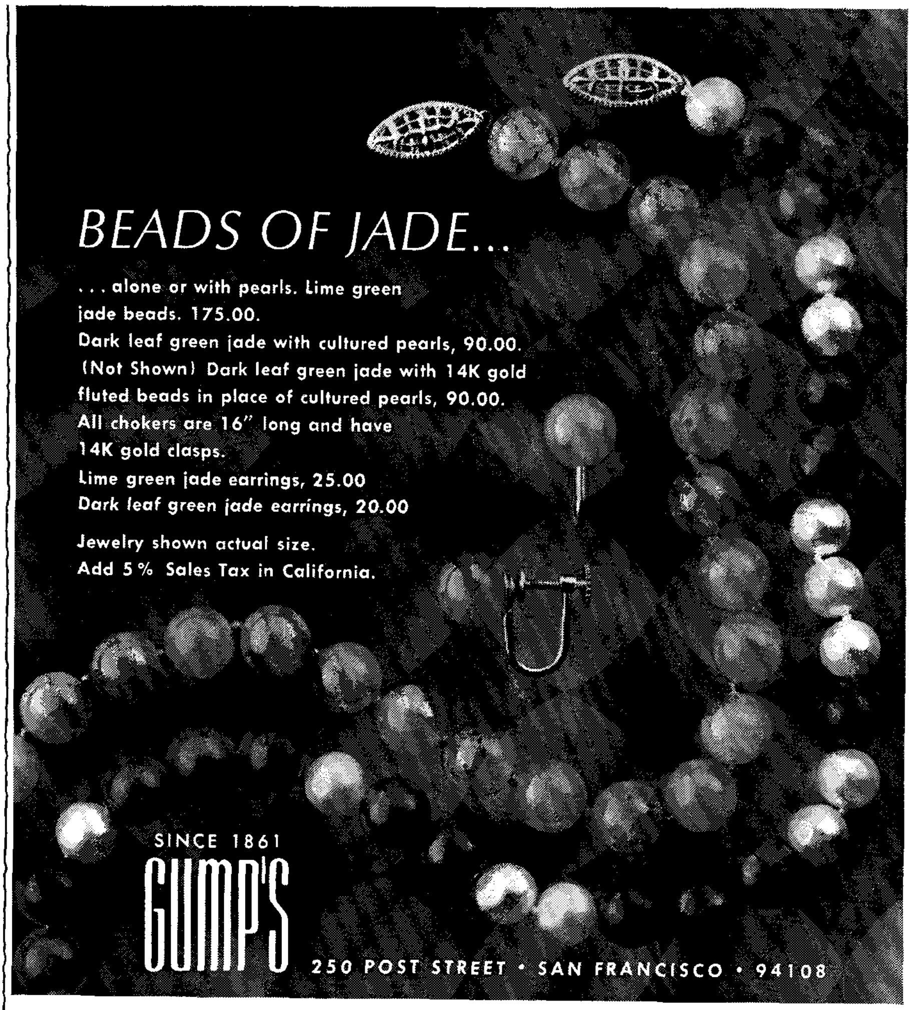
duce at any early stage the "law and order" he has promised the country that it will experience under his stewardship.

It has to be assumed about every President, and about every man who makes a serious effort to win the office, that his deepest desire is to serve the country as effectively and as honorably as he can. Men may disagree, because of differences in temperament and philosophy, over standards of effectiveness and concepts of honor, but every President and most aspirants understand that the only real reward the Presidency can offer is a favorable judgment by historians. One can be certain that Richard Nixon (who cannot possibly claim, as some Presidents have been able to, that the office sought the man, or that power was thrust upon him against his will or better judgment) has an acute sense of all this, and one can be almost equally certain that, whatever he may have said in the course of this or any other campaign, he knows as well as Hubert Humphrey and the most eminent of sociologists and political scientists what needs to be done to preserve the best of our institutions and to rid ourselves of the worst. But this kind of awareness, indispensable as it may be to a President and to those around him, may under certain conditions have no more utility than a clear and simple mandate when it comes to winning the good opinion of the future. Perceiving the urgency of an early political settlement in Vietnam may be one precondition for obtaining it, but it may butter no parsnips in Hanoi or Saigon or Paris—and perhaps not even in the Congress of the United States. Similarly, an awareness that "law and order" cannot be advanced immediately by incantation and a personal display of rectitude—and cannot even be advanced soon by the most ambitious and expensive kinds of social engineering—is, while certainly sensible and necessary for anyone preparing to tackle the problem, only the beginning of wisdom in a world in which wisdom alone is no sure guide to salvation.

If these assessments are valid, Nixon may shortly find himself compelled by events to make decisions that he knows will not sit well with history—assuming that the race and its historians survive. If neither Johnson nor his diplomats can make peace with Hanoi and the National Liberation Front, he will have to preside either over a unilateral withdrawal—in short, a defeat—or over a full-scale resumption of the war. If the withdrawal should come early enough, he could say that Democratic folly had forced him to the action, and the country might accept his reasoning and applaud his decisiveness. But he has very nearly foreclosed this option by statements in the quite recent past, and by the support he gave the President throughout the campaign. If, on the other hand, he feels that events and his own commitments leave him no choice but to have one more try at a military solution, he will instantly remobilize a congressional and popular opposition that at this stage seems at least as powerful politically as the "hawks" and the "military-industrial complex." And even if the Johnson Administration spares him the need of any such hard choice in Vietnam, he will have to make a rather similar choice at home—the choice of whether to deal with crime and violence by the escalation of sanctioned violence on the part of uniformed local and national forces or whether to acknowledge that his campaign oratory was just that, and that military and semi-military solutions at home are not much more satisfactory than those we have attempted abroad. By escalating violence abroad and at home, he might, with a certain amount of luck, succeed in persuading his national constituency that he had fulfilled both parts of his mandate. For while military solutions are never satisfactory—never really "solutions"—it is not unthinkable that we could "win" in Vietnam and bring about a "peace" of sorts by employing some of the means suggested in the last few weeks by General Curtis LeMay. The risks of nuclear war would be great and—if such a war should be avoided by the prudence of Soviet and Chinese leaders—the ensuing peace would have to be maintained by occupation. Still, from the present American point of view, peace can be said to exist when Americans are not being killed, and if any American President could bring about this state of affairs by a little extra bombing and shelling and mining, his prospects for reëlection would no doubt improve. A like solution could be imposed here. It has been amply demonstrated that "safety in the streets" can be quite effectively maintained in police states, and it would be close to chauvinistic to say that our dedication to democratic institutions and civil liberties is so highly developed that a large majority of us would consider a measure of repression too high a price for the near-elimination of the more common forms of crime.

One could easily marshal evidence based on what Nixon has said and done from the start of his career down to the present—from his early association with Joe McCarthy to his 1968 cultivation of Strom Thurmond—that any desire he may have for vindication by history will be overcome by his weakness for easy, sloganized solutions, and by his awareness that if he doesn't succeed in the short run there is likely to be, for him, no long run. He has never been, or claimed to be, a man of piercing vision; he has perceived crises only in retrospect or at the moment of their emergence—he has never anticipated them. He is sustained by no philosophy or coherent ideology. In the past, he has been as much a victim of "consensus" thinking as has Lyndon Johnson. One may be sure that he wants very much to be a "good" President, and that he would probably agree with, say, a liberal like Jacob Javits on what it takes to fulfill this ideal. What one may not be sure of is that he will be able to find his way from the moral and political abstractions of the concept to their political applications. This is a problem that taxes the greatest of leaders, and it remains to be proved that Nixon—who takes office with no background at all in administration—is even an adequate leader. Yet if Nixon is untested in leadership and has never articulated a view of the future that could be called inspired or inspiring, he has assets that are formidable in themselves and have often been lacking in the White House. He has always been a well-informed and shrewd observer of the existing political environment. In the fifties, he knew more about the workings of government and party politics than any other member of the Administration he served, including its leader, and in his eight years in semi-private life he was a close student of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. He has a sound understanding of what succeeded and what failed in both periods. He has lately said, for example, that he must at all costs avoid the fate that befell Lyndon Johnson, which, as Nixon sees it, was the alienation of the "intellectuals" and their subsequent "destruction" of him. This is far from being the whole story of Johnson's downfall, but it is a significant part of it, and though it may never be within Nixon's power to win over the intellectuals, it speaks well for his intelligence and for his hopes that he senses the danger and will do what he can to armor himself against it.

IN generalizing about Presidents, judgment cannot rest entirely on estimates of the man and of the nature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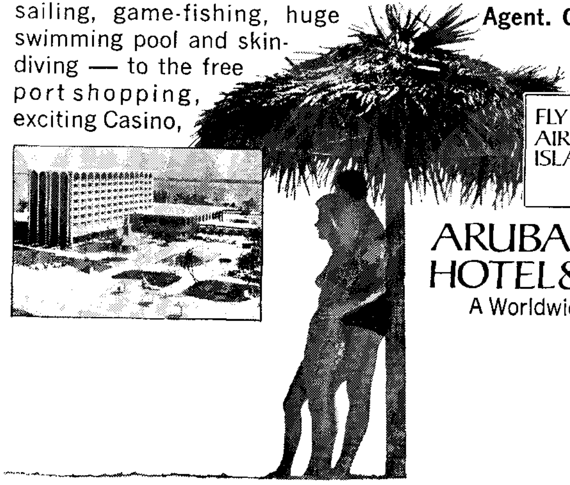
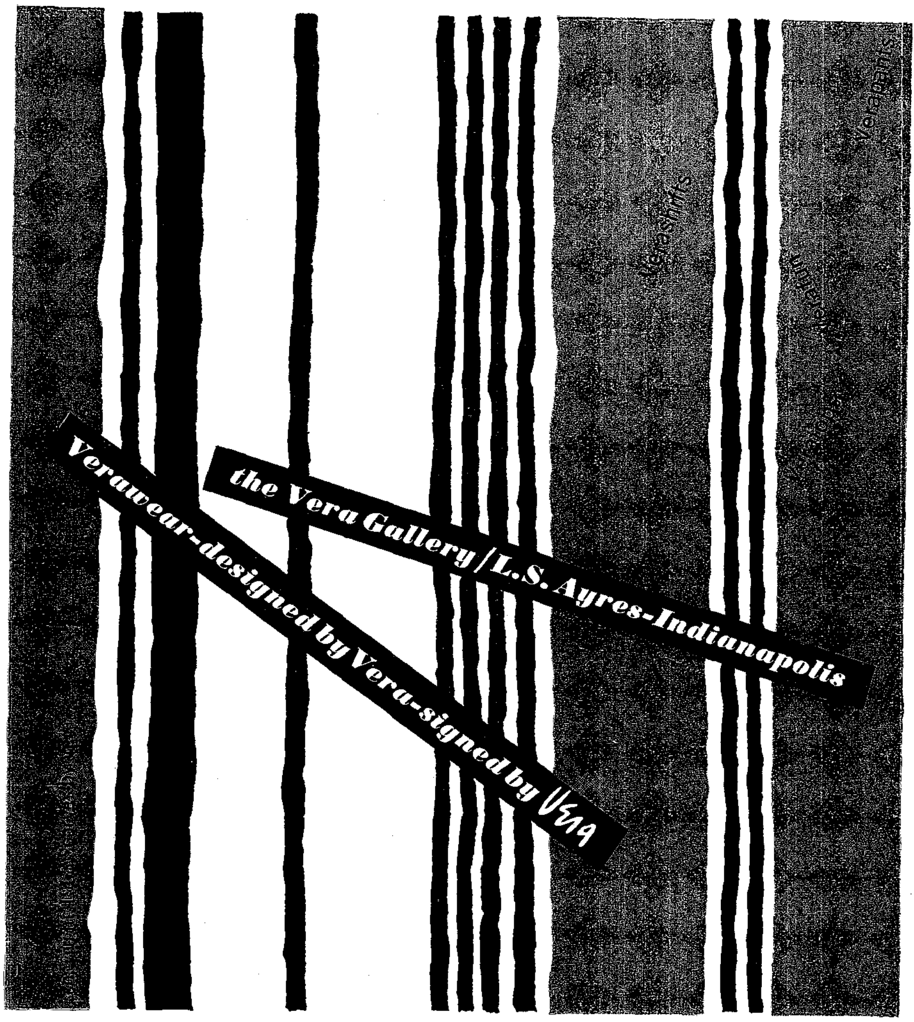


of the office. The manner of a man's election is almost as important as the fact of it. The nature and size of the opposition can sometimes do as much to determine his behavior as the nature and size of his support. His reading of the mood and temper of the country, as reflected in the election returns, may tell more about his character as President than any reading of his personality and ideas by the most astute students of these matters.

For the last year or so, most observers and most politicians, including the three who contended for Presidential votes last Tuesday, were altogether persuaded that American public opinion had moved very sharply to the right since 1964, and that this was bound to be reflected in voting patterns in all parts of the country. It was generally assumed that Nixon and Wallace would be the principal beneficiaries of this trend, and many respected forecasters persuaded themselves that there was a real chance that Wallace would come in ahead of Hubert Humphrey, at least in electoral votes. By adding Nixon's total to his own, Wallace is now boldly claiming that the shift has, in fact, taken place, and that Nixon owes it to all who voted for the two of them to honor the harsh imperatives of the platform of the American Independent Party. But even if it made any sense at all to combine the Nixon and Wallace totals, the balance of right and left would leave the "left" with a fairly robust forty-three per cent and a hundred and ninety-one electoral votes. Only by Wallace's absurd reasoning can it be maintained that a trend to the right of anything more than very modest proportions is to be deduced from the voting tables. Later studies, made when the computers have regained their health and when human analysts have had time to digest the raw materials, may reveal some significant changes, but a quick survey of the Presidential and congressional votes seems to disprove not only the "rightward-trend" theory but a concomitant one under which it was held that there was a nationwide revolt—sweeping up not only the young but most of their elders—against constituted authority, which would bring about the unseating of most of the "ins," right and left. Nothing of the sort seems to have occurred (in the House of Representatives, nearly four hundred incumbents were returned), and if one were to draw a single, sweeping conclusion about the national elections of this year, it would have to be that, despite all the changes in our lives and in our politics since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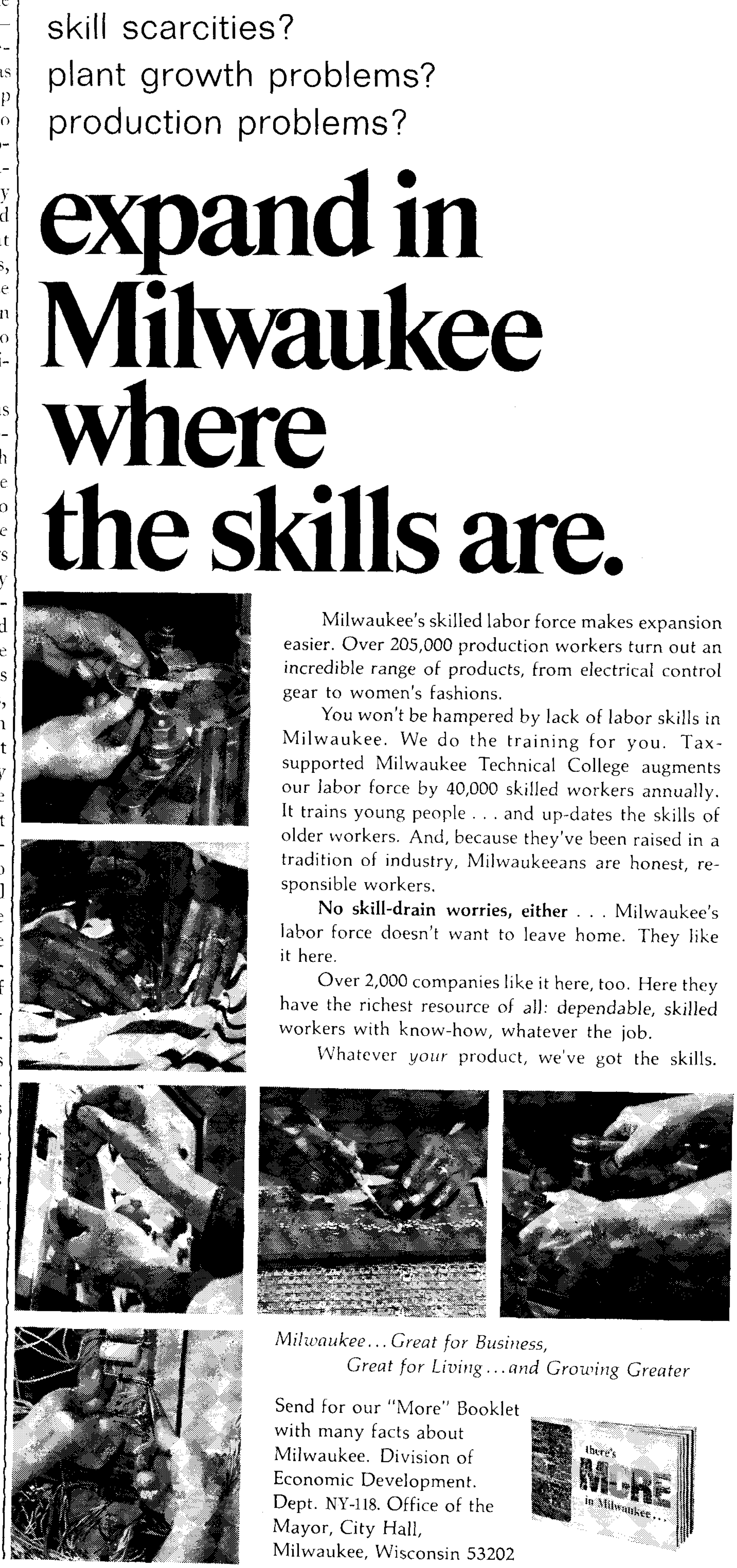
1960, the internal political balances and imbalances of this most tumultuous year of the decade are remarkably like those of eight years ago. The spread—if one can so describe a gnat's eyelash—in the Presidential vote was almost exactly the same. The makeup of the House and the Senate is in no important way different. The two-party system is intact. If Barry Goldwater wrecked the Republican Party in 1964, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon restored it this year—but not at any great expense to the Democrats, who were thought to be in even worse shape than the Republicans had been four years ago, but who came close to victory and met defeat with extraordinary vigor.

Thus, the President-elect, who has frequently said that he intends to abjure the narrow partisanship with which he has been associated in the past, is in an almost perfect position to do so. Unlike Kennedy, he can be quite sure of what the great mass of voters expects of him. And he is as free as any President could hope to be in determining the approach he will take toward the problems he regards as being of the highest urgency. His campaign was notable for its avoidance of particulars, for its commitment to ends rather than to means. Remedies were pledged, but prescriptions and courses of therapy were not advanced. Evasiveness of the kind he practiced may be subject to just criticism, but it can also have a liberating effect on a politician who aspires to statesmanship. Nixon, moreover, will be compelled by the statistics of the election to attribute his power to the will of a constituency that favors moderate and humane resolutions of conflict. Lyndon Johnson was repudiated—though by no means as overwhelmingly in the general election as in some of the Party struggles that preceded it—but much of the record of his Administration and of his party received fresh endorsement. Nixon thus takes office uncommitted to factions as well as to specific programs. At least at the start, he will be in a position to be as good and able a President as he desires to be.

AN election as close as this one makes it possible for just about any interest group in the country to claim that its vote determined the outcome. Americans of Greek descent, for instance, might argue quite plausibly that Nixon's choice of Spiro T. Agnew won them to the Republican ticket, and that their support provided the thin but essential margin of victory. With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even more plausibility, the New Left in certain parts of the country may—and almost certainly will—claim that its abstention denied the Presidency to Humphrey. In most cases, such contentions can be demolished by a mere flip of the political coin. Agnew, who has been kept on a very short leash during the last few days and will evidently be similarly tethered throughout the Nixon Presidency, was at least as much of a liability as an asset, and if the New Left had shown enthusiasm rather than hostility toward Humphrey, Humphrey might have been a bigger loser than he was. In any case, it is evident that there were some individuals and some voting blocs, both inside and outside the party structures, whose influence was large and in one way or another crucial. George Wallace achieved far less than he had hoped and others had feared he would, but the support he got was sufficient to make Nixon's plurality the smallest of that of any President since Woodrow Wilson in his first term. Strom Thurmond's efforts in the border and Southern "perimeter" states appear to have paid off about as well as his efforts to hold the Southern delegations for Nixon against Ronald Reagan at Miami Beach in August. When Thurmond asks to be heard in the White House, Nixon, if he should care to do so, might turn that coin over and point out that it may very well have been their close alliance that cost him dear in popular votes in the cities, and thus lost him the electoral votes of such states as Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. Nonetheless, Thurmond—assuming, as most people here do, that he was largely responsible for Nixon's strong showing in much of the South—cannot be denied some credit for Nixon's victory and, by the same token, for the containment of the Wallace movement in all but five states below the Mason-Dixon Line. What may perhaps be easiest of all to demonstrate from the voting statistics is the influence of Senator McCarthy and his followers in denying election to Humphrey. Had they put aside their differences after the Convention and worked for him on a "lesser-evil" theory with even a fraction of the energy they displayed before Chicago, it is hard to believe that they could not have mustered the votes to save the White House for the Democrats.

It may be that all these men who seemed so influential a few weeks ago, and were, in fact, influential in different degrees, are spent forces in American politics. Senator McCarthy, who never had much zest for political combat, seems fed up with the whole business and determined to get out of it in 1970. Senator Thurmond, who led a political operation rather than a political movement, is in his late sixties, and if the South Carolinians he persuaded to vote Republican find themselves disappointed in the performance of the Nixon Administration, he may have all he can do to hold his own seat when he comes up for reëlection next time around. Moreover, it seems unlikely that even if the President-elect should wish to grant him the favors he is likely to request he could ever be satisfied, since the Senate as currently constituted could hardly be expected to confirm the kind of men he would propose for judicial and other appointments. It is confidently being said—particularly by those who devoutly hope it to be true—that George Wallace is headed for retirement because he made such a relatively poor showing even in his own part of the country. (Though he carried five states, he won a numerical majority in only two—Alabama and Mississippi.) It is conceivable that these three large figures in the politics of 1968—Wallace, Thurmond, McCarthy—will be little heard from in the future. It seems somewhat premature, though—in the cases of Wallace and McCarthy—to assume that the one will accept the verdict of failure and the other will find retirement bearable. If Wallace can be said to stand for bigotry and if McCarthy can be said to stand for dissatisfaction with "the old politics," both remain spokesmen, each uncommonly eloquent in his way, for movements that are going to be with us for a long time. Wallace built his movement from almost nothing in fifty states and got nine million votes, which were not enough to affect the outcome but which are far too many to be ignored. McCarthy built no organized movement, but he led a force that materialized out of the American ether and came closer than he or his followers had any right to expect to capturing the Democratic Party. Unless Richard Nixon succeeds in righting most of the wrongs in this Republic, there will be Wallaceites and McCarthyites in this country for years to come, and although such movements are not altogether dependent on founders and leaders, these particular men will be under heavy pressure to carry on with what they have begun. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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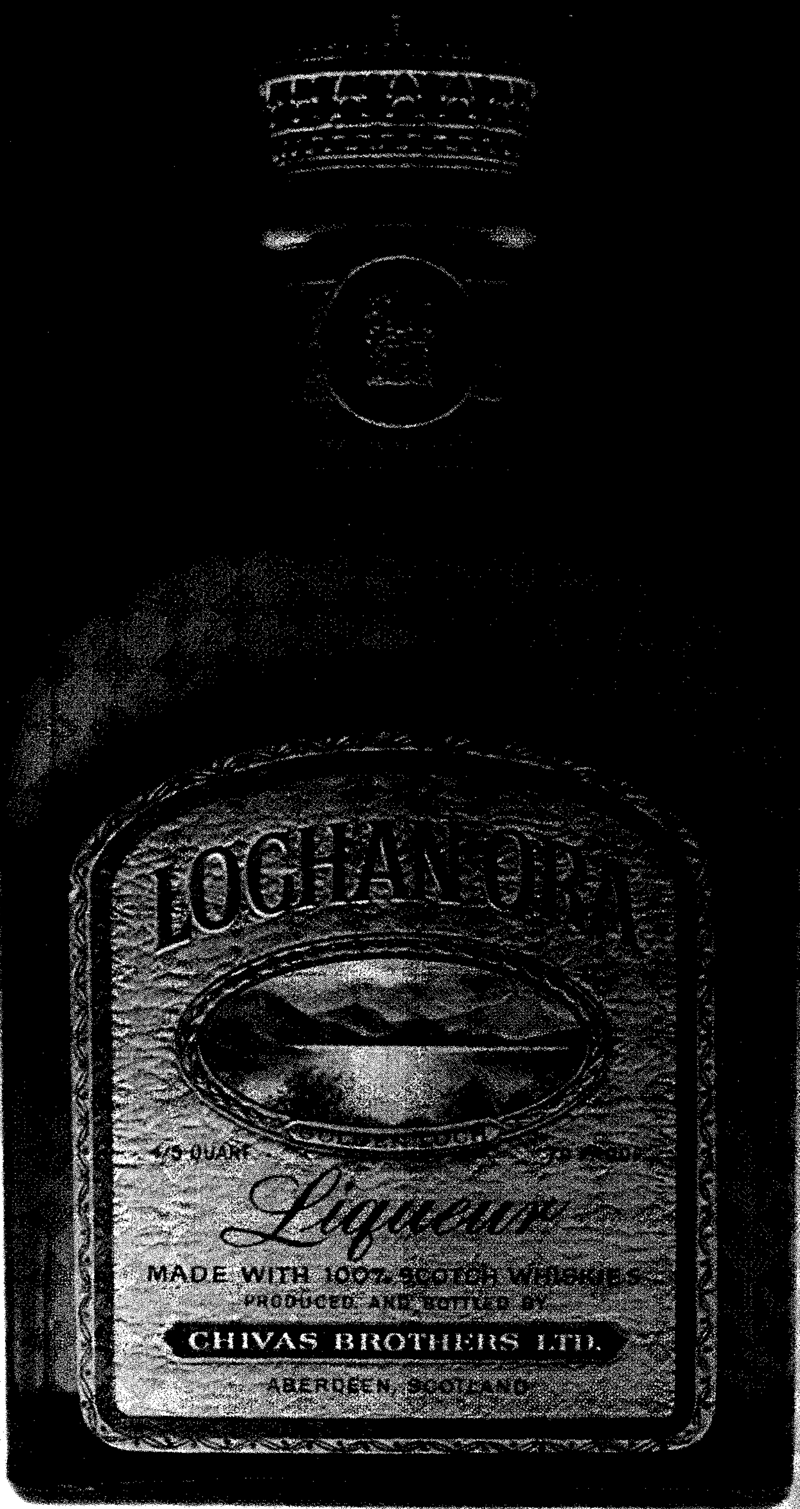
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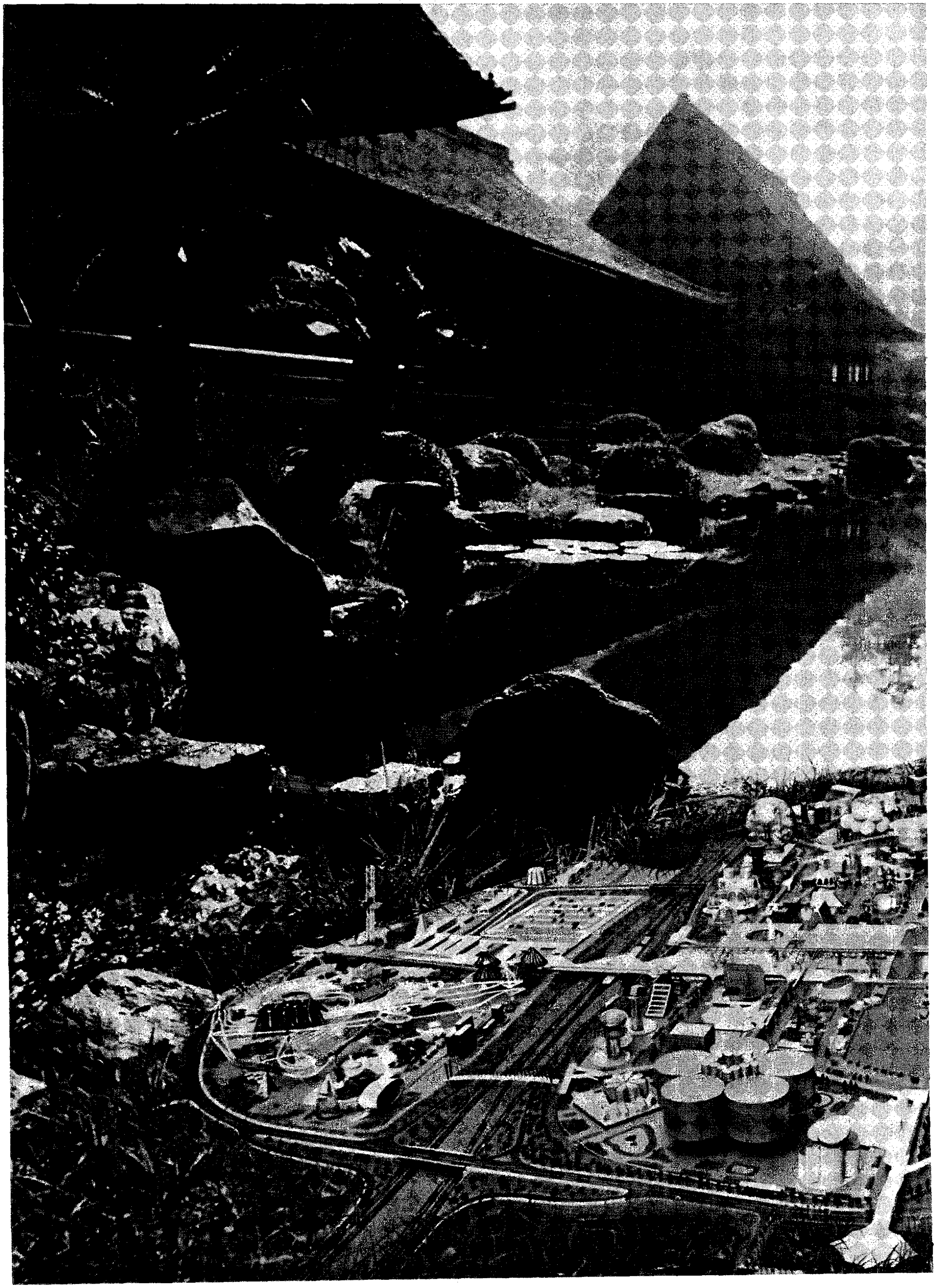

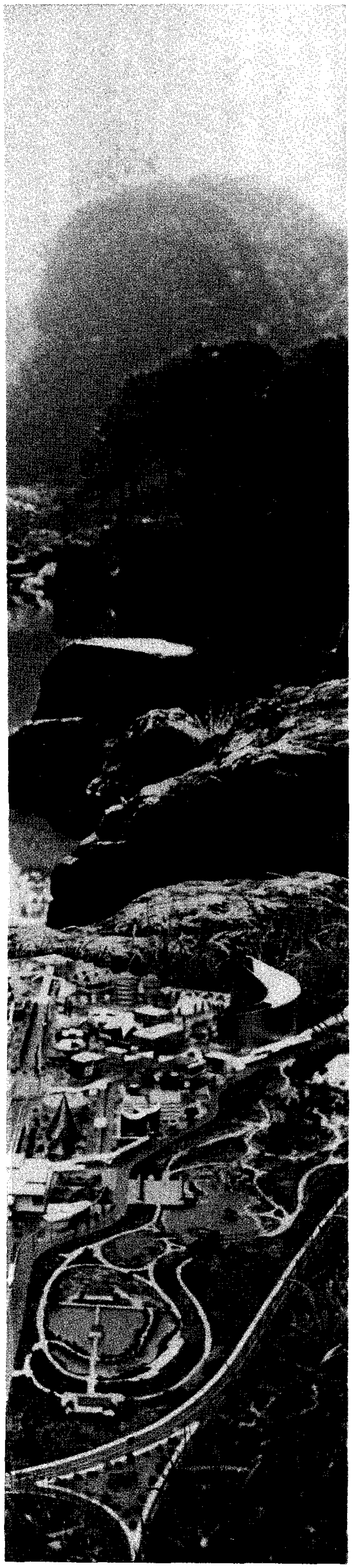

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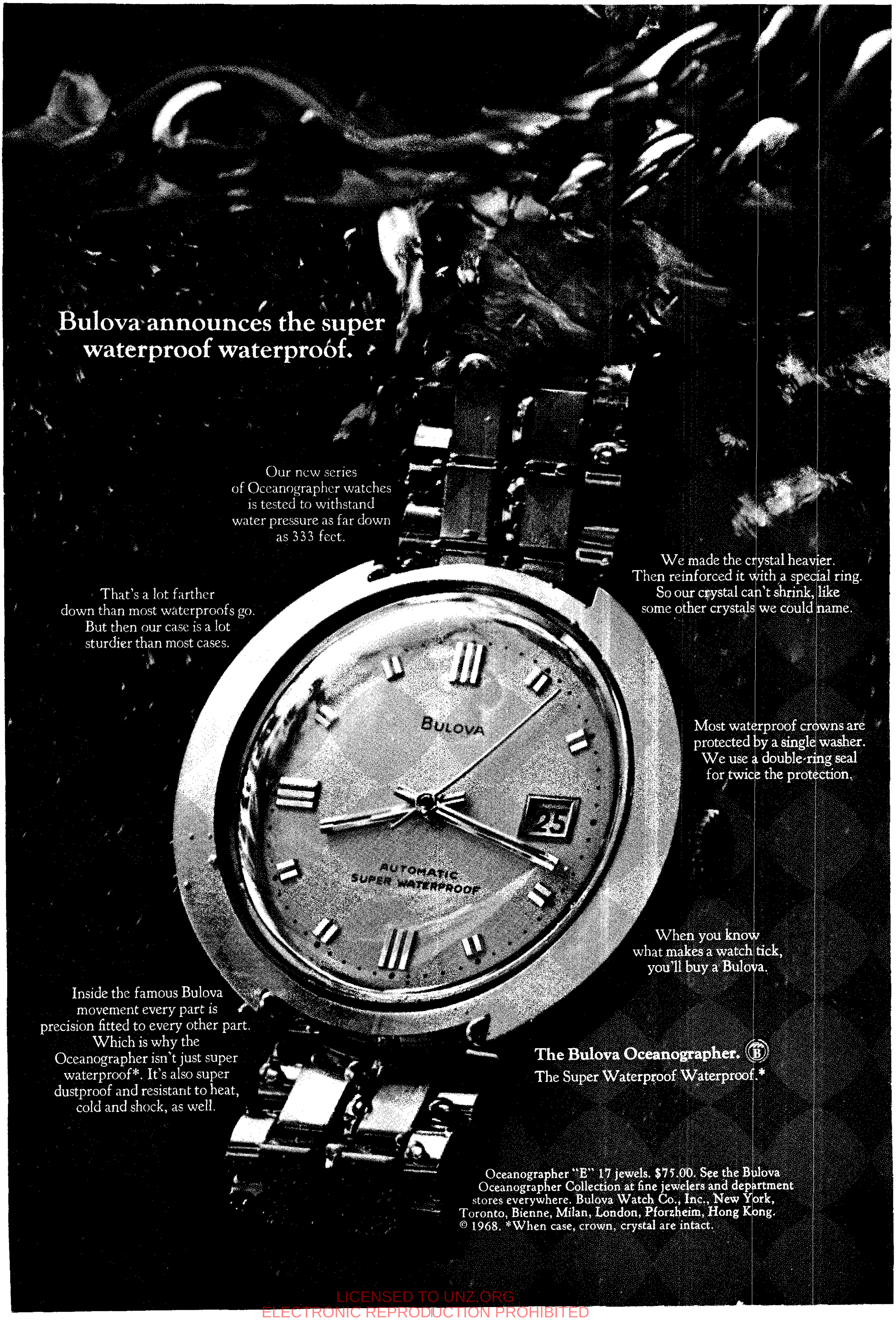

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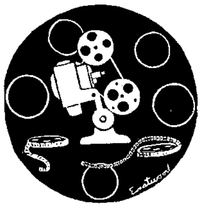
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Missing West



As the hero in the new Western "Shalako," Sean Connery is tough and realistic, like the Clark Gable hero figure but smarter and smoother—somewhat less fatuous. He's reminiscent of Gable, but, like Charlton Heston, he plays heroes the way most actors play villains—scowling and sullen and insolent, not so much the good guy as the rugged superman casually contemptuous of the amenities observed by mere good guys. It's ironic that the actor who quit playing James Bond, presumably in order to act, should turn up in a Western genre movie playing a strong, silent hero; he has more presence and style (even in his indifference) than the picture deserves. "Shalako" is one of those movies in which the hero must be a man of few words because if he ever explained anything to the other characters they wouldn't get into the trouble they get into that he has to get them out of, and there wouldn't be a movie. There isn't much of one anyway. The story is about a group of European aristocrats on safari in New Mexico Territory in the eighteen-eighties; it's one of those tidy jobs carefully rigged so that the bad people and the expendable servants get killed off by the Indians and each other, the half-bad people reform, and the good ride away into the bright future. Since the punishment of vice and the triumph of virtue are not terribly popular in movies these days, the director, Edward Dmytryk, has soft-pedalled the plot and the way it parses, but since he's not much of a director, the antique morality and the oddly assorted cast give "Shalako" its only diverting moments. It should be fun—something on the order of "King Solomon's Mines" or of that classic stinker "The Naked Jungle"—but it doesn't have enough style even to be a good stinker, though some of the actors (Peter Van Eyck and Jack Hawkins particularly) stick to the conventions of their roles and act away as if they thought this was a movie made by people who cared. Actors working at performances are touching—almost anachronistic—in this kind of package-deal movie. Through the insanities of casting for the international market, Brigitte Bardot is a countess, delicately wringing her hands while Connery fights an Apache (Woody Strode in disguise). What a waste of the most appealing slutty gamine on the screen, now that Marilyn Monroe is gone. And Bardot looks rather miserable most of the time, as Monroe did, too, when she didn't know what to do—and Monroe was never asked to play anyone "highborn." Bardot was charming in "Viva Maria," which was also a period Western, but there she had a good director to guide her; Dmytryk doesn't even try to bring out her comic sparkle. The girl who set the style for modern girls to look like amoral teen-age whores is cast as an aristocrat with a "code" and left stranded on the screen with her smudged, pouty mouth open and the dark roots showing in her yellow hair.

The term "Western" carries something of a guarantee that a picture will have relaxingly stereotyped characters, some simple story values, some traces of folklore, and, of course, the epic beauty of the West. Westerns are of limited intellectual interest, but they're rarely pretentious, and even when they're bad there's the fun of being able to compare one to others like it; they may provide the best training in aesthetics that American kids get. We kept going to them because we knew that we could count on something—that even if the director was not a master of the genre, even if he wasn't any good at all, even if the script was bad and the acting terrible, even if *all* else failed, we still had the natural grandeur of the Western backgrounds. But "Shalako" was made in Spain; the color, the light, the sky, the mountains, the rocks of the fort walls—everything is so close and yet so subtly off. This doesn't bother one in Italian Westerns, because they are a genre unto themselves—totally unlike our Westerns in feeling and attitude and design. But in "Shalako," which is basically a standard Western, it is disorienting; everything is somehow bleached out. The Western is not, after all, merely a genre; it's a tradition. There wasn't much left of it, but there was still the West; even that is gone from this Western. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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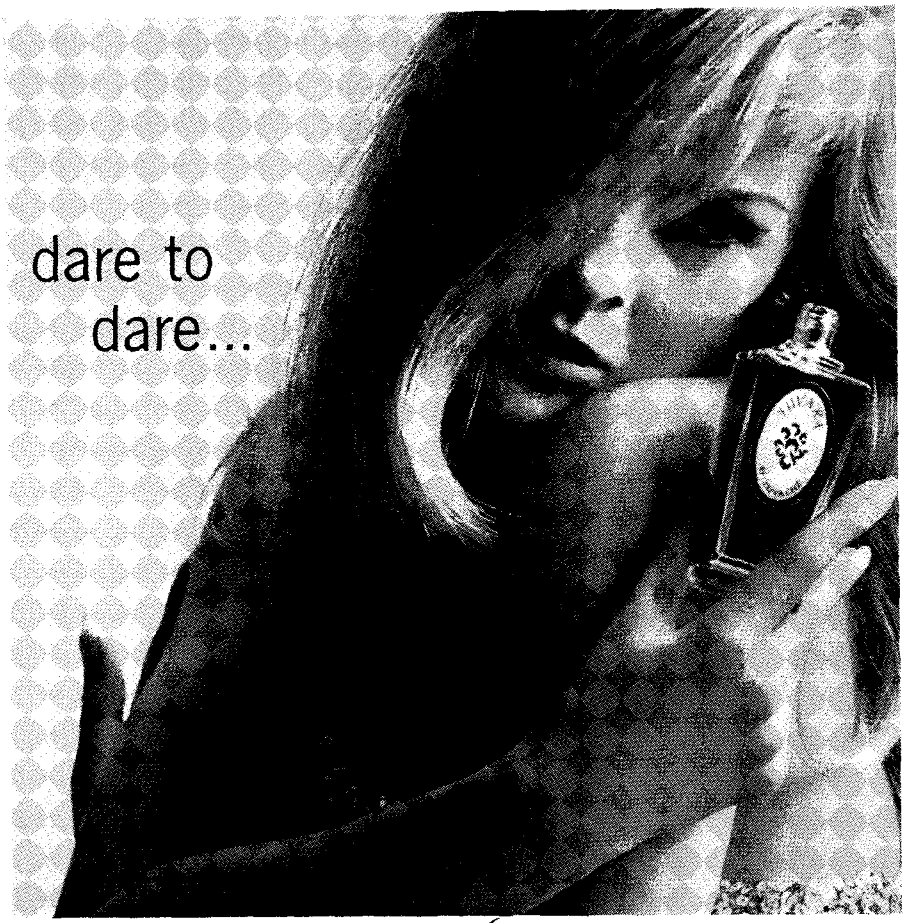
MUSICAL EVENTS

Stylish Barber

A QUITE delightful performance of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday night. Cyril Ritchard's staging, somewhat modified and, I think, improved by Patrick Tavernia, kept everything bubbling with humor. The conductor was Richard Bonynge, and although the orchestra did not sound as crisp as it sometimes does, the singers were given ample leeway for ornaments and rubatos. The cast was about as good a one as you could assemble today. The Peruvian tenor Luigi Alva has enough elasticity of voice to sing Count Almaviva's *fioritura* with reasonable accuracy. Fernando Corena was very funny as Dr. Bartolo (he has, of course, been a very funny Dr. Bartolo for many years). Giorgio Tozzi, as Don Basilio, used his spectacular low notes humorously, though the humor did not conceal their magnificent sonority, and his characterization of the sleazy music master was amusing indeed. Shirley Love did her third-act bit as the Housekeeper excellently. Mario Sereni, who is afflicted with unevenness of power in different parts of his range, chose to use power where the power is. He moves well on the stage, however, and his Figaro was altogether a convincing portrayal. But the singer who made it a delightful rather than merely an acceptable "Barbiere" was the Spanish mezzo-soprano Teresa Berganza, an attractive little woman with a superbly controlled coloratura mezzo voice that took all Rossini's hurdles with *élan* and perfect marksmanship. Miss Berganza is the ideal Rosina. The low character of her voice lends a gentle quality to the *fioritura,* which often sounds overbrilliant and strained when it comes from the throat of the usual coloratura soprano cast in this role. Her sense of musical emphasis and her talents as an actress are also out of the ordinary. Taken as a whole, this was a "Barbiere" with style, and the most stylish singer in it was Miss Berganza. This point is rather important, for "Il Barbiere" is a fragile affair that can become a great bore if it isn't beautifully done.

I HAVE often mentioned weaknesses in the present policy of the Met: its near total incompetence in the production and performance of French opera; its lack of eminent conductors, except when Karajan or Böhm makes a brief appearance; its woeful neglect of Wagner's Ring, which even now is being brought to us not by the Met but in packaged form from Salzburg; its unwillingness to venture into the unusual even within the standard repertory—to operas, say, like "The Bartered Bride" and "Louise." Mr. Bing would probably say that there is not a great Louise available. Well, the great Louises, as far as I can remember, have all been Americans (Garden, Moore, etc.). Germany, Austria, and Italy simply do not produce them, and neither, for that matter, does France, so a company that does not search for, and assiduously nurture, American singers is not likely to find one. There is a potentially great Louise around, as a matter of fact, but she works for a different outfit. She is Beverly Sills. Nevertheless, having said all these things, one must give the Metropolitan credit for one accomplishment. It has, under Mr. Bing, retained and even expanded its reputation as a great Verdi house. I was reminded of this last Wednesday night when I attended a performance of "Simon Boccanegra." This was not a special "Simon Boccanegra"—just a regular, run-of-the-Metropolitan one that I happened to drop in on because nothing else that night attracted me. But it was a good one. The old Margaret Webster staging, painstakingly restored by Nikolaus Lehnhoff, still held up well, and moved to a point of high drama in the Council Chamber scene. The Frederick Fox scenery is still effective. The conductor was Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, an experienced and judicious one, if not terrifically exciting. The male part of the cast was almost uniformly fine, and one singer in it was even finer. This was Nicolai Ghiaurov, whose singing as Fiesco was a noble example of the basso's art. Cornell MacNeil made an excellent Boccanegra—belligerent, passionate, and finally resigned to his fate. Bruno Prevedi sang well as Gabriele Adorno, with a top register that, for once, did not sound strangled. Sherrill Milnes and Paul Plishka made exceedingly good impressions as Paolo and Pietro, respectively, and even the bit parts done by Ann Florio and Rod MacWherter were entirely acceptable. Milka Stojanovic, a Milanov pupil, who was doing Amelia for the first time, offered some food for analysis. She is nice-looking and her voice is a very large one. It is, however, lacking in color and is slightly insecure in the upper register. In the Council Chamber scene, she barely began an important trill and then thought better of it, choosing to sing a plain, unadorned note instead. She is quite young, and, in view of the power of her voice, may be expected to develop into an important singer. But at the moment hers is a voice almost without sensuous appeal.

A GREAT lieder singer need not have a voice that is beautiful by operatic standards. Indeed, there have been several great lieder singers of the past who had hardly any voices at all. But the form makes enormous demands of another kind. "Lied" is translated in most dictionaries simply as "song," but the German lied, or "art song," is almost as special as a Japanese haiku. It contains a few moments of distilled drama or emotion, and to project it properly a singer of vast sensitivity is required. Lotte Lehmann was a great lieder singer. So, curiously, was Lauritz Melchior, though he didn't sing lieder often. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is regarded by many as a great lieder singer. But to me she is much too mannered a vocalist, every phrase she sings exhibiting an obvious consciousness of sophisticated style. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is at present the prince of lieder singers, and he has a voice that is beautiful in the upper register but just a bit less beautiful elsewhere. I have heard him several times in opera, in which he makes a not overwhelmingly distinguished impression. But in the art of the lied he is, as far as I know, unsurpassed. What are the qualities that make him a great lieder singer? For one, the appearance of absolute sincerity that such delicate, heartfelt communications demand. For another, great personal charm. And there are still other qualities: musical style, or the deep feeling for proper stress in a phrase; control of mood, so that the mawkish is avoided and yet the sentiment remains; expressiveness of voice, so that a large gamut of emotion, if not of pure vocalism, can be communicated; dramatic feeling and taste in the use of it, so that a sense of excitement inherent in the text can be transmitted to the audience, while the singer always maintains complete control over his own excitement. And then there is intelligence, both of the special musical variety and of the variety that is gen-



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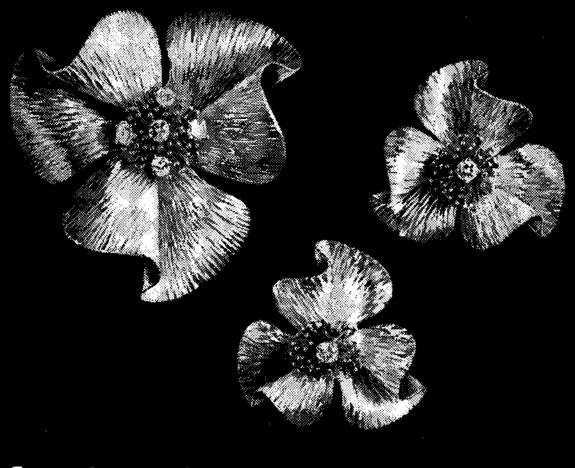

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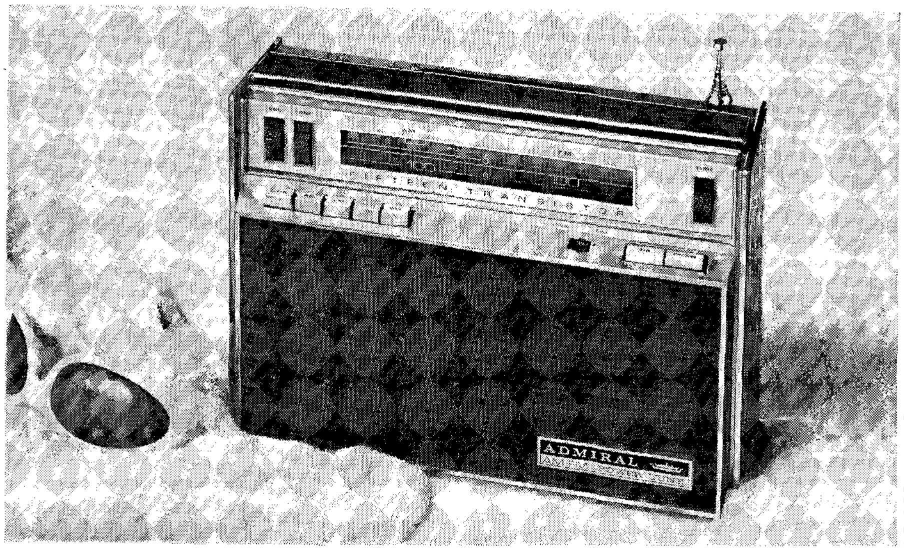
erally understood by the term. All these qualities, then, are possessed by Mr. Fischer-Dieskau, and his artful use of them has made him almost a cult object among many discerning concert-goers. To add to this, he is very young, as lieder singers go, and his voice has a youthful bloom to it, though, as I have remarked, its lower register is not the world's most naturally beautiful.

Last Friday night, at a benefit recital for the United Nations Children's Fund in Philharmonic Hall, Mr. Fischer-Dieskau sang a program of lieder by Gustav Mahler accompanied by no less an artist than Leonard Bernstein. The program included some items that are not very often heard, among them the Fantasie and Serenade, to words from Tirso de Molina's "Don Juan," the song entitled simply "Nicht Wiedersehen!," and "Frühlingsmorgen" (it is remarkable how melancholy the melancholy Mahler can be, even on a bright spring morning). The "Lieder Eines *Fahrenden* Gesellen," *from* which a motive or two were taken later for the Fourth Symphony, and which are certainly among Mahler's most haunting works, were also performed, along with some of the less typically Mahleresque "Knaben Wunderhorn" songs. The program ended with the unforgettable songs to texts by Rückert, including the lovely "Ich Atmet Einen Linden Duft" and "Ich Bin der Welt Abhanden Gekommen," with its premonitions of "Das Lied von der Erde." The effect of Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's singing was almost hypnotic, and the accompaniments provided by Mr. Bernstein were always sensitive. During the intermission, Harriett Johnson, the mu-



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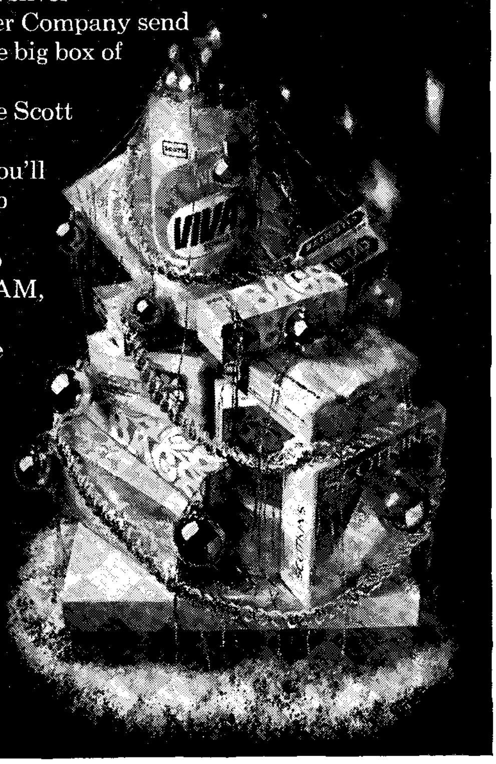

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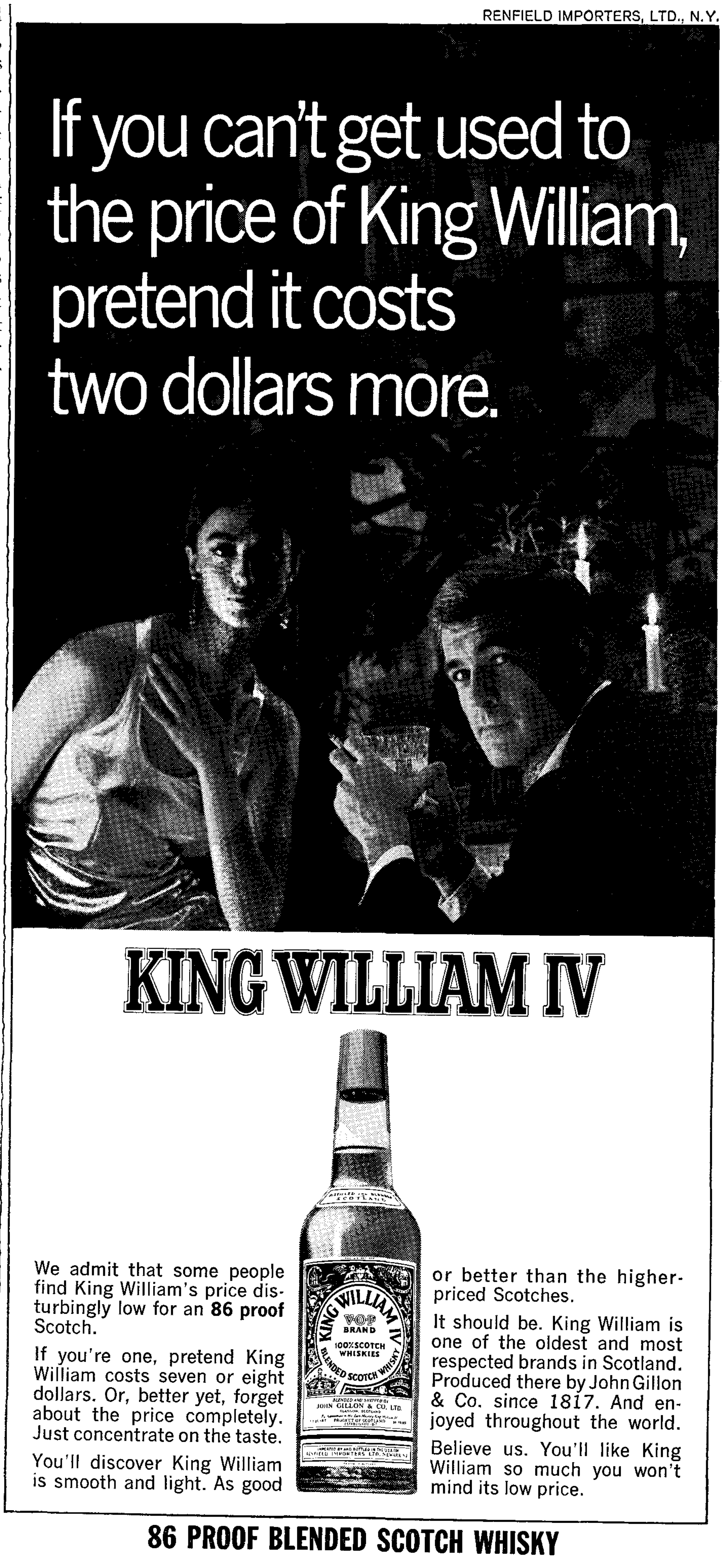
SCOTT

sic critic of the New York *Post* and something of an authority on the voice, confirmed my impression of the obvious difference in purity between Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's lower and upper registers, and suggested to me that the singer, who has always thought of himself as a baritone, might actually be an undeveloped *Heldentenor* (a type of voice that usually starts as a baritone). Well, heaven knows we could use one, and such a development, if it really is possible, would not interfere in the least with Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's prowess at the sort of thing we heard the other night. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Up from the Meadow

COLUMBIA has recently put out a digest of a two-and-a-half-hour concert that Barbra Streisand, accompanied by an orchestra, gave a year ago last June in Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Called "A Happening in Central Park," this long-playing record presents us with about a third of the affair, which was attended by well over a hundred thousand persons (estimates range from an official figure of a hundred and twenty-eight thousand to an unofficial one of a hundred and forty-seven thousand), and which was shown on television a few weeks ago. It stands alone among Streisand recordings as the first to give us the singer in public performance and—more important—before a public made up not necessarily of theatregoers or followers of the performer but of city people taking advantage of a free attraction in pleasant surroundings, and not, therefore, apt to cavil at the less than concert-hall conditions. (All Miss Streisand's other recordings have been made in the studio. She has appeared elsewhere in outdoor concerts, of course, but never before in a free one, and the recorded results, if any, have not been placed on the market.) There is to be found here, then, a prevailingly sunny atmosphere—a striking rapport established that evening between a young star, not yet at her zenith, and a festive audience of almost unprecedented size. We sense, in addition to all the familiar skill exercised in a Streisand song recital, an air of excitement about the occasion that manifests itself not only in the response from all those people out there on the grass but in the delight of the soloist. There is always in Miss Streisand's work a feeling of burning desire coupled with accomplishment (and to a great degree responsible for it), and a constant sense of triumph in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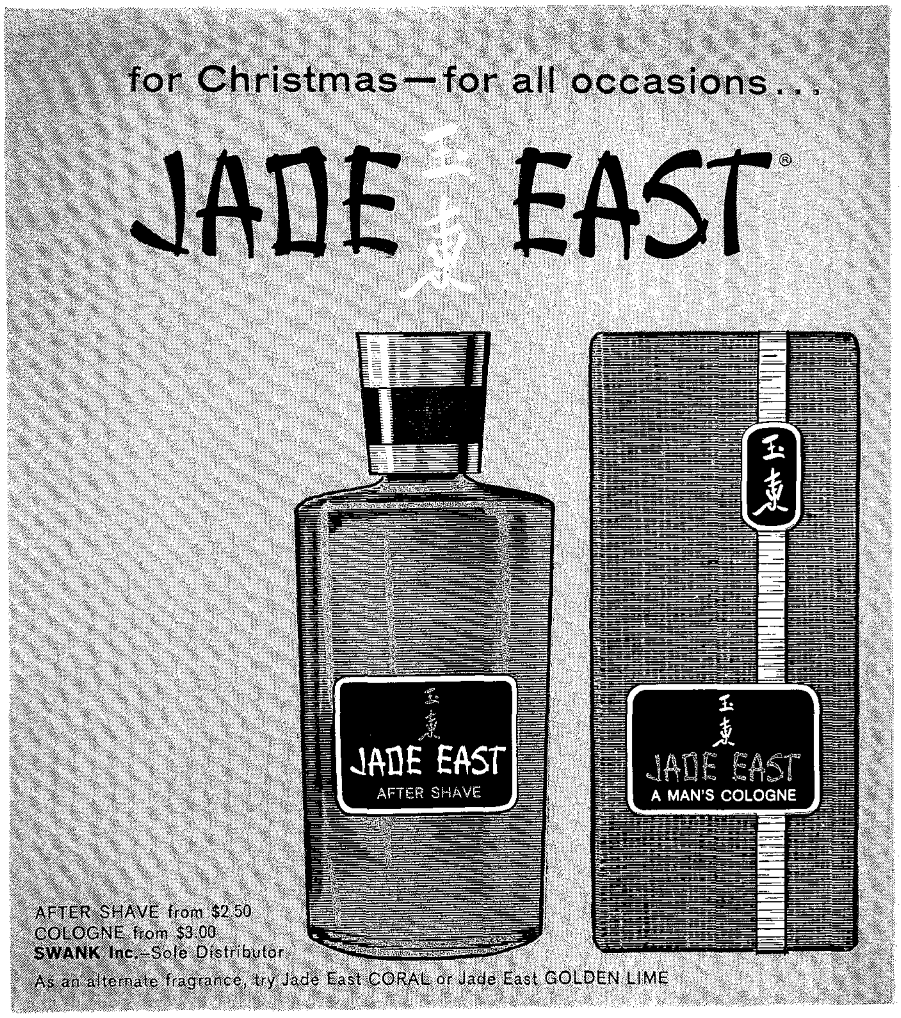

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which gloating is barely avoided, but in this recording there is an added feeling of exultation disarmingly accompanied by a modesty that produces little "umm"s as, in asides to the audience, she fishes for the right word time and again. There is joy in the air.

The songs, most of which Miss Streisand has recorded before, serve to remind us again of her unhackneyed approach to a recital. This one includes her "Funny Girl" hit "People;" "I'm in Love with Harold Menger," from an Off Broadway revue she appeared in several years ago, and which, incidentally, is led into by a somewhat corny but engagingly delivered nonsense story; "I Can See It," a seldom encountered item from "The Fantasticks," which serves as her opener; "Silent Night;" "Second Hand Rose;" Oscar Brown, Jr.'s, affecting "Love Is Like a Newborn Child;" a few other things, "Cry Me a River" among them; and, for a finish, her largo rendition of "Happy Days Are Here Again." The orchestra, which is not identified, is a large and thoroughly professional one playing tailor-made arrangements.

Another new Streisand recording—Columbia's release of the soundtrack of the film "Funny Girl"—is even more of a solo performance than the show recording was, but differs considerably from its predecessor, largely because the production numbers from the Broadway musical have been altered or, in a few instances, dropped altogether to be supplanted by others. Thus, the emerging Fanny Brice, for her audition at Keeney's Dance Hall, starts out not with "Cornet Man" but with a "Roller Skate Rag," evidently to demonstrate her clownishness, and then, to test her voice, goes into that old but appropriate chestnut "I'd Rather Be Blue Thinking of You (Than Be Happy with Somebody Else)," a piece, it so happens, that the late Billy Rose, Miss Brice's second husband, had a hand in writing. And just before the finale there are two very effective choruses of "My Man," a song that would have served nicely in the show, too, except that, as luck would have it, it was not the work of Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, the team exclusively responsible for the Broadway score. The Styne-Merrill show tunes that have been dropped along the line include the torch ballad "His Is the Only Music That Makes Me Dance," and the new ones include a "Swan Lake" parody and an agreeable enough title song, obviously replacing that "Dance" one. That's one major difference. Another is the orchestra, which, in place of the characteristically puny and brassy pit ensemble playing forthright show arrangements, is a large body with plenty of strings and is given a good many moody passages to underscore the kind of intimate, closeup scenes only the camera is capable of. And, lastly, a greater subtlety in the star's work is manifest throughout—even in such a spoken throwaway line as "I drink it all day," in answer to Nicky Arnstein's courtship ploy, "A bit of pâté?" Speaking of Arnstein, his one musical challenge, in the duet "You Are Woman (I Am Man)," is met timidly but without mishap by Omar Sharif. Cast albums, whether from stage shows or films, seem to appeal mostly to two sets of people—those who are unable to catch the full entertainment and can experience it partially in this manner, and those who have seen it and want to relive pleasurable moments. For the rest of us, the musical bridges that are meant to accompany significant bits of action can be something of a trial.

A FEW other long-playing records have caught my attention lately, and they are listed here:

THE BELIEVERS (Victor). This is an altogether different kind of original-cast show album—a recording of the musical thread, and some of the dialogue, from the current Off Broadway production of the same name. Subtitled "The Black Experience in Song," it confronts us with a remarkably versatile mixed chorus of thirteen voices—its material beautifully arranged by its musical director, Brooks Alexander—in a sampling of Negro songs, from traditional African chants through nineteenth-century America to the present. Work songs and church songs take up the greater part of the first side. On the second we have moved, perhaps a bit too abruptly, to the city, where we progress from the blues to outcries about current issues.

THE SINGLE MAN (Victor). Rod McKuen, accompanied by orchestra, sings and reads from his own works. This is only the latest example in a spate of McKuen recordings that have appeared during the past few years, but it happens to be the first I have heard with text by McKuen, whose published poetry has also been getting a good deal of play. A man with a husky voice startlingly reminiscent of Nelson Rockefeller's under pressure, he delivers plain-talk

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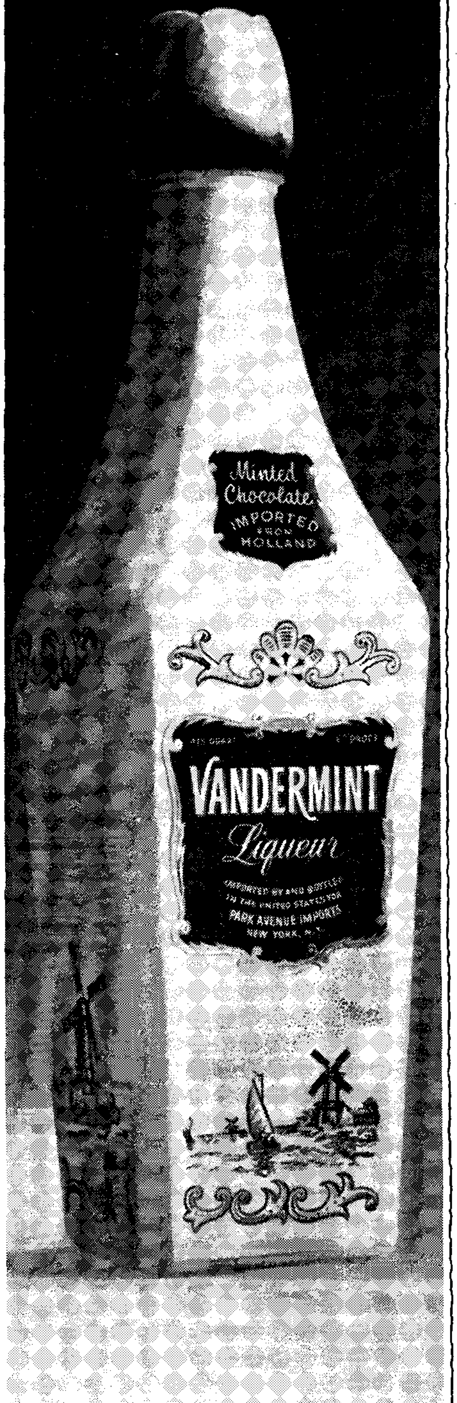
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snippets of poetry, just this side of doggerel, that express the point of view of the loner, habitually on the sad side of things. His influences appear to be several: Alec Wilder, for one; the French songwriters, whose zip, even when in mournful exchange, McKuen eschews; and others (the one standard-type song here, "I Never Go There Anymore," is uncomfortably close, musically, and in sentiment, too, to the Cy Coleman-Joseph McCarthy ballad "Why Try to Change Me Now?").

SANDLER AND YOUNG (Capitol). A personable and musically adept (that's the secret) vocal duo, Tony Sandler and Ralph Young are currently represented by two long-playing records—"The In-Person Album," taken down during one of their night-club forays, and "The Christmas World of Tony Sandler and Ralph Young," which was studio turned. The former, though marred a bit by shrewd maneuvers to keep the hedonists in tow, is both lively and engaging. The two men's voices, both baritones—with Young's the heavier of the two—blend admirably in such pieces as "Watch What Happens," "Mr. Boom Boom," "Malagueña Salerosa," and "Love Is Blue." The entire second half is given over to "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey" (with patter) as it might be interpreted in various other lands and, finally, here. The Christmas songs on the other record, almost all of them standard holiday items, are done without comment but with some original touches. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

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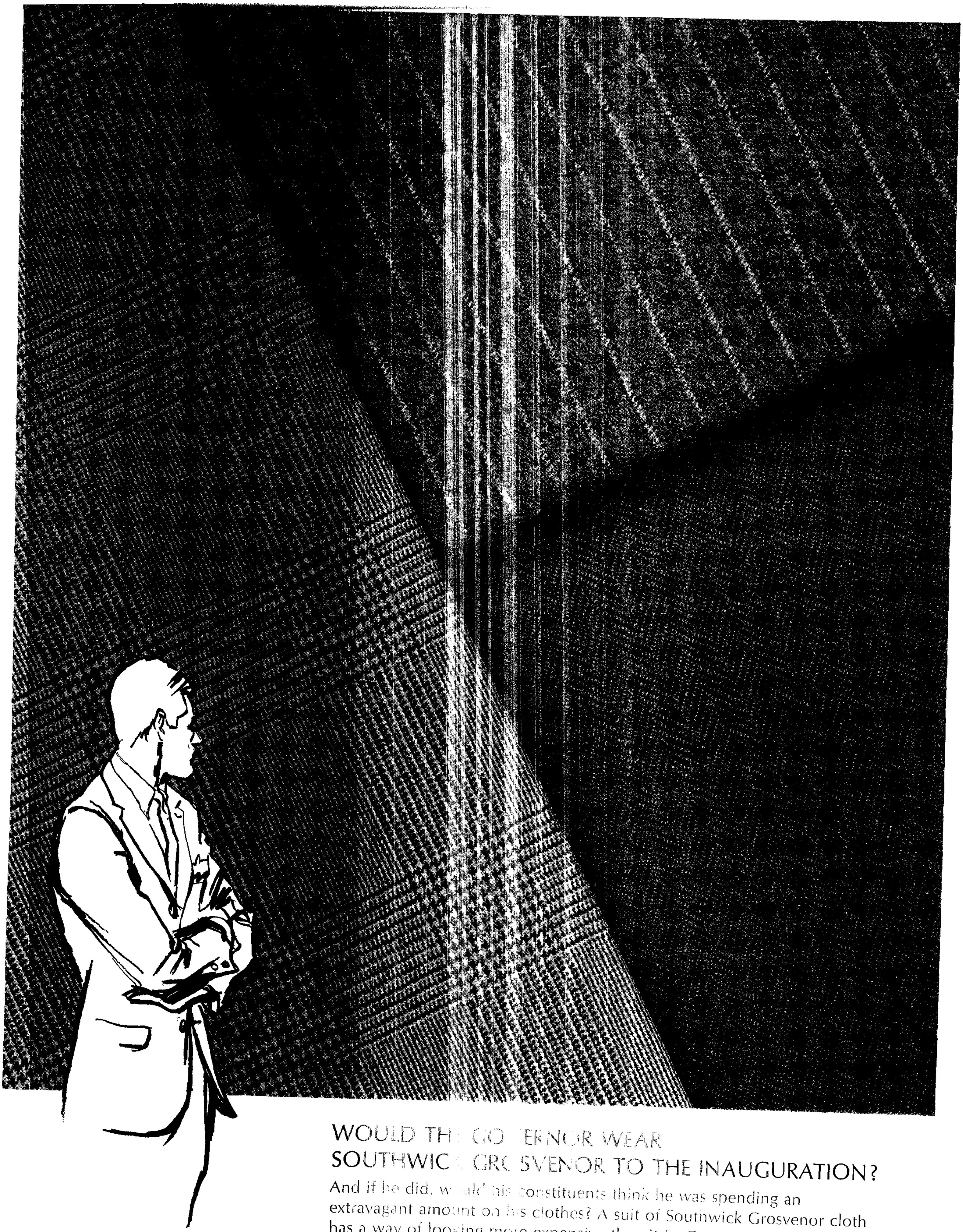

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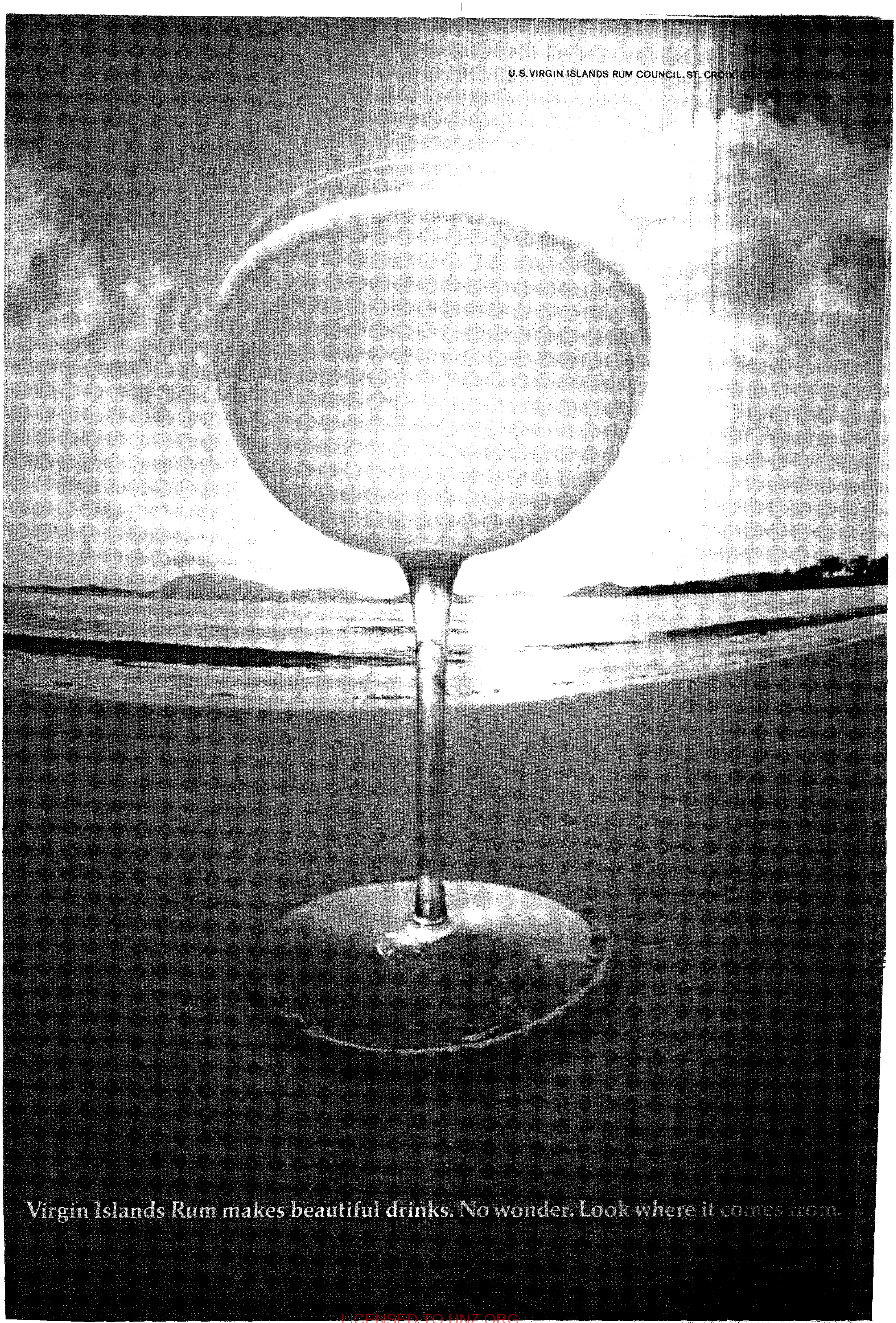
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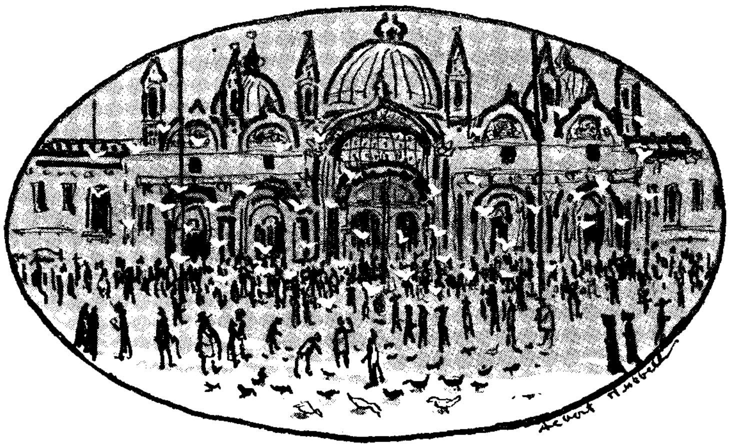

THE first week in November has become an unlucky one for Venice. Three times in three years, the Adriatic tides have invaded the city, putting the Piazza San Marco under several feet of water and irreparably damaging some of Venice's monuments. Last week, the level of the water over the Piazza rose to four feet. Venetians are quite accustomed to minor attacks of such *acqua alta*, which, in the spring and fall, frequently invade the lower floors of houses and submerge the famous square under a foot or so. But the floods of this and the past two Novembers have been of such proportions that the oldest inhabitants do not remember anything comparable, and Venetians are now seriously worried about the future of their city. The worst of these catastrophes was the *acqua alta* of November 4, 1966, when the Piazza was flooded to a height of five feet, with huge waves beating against the side of the Basilica San Marco. Torrential rains all over Italy—the same ones that caused the vast damage in Florence—combined with high tides in the Adriatic, low atmospheric pressure, and a savage south wind, and the great *murazzi*, the walls that were built two hundred years ago along the sandbars that divide the Venetian lagoon from the sea to protect the city, were broken through in many places, their big slabs of stone tossed about like children's blocks. The sea poured over them and on through the lagoon into the heart of the city. The first abnormally high tide had reached its crest at ten o'clock the preceding evening, and the Venetians, having hoisted everything movable to the second floors of their houses, awaited the ebb, which, according to the natural law of the area, should have taken place before five in the morning, leaving Venice its fairly normal self. But the water ebbed only slightly. As people watched nervously from upper windows, a second high tide was piled on top of the first. The south wind was driving the outgoing sea back into the lagoon. By noon, Venice was deluged. Telephones and electric power were out. Only transistor radios remained as links with the mainland. At 6 P.M., by which time the tide again should have ebbed, it was rising instead. Islands in the lagoon, such as Burano and Sant' Erasmo, from which the inhabitants had been evacuated, were under thirteen feet in places and were being buffeted by a savage sea. About 9 P.M., the tide began to subside. Then it subsided as suddenly as if somebody had pulled the stopper from a gigantic washbowl. With it went furniture, books from libraries, merchandise from the shelves of the city's shops, craftsmen's workbenches, goods from warehouses, and the remains of the ground-floor heating systems (usually stoves whose flues extend through upper floors) used by the Venetians in winter. Worse, the retreating tide tore at the already shaky foundations of the city. People came out with candles and flashlights to examine what they could of the devastation, and then those who still had beds went to bed, while others, not so lucky, remained awake, shivering and waiting for dawn.

Next day, the Venetians began to take stock of the damage. It was worse than anything that had happened in the many wars Venice has been involved in. The damage to paintings was not as spectacular as that suffered in Florence at the same time, but this was only because most paintings in Venice have always been hung high on walls, in anticipation of just such disasters. However, Venice itself is a work of art—"mankind's most beautiful artifact," Bernard Berenson once called it—and the damage to columns, church and palace interiors and exteriors, ground-floor sculpture, and so on, was obvious to any eye. Dr. Francesco Valcanover, superintendent of the Galleries and Works of Art of the Veneto Region and the man in over-all charge of Venice's painting and sculpture, said, "In thirty-six hours Venice aged a hundred years." And, needless to say, the economic damage was also staggering—although, unlike the artistic damage, it was reparable.

In the case of some of the artistic damage, the big flood—or "the long night," or simply "*il quattro Novembre*," as Venetians call it—had caused a sudden acceleration of a process that had been going on for centuries. The crumbling of the stones of Venice is nothing new. Statuary has been affected over a long time. Gradually, the wings of marble angels and the fingers of marble heroes have been chipped at; marble altars and walls have been slowly disintegrating. There is hardly a church or a palace in the city that does not show scars left by close contact with the water. Venice has been at war with the Adriatic since she was founded, in the early Middle Ages, and will continue to be at war as long as she exists. The delicate balance of tidal movements necessary for her normal existence has for centuries been carefully studied and, for the most part, controlled. High tide is ordinarily about two feet above low tide. That is what makes possible the easy relation of the gondola and the vaporetto to the street, and also to the myriad Venetian bridges. Any change in this subtle proportion results in severe trouble of one sort or another.

Following the disaster of 1966, the people of Venice began to ask questions about the future, and since the Venetians are an argumentative lot, the questions and the answers to them tended to become hotly debated political issues. They have remained so to the present day. On a recent visit, I saw a sign, made by protesting students at the Accademia, that put the blame for the whole phenomenon of *acqua alta* squarely on the capitalist system. This reflects an extreme point of view, perhaps, but it is one ingredient in the general Venetian malaise over what is happening to the city.

Not long after the 1966 catastrophe, a survey of Venice's history was undertaken in order to determine how often the city had been deluged by the sort of *acqua alta* that occurred during "the long night." The survey disclosed that never before had the Venetians recorded a flood on a similar scale. But it also disclosed something else: Through the centuries, high water had been a fairly common phenomenon, sometimes occurring once or twice a year and sometimes skipping several years at a time, *until the nineteen-thirties*. After that, there had been a marked increase in the frequency of such events, and since 1958 *acqua alta*, though it did not reach the proportions it reached on "the long night," had flooded Venetian streets and piazzas as often as five or six times a year, rather than once or twice or not at all, as had been the rule. The Venetians greeted the results of this survey with foreboding. The increased frequency of the floods might be attributable to various natural causes, but many citizens pointed out that the completion of large landfills near the mainland, for industrial purposes, had exactly coincided with the great increase in the frequency of *acqua alta*. Might there not be a connection? No Venetian, of course, has any illusions about the effectiveness of the *murazzi* in keeping the increased water levels out of Venice. The old walls were designed merely to blunt the heavier onslaughts of the sea. Nevertheless, Venice is still asking questions. Why had the *murazzi* been so severely damaged that Venice was left open to further attacks from the Adriatic? As an emergency measure after the 1966 flood, they were propped up with huge agglomerations of stone held together by wire netting, and this year brand-new *murazzi* are being erected. (Also, flood-warning sirens have been installed at the Church of the Frari, as well as on the island of San Giorgio and elsewhere. Last week, their signals gave the Venetians time to save most of their possessions.) The new walls are made of stone from the foothills of the Alps, and they look bright and strong. But the Venetians are suspicious of them. Are they planted deep enough, or will the sea simply undermine them? Venetians have had some experience with the stone in question and have found that it flakes easily. The disaster has also revived questions about Venice and her future that have been smoldering for years. Should Venice be content to rot away as an aging summer museum for tourists? Shouldn't it be a reasonably modern city, capable of growth and industrial activity? Shouldn't it be useful as well as ornamental? Such questions have been on the Venetian mind for a long time, and for the Venetians, who prefer talking

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to acting, the great catastrophe has intensified a mood of dismal speculation.

THE peculiar interaction of Venice and the Adriatic has its benign aspects as well as its terrifying ones. Venice has no sewage system. The tide, flowing in and out in a regular twelve-hour cycle (six hours in, six hours out), sweeps the canals reasonably clear of human waste. Thus, the Adriatic, though sometimes a fearsome enemy, is also a friendly necessity to the life of the city. The tide pours into the lagoon and out of it through three entrances in the surrounding sandbars—the Lido entrance, just to the northeast of the city; the Malamocco entrance, somewhat to the south; and the Chioggia entrance, fifteen miles away, at the extreme southern end of the lagoon. Curiously, the tide reaches these three entrances at precisely the same time, and the waters from the three do not mingle to any appreciable extent; instead, each entrance serves a separate basin in the lagoon, which it regularly fills and drains. Venetians speak of the lagoon, almost mystically, as a three-lobed lung that lets Venice "breathe" the tides of the Adriatic, and any tampering with the channels or land masses in the lagoon is looked on with extreme suspicion, as a possible threat to the delicate balance of the beneficent tide levels.

Precise studies of the nature of the lagoon go back as far as the fifteenth century, and the control of its normal behavior has been one of the most essential of Venetian skills since the birth of the city. Normally, Venice should not be subject to tides of disastrous magnitude—or so it was thought up to the time of "the long night." But many things have happened since the old laws of tidal behavior were formulated. For one, there is the emergence of Venice as a huge modern port, now Italy's third largest and until recently its second largest. (The creation a few years ago of a big petroleum port at Augusta, north of Syracuse, in Sicily, has made the difference. The largest port is still Genoa. Naples is fourth.) Another factor is that the mainland district behind Venice—which includes the city of Mestre and the enormous industrial district and harbor of Marghera, each much larger than Venice in area, and the former much larger in population—has become one of Italy's great manufacturing zones, with big oil refineries, a big aluminum factory, and several chemical plants, all of which pollute the Venetian air just as such things pollute the air of other modern

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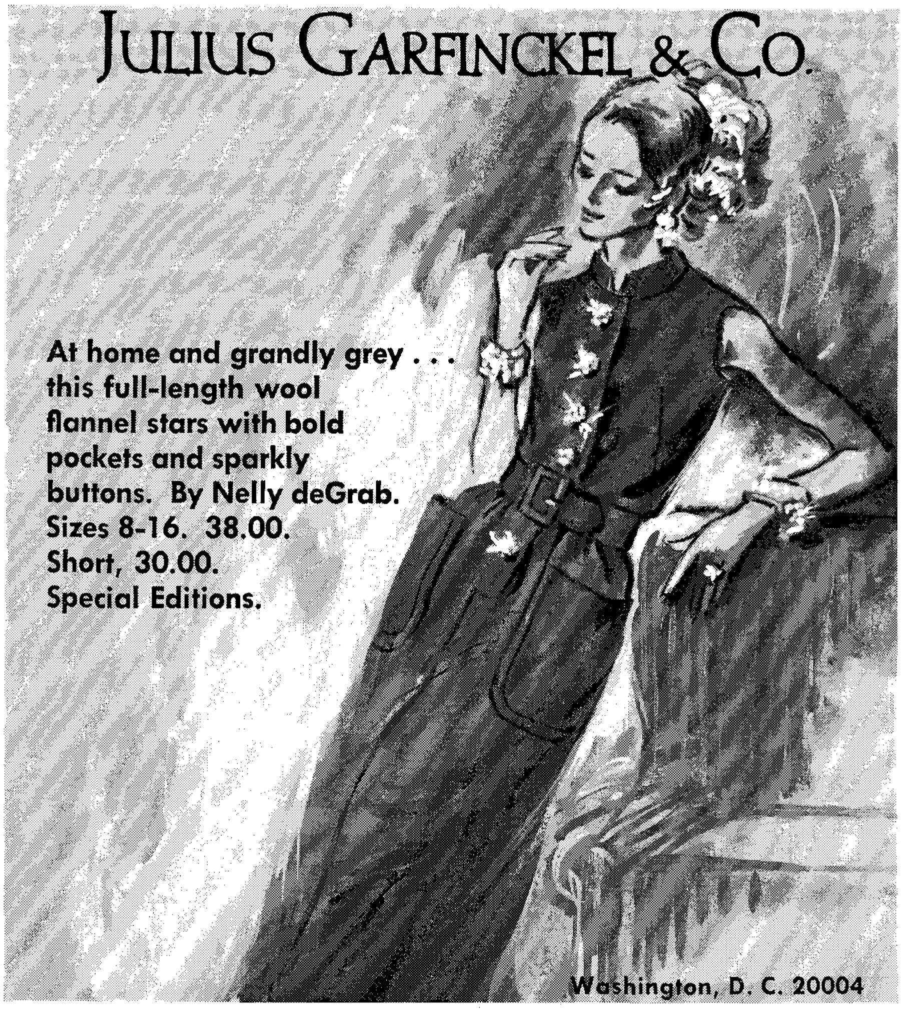

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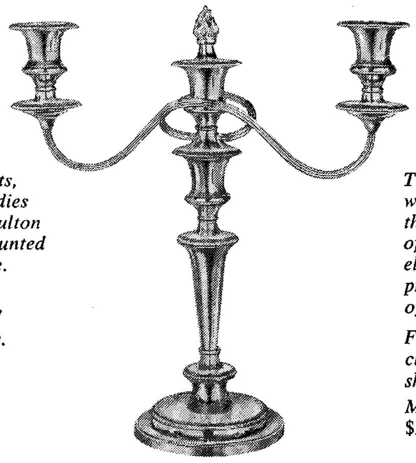

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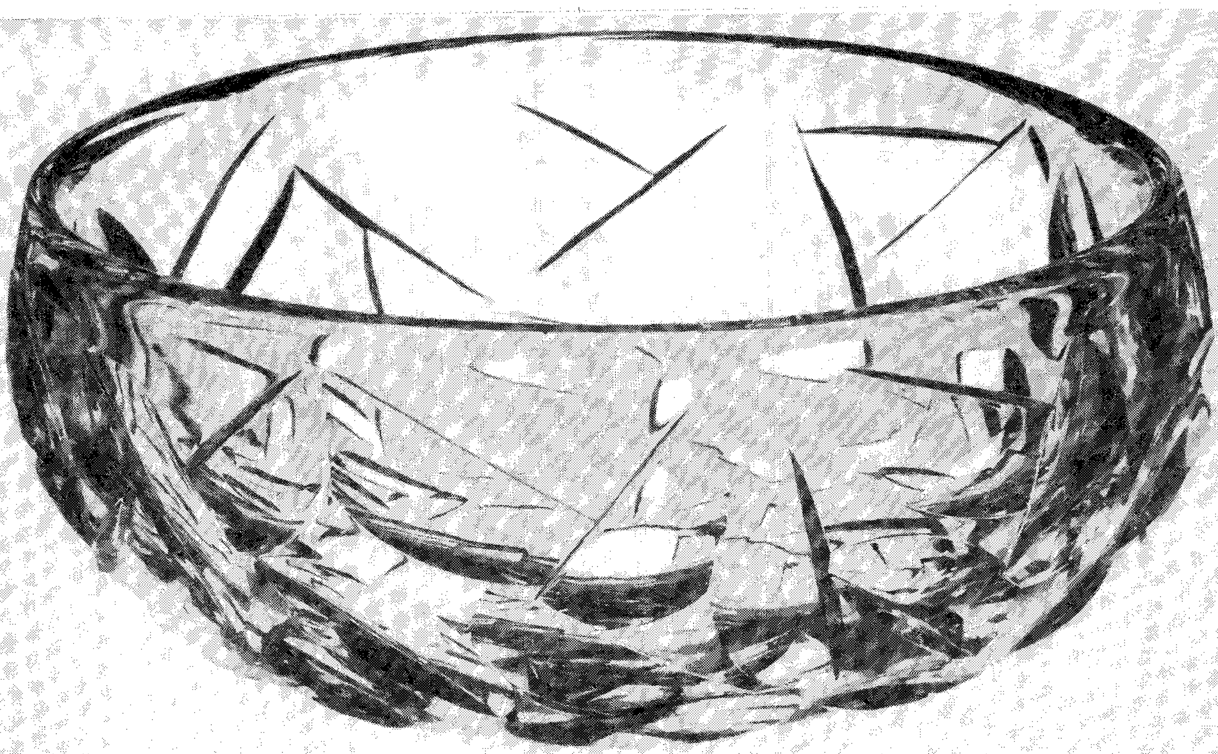
metropolitan areas. The growth of this zone has necessitated the filling of land inside the lagoon and the construction of port facilities to which freighters of various sorts and large tankers bearing Middle Eastern oil can carry their cargoes. To facilitate the passage of these ships, the canal between the Giudecca—the large island just to the south of Venice—and the main part of the city has been dredged deeper, and now, because of the danger posed by the proximity of tankers that might leak or cause conflagrations, a new canal is being dug, which will bypass Venice by taking ships from the more distant Malamocco entrance straight to Marghera, where the principal refineries and petrochemical plants are. The new canal will probably be opened this winter. Responsible Venetians are relieved at the prospect of having the tankers approach by a more distant route, but the fear lingers that all this disturbing of the bed of the lagoon may prove disastrous to the regular tidal flow. It is, at any rate, a fact that the landfill inside the lagoon has caused an increase in the speed of the tidal current and a rise of a couple of inches in the level of the tides along the reclaimed land. The result is erosion, and the erosion is exacerbated by the absence here of *barene*, or grass-covered mud flats, which tend to retard the tidal flow in other parts of the lagoon. Moreover, the businessmen of Venice are building a brand-new industrial area in the southern part of Marghera, which will also be served by the Malamocco canal. Some residents hope that the new canal, by deepening part of the Malamocco basin, will actually help keep high waters away from Venice. Meanwhile, it is feared that the constant dredging will further increase the rate at which Venice, a city built on wooden pilings, has been sinking. Between 1908—the first year in which precise measurements were made—and 1961, the level of the water in the canals rose from three to seven inches, depending on the location, and it is estimated that by the end of this century it will have risen as much as fourteen inches from its 1908 level, partly because the sea has been rising at the rate of about four inches a century, owing to the melting of the polar ice cap. As these processes continue, it is obvious that Venice is someday likely to be in very bad trouble.

THE aquatic level in this curious, amphibious city is not the only problem facing the inhabitants. Two



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others are also manifesting themselves in a menacing manner. One is the ever-increasing damage done to Venice's old buildings, paintings, frescoes, and sculptures by polluted air as well as by the sea. The other is the problem of depopulation, which has caused some sections of the city to be partly abandoned and consequently to fall into ruin. Twenty years ago, Venice was a city of a hundred and sixty-five thousand people. Today, its population is only a little more than a hundred thousand, with perhaps twenty-five thousand tourists added in summer. It is also rapidly becoming a city of the elderly and of the extremely rich and the extremely poor. The younger generation has moved out of the high-priced hovels of the Castello district (which reaches from the back of the Basilica San Marco to a point beyond the Arsenale) and the Cannaregio district (which stretches from the north end of the Rialto Bridge to the railroad station) to take up residence in Mestre, where spanking-new apartments, with modern bathrooms and heating, are to be had at much less than Venetian prices, if one is willing to put up with a degree of smog that far outdoes that of either Los Angeles or New York. In Mestre, residents also have the advantage of cheaper markets. (Food, clothing, and everything else cost about thirty per cent more in Venice than they do on the mainland, because of the expense of water transportation.) One result of this situation is that seventeen thousand people who live in Mestre commute to Venice to work every day (mostly at fairly high-paid service jobs in hotels and elsewhere, as shopkeepers, or as gondoliers), while only five thousand people who live in Venice commute in the other direction (about half of these to jobs in the big industrial plants in Marghera). Another result is the rapid disintegration of the slum areas that the new inhabitants of Mestre have left behind. Castello is the most beautiful slum in the world, but it is nevertheless a slum, and the part of it known as San Pietro in Castello is almost completely abandoned.

As for the accelerating day-to-day damage to Venetian buildings, it is a fairly recent phenomenon, and it is closely related to the introduction of industry into Marghera, whose refineries and chemical plants now make up a complex comparable to that of Elizabeth, New Jersey, or Gary, Indiana. In order to get a clear idea of this phenomenon, I talked, a while ago, with Dr. Valcanover, a youngish man, tall, thin,

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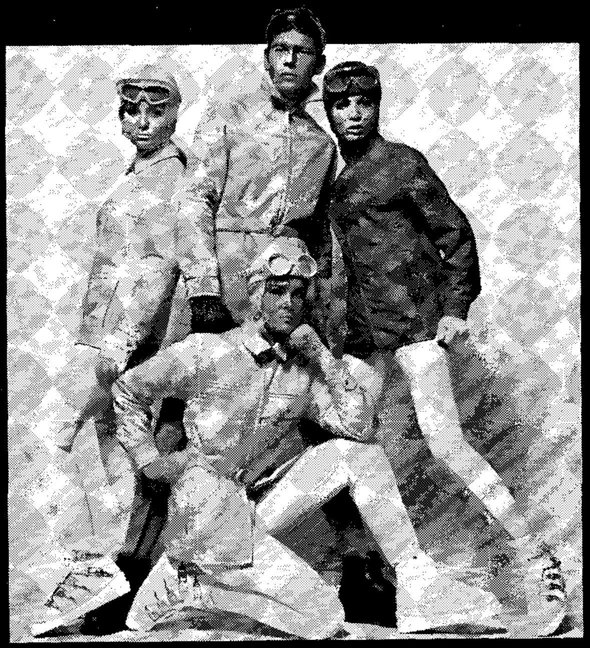
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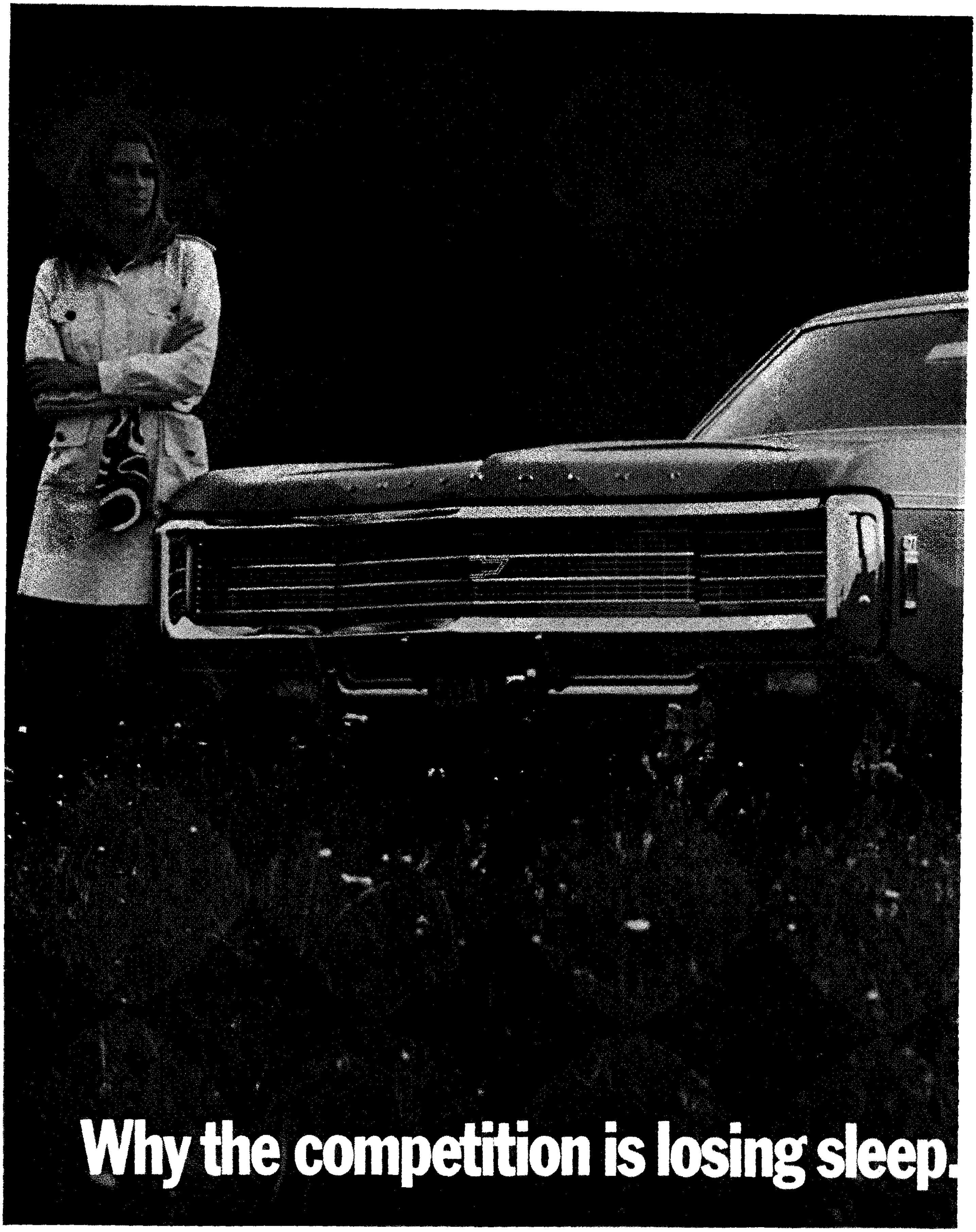

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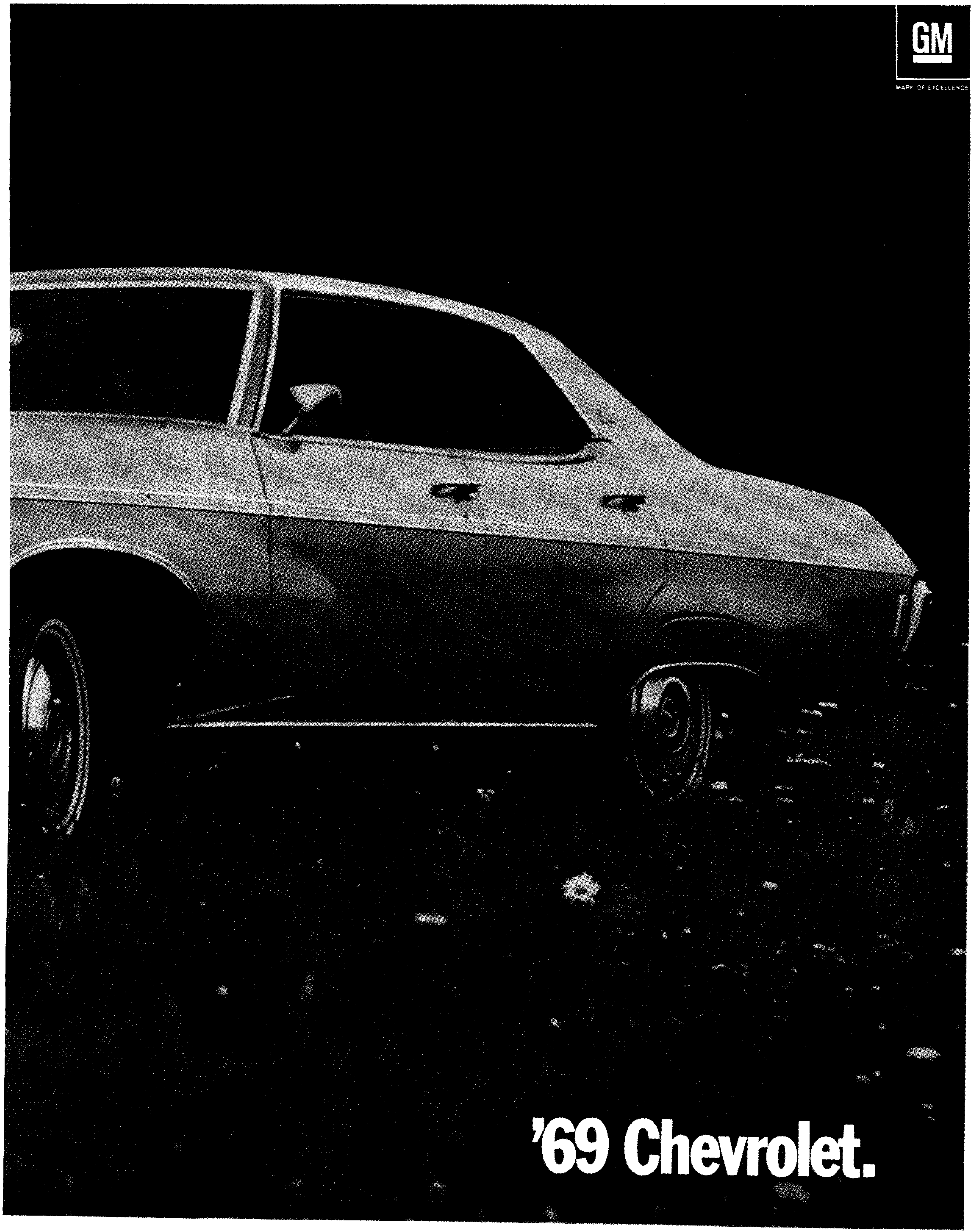

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and nervous-looking, and with Count Alessandro Marcello, an older man, who is a professor of marine biology at the nearby University of Padua, and who has spent most of his life as an expert on the lagoon. Dr. Valcanover showed me photographs of typically damaged buildings and statuary, and then sent me off with a guide on a trip around town—we spent most of our time in the Castello district—so that I could see the damage at first hand. It is truly appalling. An interior wall of the Church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli, a jewel of Venetian architecture, is chipping and crumbling on the side next to a canal. The Church of San Stae has fallen into such a state of decay that it cannot be entered safely. The interior of the Grand Abbey of the Church of the Misericordia is also in ruins and has been further defaced by being put to use as a basketball court. A Tiepolo ceiling fresco in the Church of the Pietà is badly damaged. In the Church of San Martino, the four sculptured angels by Tullio Lombardo that hold up the font are disintegrating into dust. Hands, wings, and other parts of the figures have pretty much disappeared. Canvases are rotting everywhere. The frescoes in San Salvatore are damaged beyond repair. A Bellini Madonna in the same church is menaced by a leaking roof. If one looks carefully, one can see that the stone frames of the great doors of the Basilica San Marco are being eaten away. These are only a few of the examples I was shown. Repairs—when repairs are possible—are slowly being made. The Church of San Moisè has been cleaned and its Tintorettos

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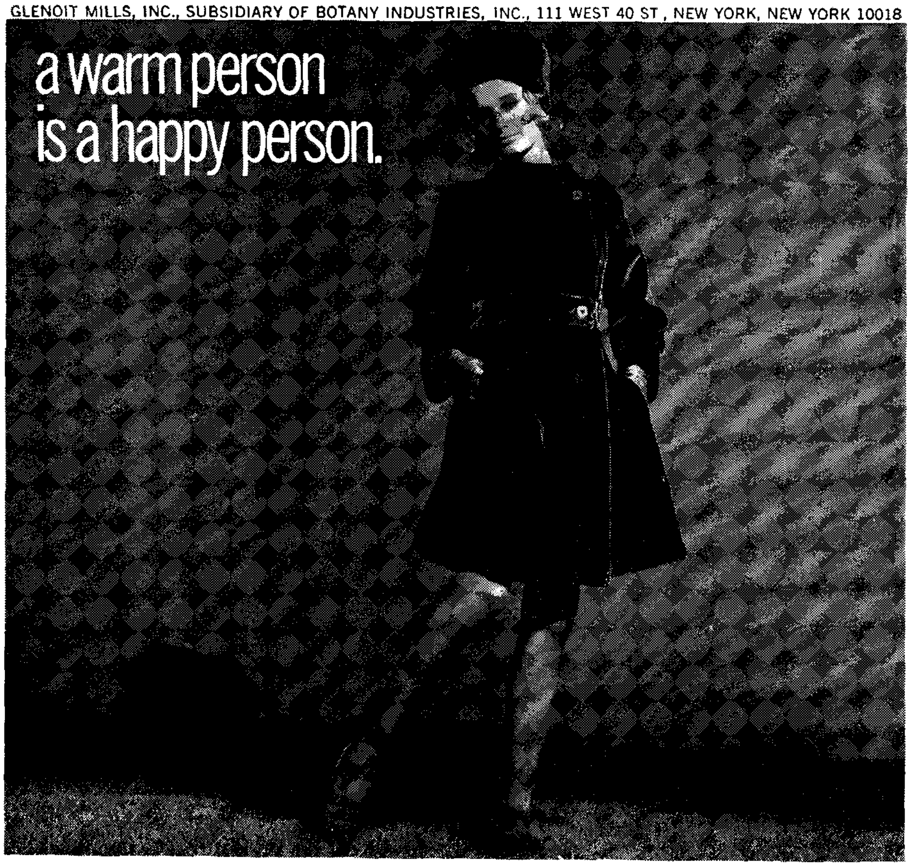

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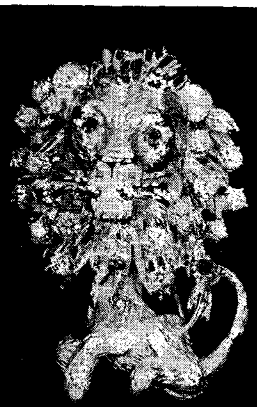

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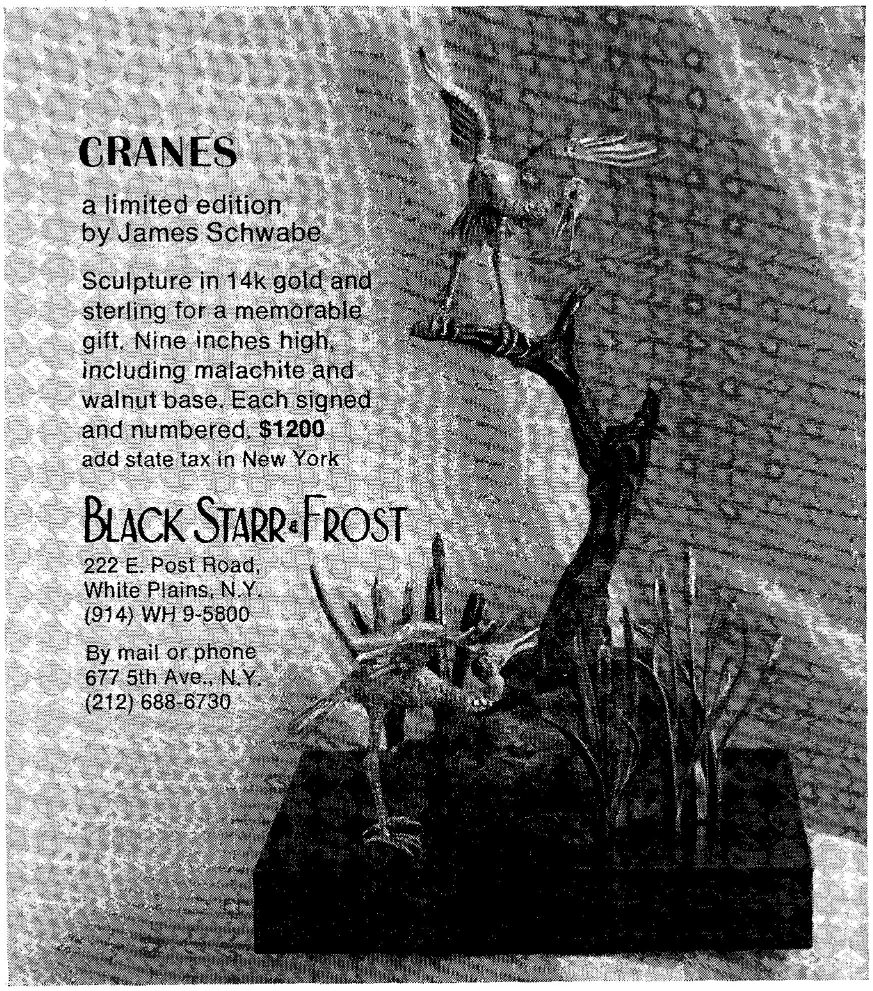

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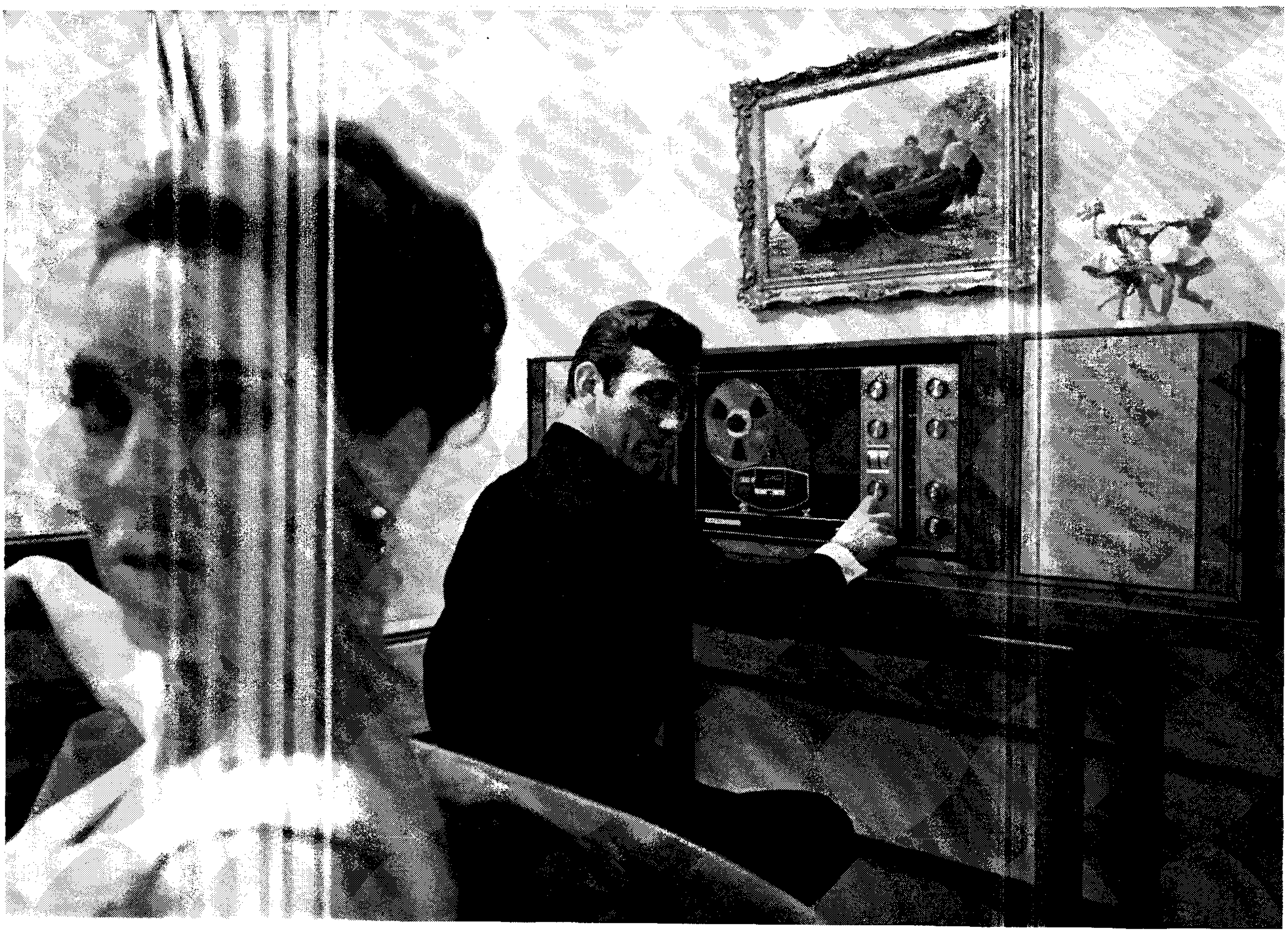
brought back into good shape. The Cappella San Saba (once the property of the Tiepolo family), in the San Antonino Church—which until a few months ago was in terrible shape, its walls eroded and its Palma Giovane paintings so dirty that they were almost invisible—is at present being completely restored. But the marble altar in this same church has disintegrated beyond repair. Dr. Valcanover pointed out, rather bleakly, that the Vatican does not pay a cent toward the upkeep of Venetian churches. They are, as a matter of fact, the property of the Italian state. UNESCO recently contributed twenty-two thousand dollars for the study and cataloguing of the damage to paintings, frescoes, and sculpture, and the results of the survey fill enormous filing cabinets in Dr. Valcanover's office. The international Committee for the Rescue of Italian Art has contributed about a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars toward the costs of repair work. This, plus such sums as Dr. Valcanover has received for restoration from the Italian government—nearly two million dollars—have been totally inadequate, but the Doctor, who is a determined man, is getting on with the job as best he can, though he knows he is fighting a losing battle.

The causes of the damage are intricate. Venice has, of course, been crumbling at least since Lord Byron's time, and that poet, in his "Ode on Venice," had something to say about the subject. But, as I learned from Count Marcello, the more recent and really catastrophic damage is not due merely to age and salt water. The Count, a courtly gentleman of about seventy, with a gray mustache and lively eyes, greeted me in his huge library—a venerable one, containing some of the first books ever printed, in Venice or anywhere else. He is one of the city's most deeply revered aristocrats, a relative of the famous baroque composer Benedetto Marcello, and also a descendant of one of the doges. For all this dignity of hereditary rank, the Count prefers to be addressed simply as Professore Marcello, and he takes most pride in his accomplishments as a scientist. With the help of numerous maps and charts, he explained to me what has been happening to the lagoon that has been his lifelong study, and what has been happening does not please him. First, he said, there was the contamination from the oil tankers, which has threatened the organic life of the lagoon. The ships spilled oil when they unloaded, and, at least until re-



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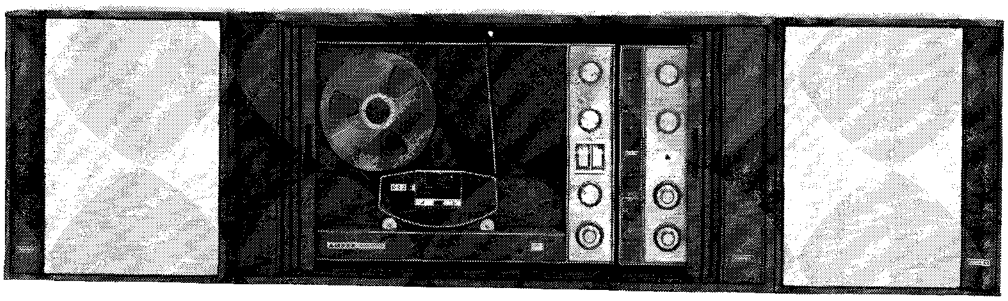

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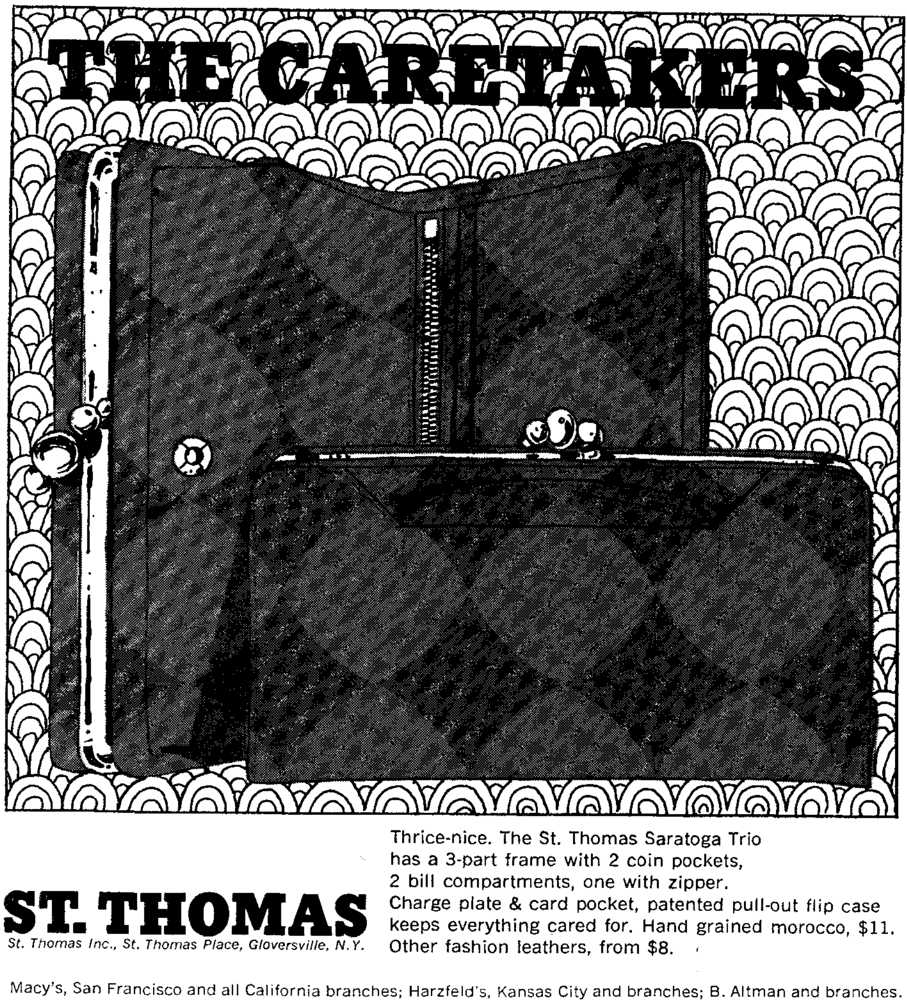

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cently, they flushed the deposits that accumulated in their cavernous insides into the Adriatic. True, a rule that prohibits tankers from cleaning out their interiors within fifty miles of land was adopted by an international council in London in 1954, but the dumping of the deposits in Italian waters is still not actually forbidden. Since the Adriatic runs in a general north-northwesterly direction and its prevailing summer wind is the sirocco, from the south, the tankers' deposits have had a way of being blown toward Venice, where they have affected the water both inside and outside the lagoon. A film of oil on the lagoon's surface prevents oxygen from passing into its waters, with the result that both its vegetable and its animal life are killed off to a great extent. This has caused serious damage to the Venetian fishing industry, which was once one of the city's few export businesses. "When I was young, crabs and shellfish could be found even in Venice's smaller canals," the Count observed. "It is no longer so."

Count Marcello is also concerned about the architectural and artistic damage, which he, like other people, blames on the new industrial complex at Marghera. The smoke and fumes from Marghera contain a great deal of sulphur, according to the Count, and on summer nights, when the land cools and the surface of the lagoon remains warm, a wind begins to blow gently from the mainland, carrying all the air pollution toward the city. The fumes cause a tremendous corroding effect on stone—especially marble. "You must understand," the Count said earnestly, "it is now a question of the *pietra d'Istria.*" This is a type of coarse marble from Istria, the mountainous area between Trieste and Fiume, which is now a part of Yugoslavia. Most of Venice, including the sides of the canals, many of the buildings, and most of the statuary, is built of *pietra d'Istria.* "We Venetians have always known that ordinary marble, such as that from Verona or Carrara, is quickly corroded by salt water," he went on. "We have used such marble only for ornamental purposes, high above the canals. The remarkable thing about *pietra d'Istria* is that it is not corroded by the sea. It is a strong stone. But now we have found that *pietra d'Istria* is subject to corrosion by polluted air in chemical combination with the salt from the water."

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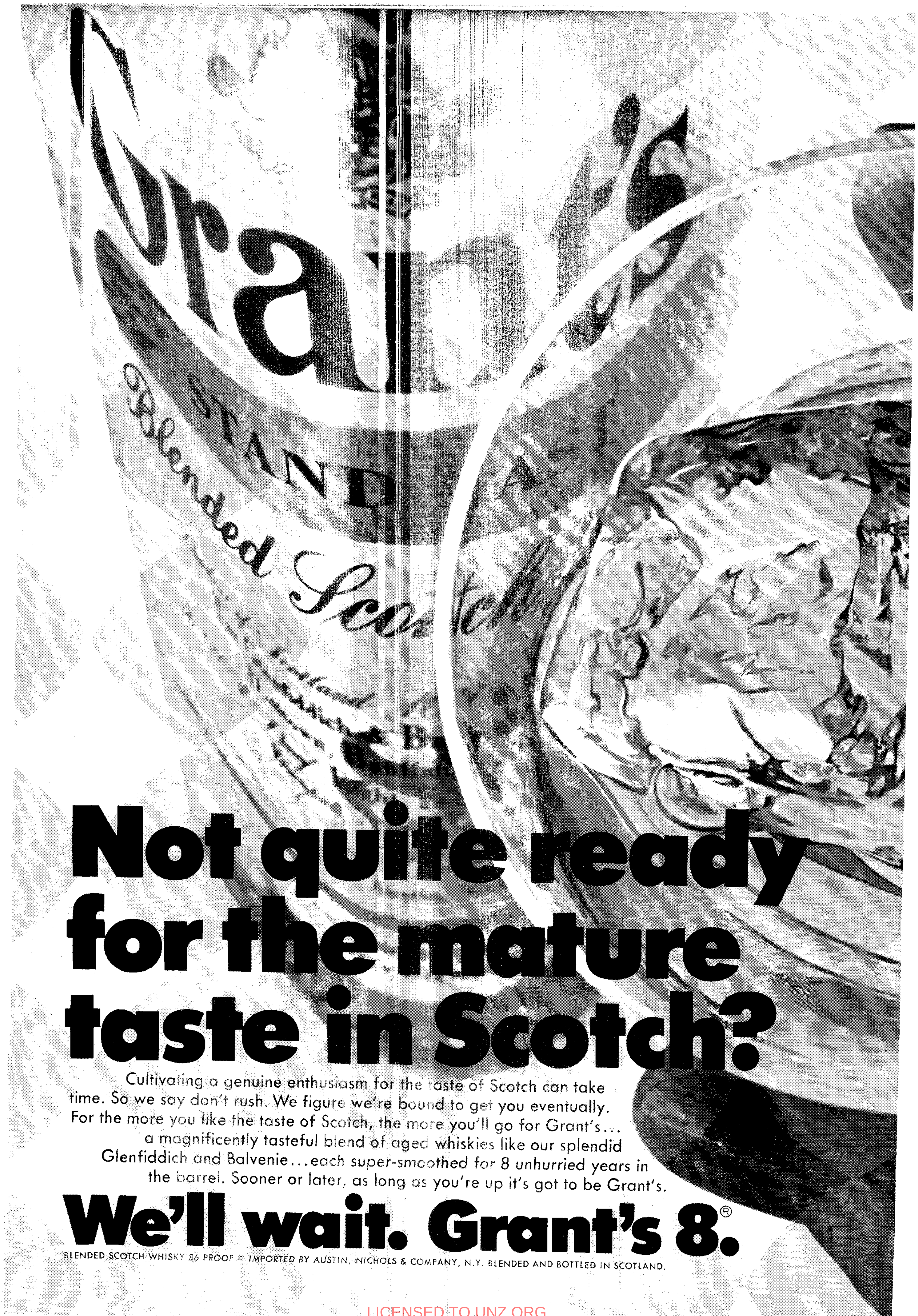

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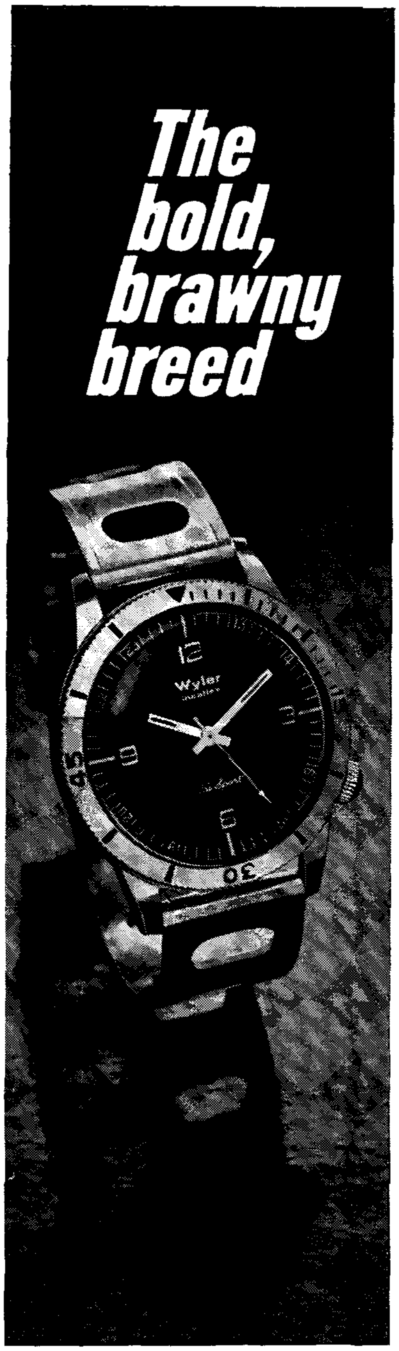

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from the vaporetti, from passing ships, and from heating systems in Venice itself, all of which burn oil. This sulphur dioxide, combined with the oxygen in the air—especially if dust, aerosol (suspended particles), and nitrogen are present—is transformed into sulphur trioxide, or sulphuric anhydride, which in combination with salt and moisture produces sulphuric acid, a powerful corroder of stone.

The Count continued, "I see no solution except to filter all industrial fumes from Marghera or to move industry farther away from Venice. A solution to the problem of local heating-system fumes would be gas or electric heat, but installation would be expensive. The situation is crucial at present. If we are to save what is left of Venice, something must be done."

During one of my visits to Dr. Valcanover, he described a second sort of corrosion, caused by the action of salt water on the more vulnerable types of marble that are used decoratively inside churches and palaces. In this case, the vaporetti and motorboats are to blame. The damage is not done directly by the force of their waves or by fumes from their exhausts but arises from the waves' gradual wearing away of the mortar between the blocks of *pietra d'Istria* that, on top of the wooden piles, constitute the foundations of most Venetian buildings. (It is interesting that the wooden supports, although slowly sinking, are in excellent condition after many centuries, whereas the stonework is in bad shape.) When salt water penetrates the mortar around the *pietra d'Istria*, it is drawn up by capillary action through the layer of more or less spongy plaster between the inner and outer walls of a building. The marble facing on inner walls—especially walls that adjoin canals—gradually begins to chip and flake off. This may happen as high as twenty-five feet above water level, and it is what is happening on the canal-side wall of the Church of Santa Maria dei Miracoli. Then, there is the matter of changing temperatures and the air currents they set up. On a hot day, cold air inside a church will move outward through the doors. On a cold night, the cold air will move in the opposite direction, bringing in with it various corrosive chemicals. A striking example of the effect of this is provided by the doorframes of the Basilica San Marco. One doorway is never opened, but the main door, and one or two doors flanking it, are kept open for the passage of tourists and communicants. The unused doorway is in excellent shape, but the frames of

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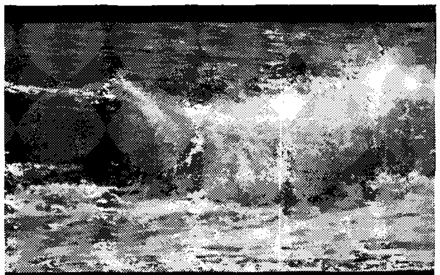

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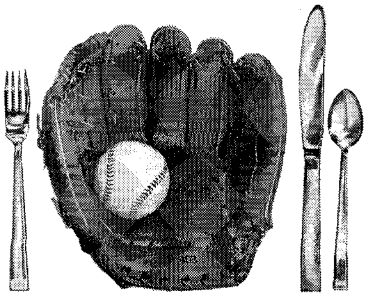

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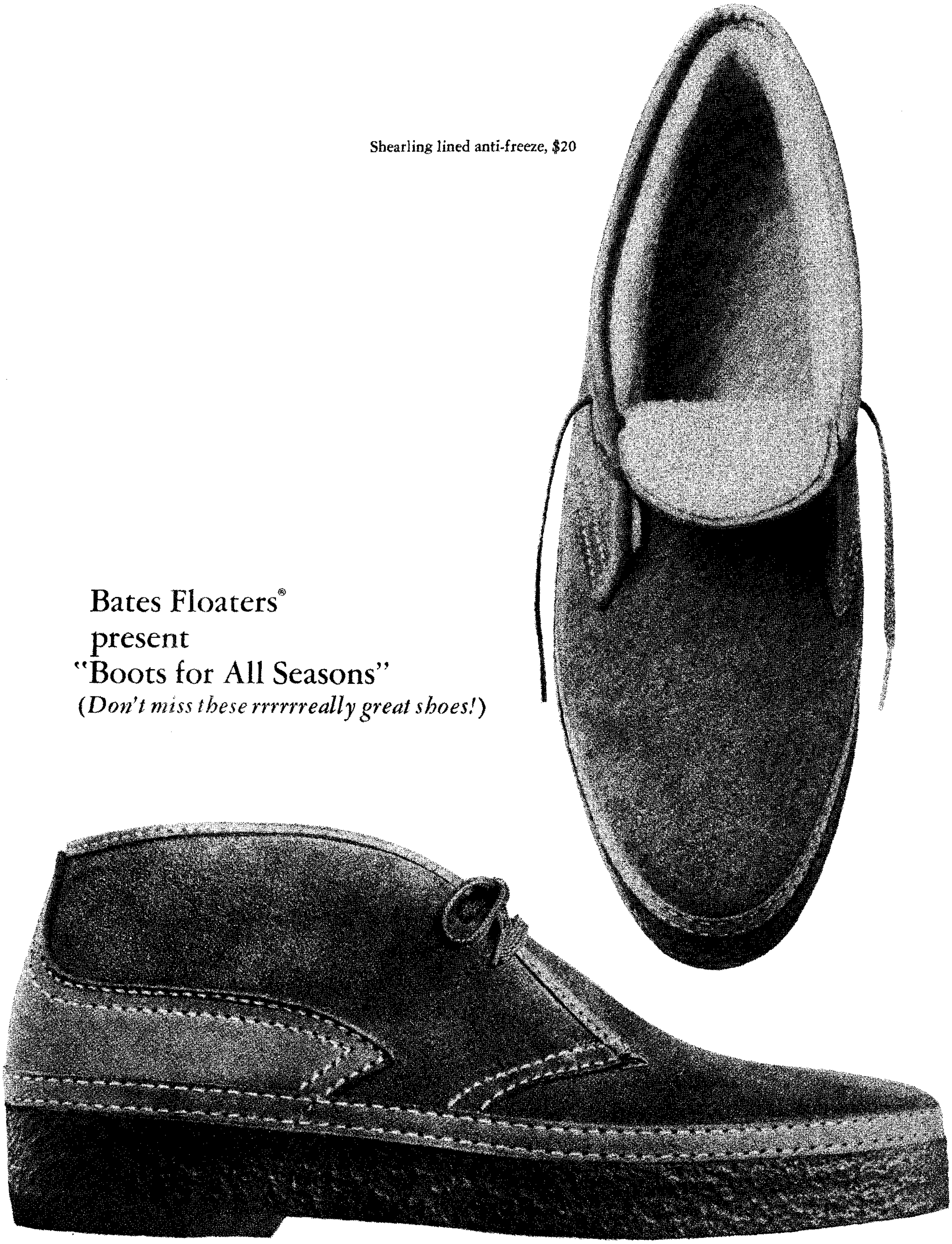

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the others have in places been almost eaten through by chemical action.

THE problem of saving Venice has become a bitter political issue. At the head of one embattled faction stands the Contessa Anna Maria Cicogna Volpi, president of the Venetian chapter of Italia Nostra, which is a national organization devoted to the preservation of Italian art and architecture. She is a woman of strong temperament, constantly vigilant for her cause, and she has many followers. On the other side stand the former members of an organization, now disbanded, called Venezia Viva (Living Venice). They include many of the city's leading businessmen, who are anxious to see Venice grow and prosper as a normal city. As a matter of fact, it was the Countess's father, Count Giuseppe Volpi, who started the trend toward modernization by laying out the industrial zone of Marghera and causing to be built the automobile bridge that for the past forty years has connected the northwestern corner of the city with the mainland. His successors are bent on much more ambitious undertakings, such as a new highway, which, according to one plan, would connect the mainland with the Piazza San Pietro in Castello, bringing automotive traffic right alongside one flank of Venice and helping to revive that slum area, or, according to another plan, would come across the lagoon from the Lido on a long bridge, bringing traffic to the island of Certosa and from there to the Piazza San Marco itself. Another of the businessmen's projects is a proposal for the construction of an oil pipeline from Venice through the Alps to Munich, permitting Middle Eastern oil to be pumped directly to Central Europe, and thus making Venice the biggest oil port in the Mediterranean (although Trieste is also planning such a pipeline). Already, a new *autostrada* from Venice to Munich is about to be built. The Venezia Viva people are also responsible for laying out the new southern Marghera industrial area, which is being built largely on landfill, and which will undoubtedly increase the gross product of the Venice metropolitan area along with increasing the air and water pollution. The landfill is now approaching Venice at what the Italia Nostra people consider an alarming rate, but the Venezia Viva people, most of whom have a financial stake in the new territory, think of this as progress. I spoke with a number of Venice's leading industrialists about the problem. One of them, Alessandro

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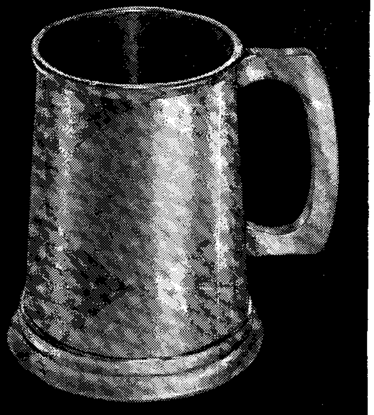

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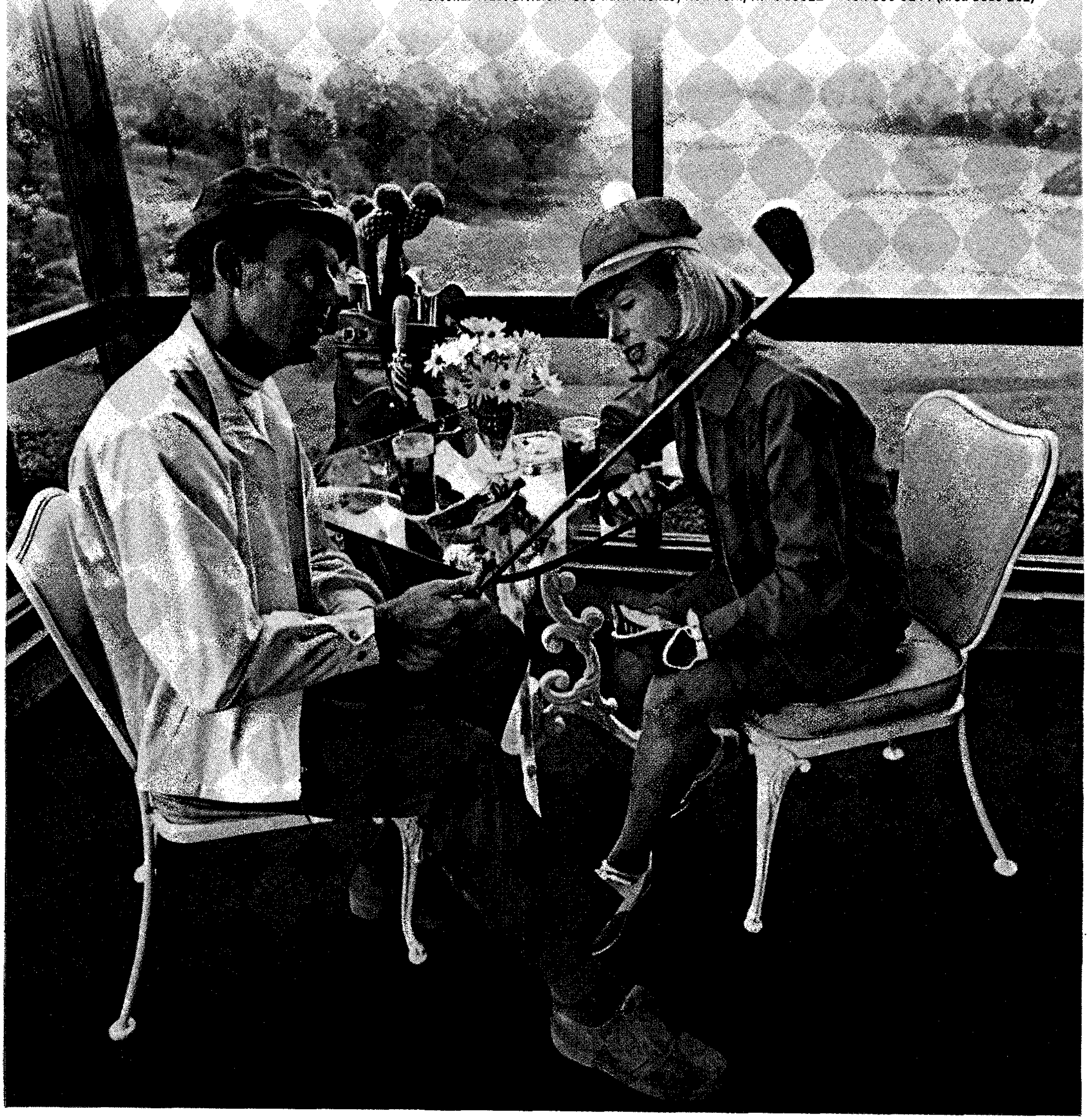

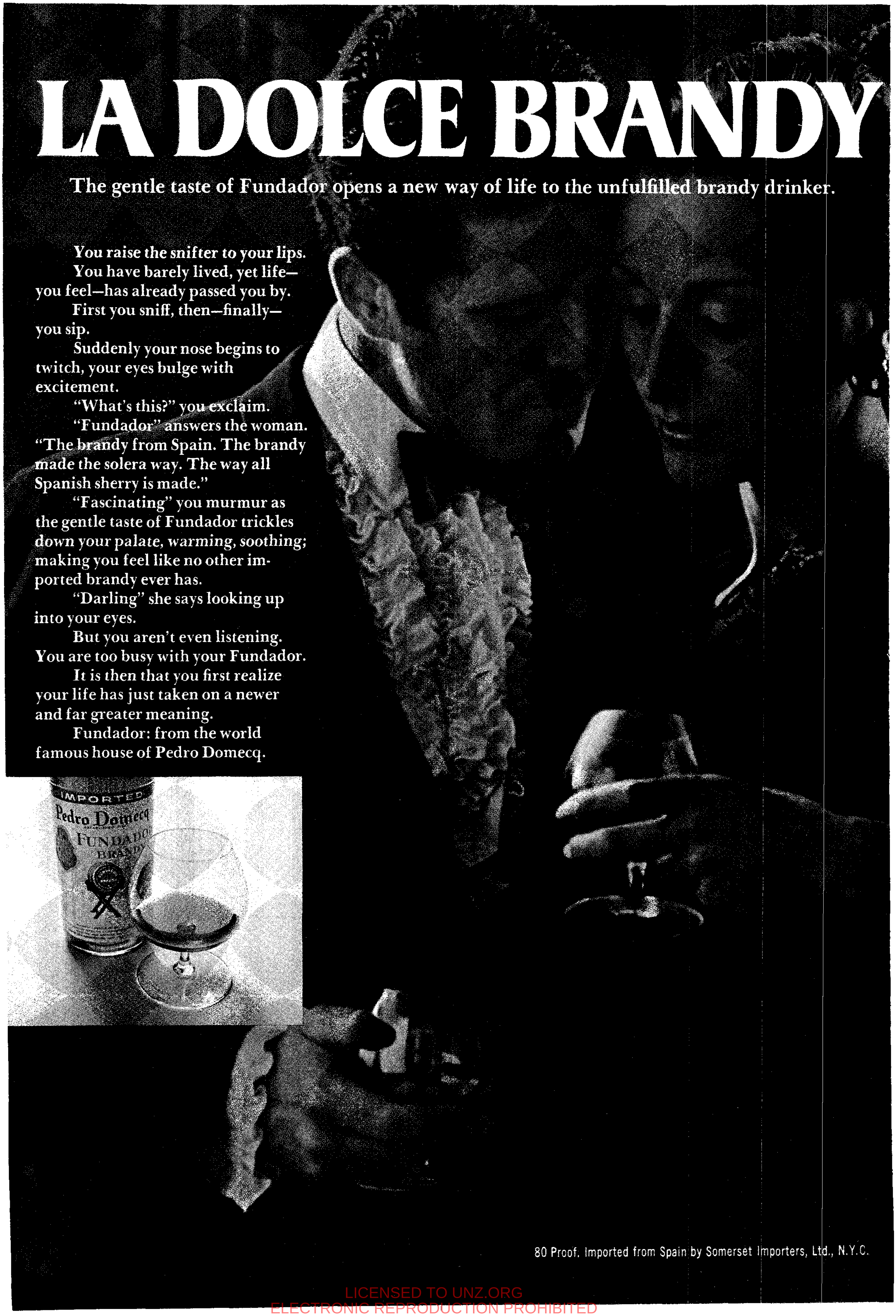

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Barnabò, compared Venice's crumbling Grand Canal palaces to a row of decaying teeth. Another, Senator Eugenio Gatto, who was until recently Under-Secretary of the Italian Treasury, tended, like many politicians, to speak equivocally. He was for the preservation of Venice, he said, but he was also for the construction of a new highway across the lagoon. And he was for a new, submerged railway, to be known as La Metropolitana—which would run under the lagoon to connect Venice with the mainland—"if this would not interfere with the balance of the lagoon," and he concluded, "I favor what is called the common-sense [*buon-senso*] position." As a matter of fact, nearly everybody, including the Italia Nostra group, favors this rapid-transit system, which on the mainland would run aboveground to connect Padua, Treviso, Mestre, and several points north and south directly with the Piazza San Marco. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at nearly four hundred million dollars.

After talking with the Senator, I spoke with Count Adriano Foscari, a compact, saturnine man, who greeted me at the Società Unione (Union Club), which is inhabited by aristocrats and prominent businessmen. Count Foscari, a descendant of old ducal families, was once an admiral in the Royal Italian Navy, and he has the look of a man who would be at home giving orders from the bridge of a battleship. He described himself as "the grandfather of Venezia Viva," and his comments had a humorous, slightly ironic air. He pointed out that Venice had been subject to alterations throughout its history, and said that in his opinion it was silly to think you could freeze any city into a condition of permanent changelessness. "Yet every time a change has been proposed there has been a huge public outcry," he continued. He compared the Countess Cicogna's attitude toward the city to that of an overprotective mother toward a backward child. "What Castello needs is a bulldozer," he proclaimed, and he went on to say that there is a section of the Giudecca known as Sacca Fisola, with new, modern housing and no lack of people to live in it. (Later, I had a look at Sacca Fisola, and to me it had all the charm of a second-rate New York City housing development.) The island of Murano was dying, the Count said. Most of the glassblowers had moved to the mainland. Their trouble, he claimed, had been that it cost more to send a load of glass from Murano to Venice

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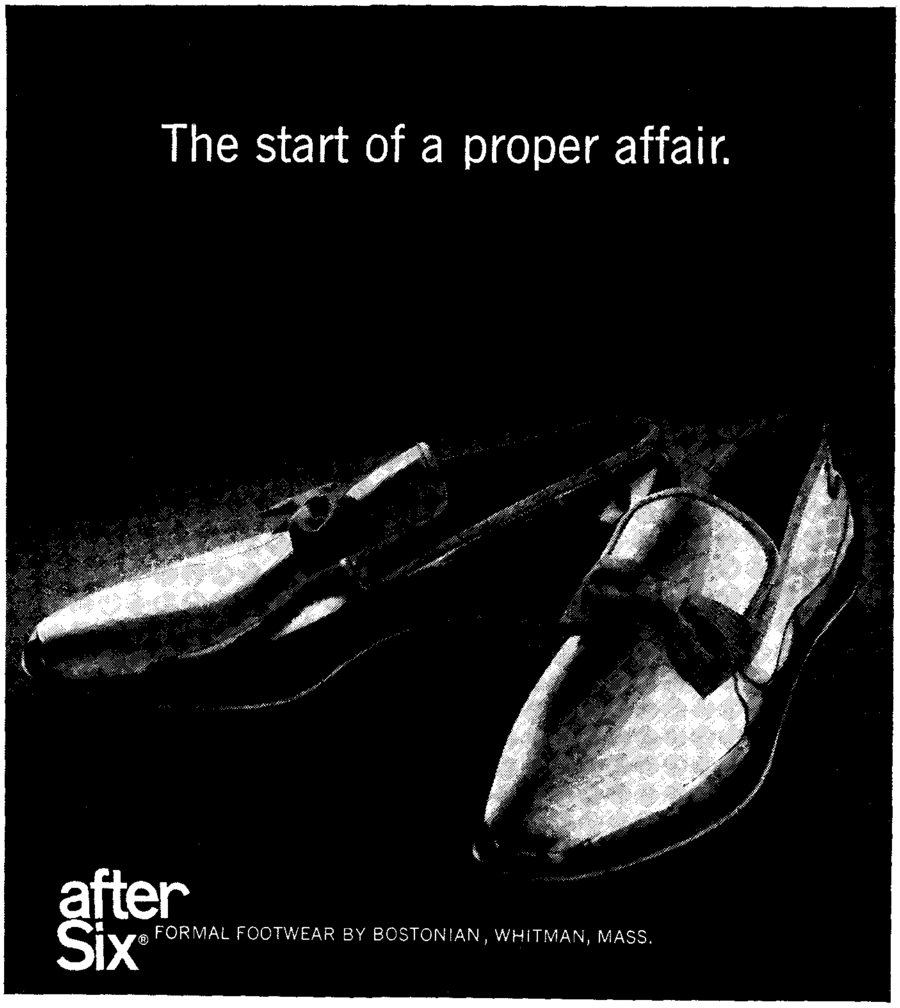
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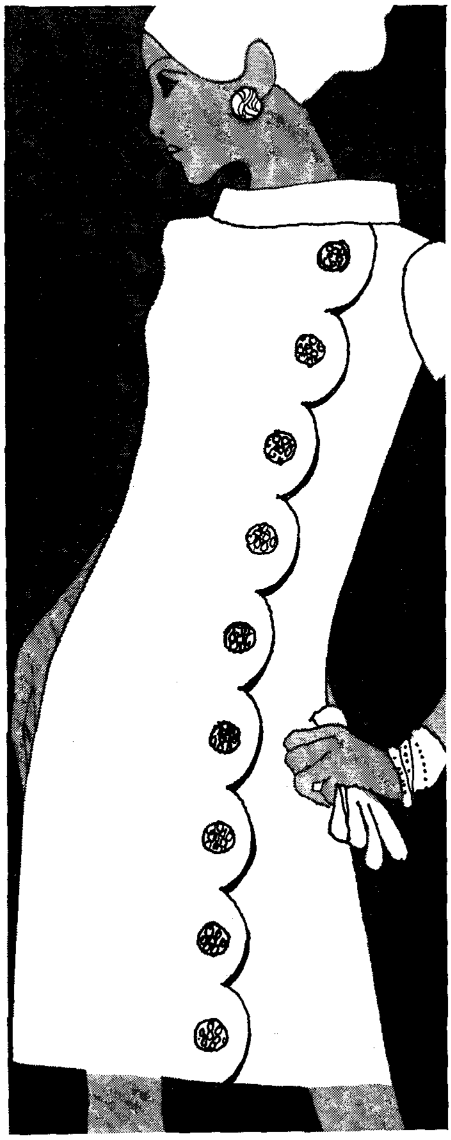

than to send it from Venice to the Brenner Pass. I was learning that the Venezia Viva people are forever holding Murano up as a horrible example of what might someday happen to Venice itself. It is true that Murano is very nearly a ghost island. Torcello, the oldest settlement in the Venetian lagoon, has, of course, been a ghost island for many years.

Later on, I talked with Giovanni de Michelis, a fairly young man, who is an assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Padua, a member of the Venetian City Council, and a middle-of-the-roader. Professor de Michelis told me something of the history of the battle between the two factions, and explained the irony with which Count Foscari had spoken. Venezia Viva was formed in 1961, and immediately put forward a plan, which the City Council approved, for a new highway into the city. Italia Nostra got busy in Rome and caused the central government to overrule the City Council. Defeated, Venezia Viva disbanded, but all its original members are still around, and are still pursuing the same aims. In 1963, Professor Guido Ferro, Rettore Magnifico of the University of Padua (the title is not unusual; all rectors of Italian universities are magnificent), proposed that there be built near Padua a large scale model of the lagoon in which experiments could be made to assess the effects of proposed alterations. In 1965, however, the local industrialists started digging the new Malamocco canal without waiting for anything in the way of models or tests, and the canal is now almost a *fait accompli.* In 1966, several months before the disastrous *acqua alta*, the government in Rome allocated a large sum (more than a million dollars) for the lagoon-model project and for a further study that was supposed to result in a complete plan for the preservation and modernization of Venice. But it was discovered that there existed no recent chart of the lagoon on which to base the model, the only available chart having been made in the nineteen-thirties. So nothing was done. The money for the model was held up by bureaucrats, who said that they were "studying" the problem, and there were dark hints in some quarters that the government appropriation had disappeared altogether. In 1967, the Rotary Club of Venice (yes, Venice has a Rotary Club) invited three Dutch engineers to the city to diagnose its aquatic problems. The engineers, it is said, arrived in a thick fog, peered at Venice's sea defenses, and wrote a report. The report en-

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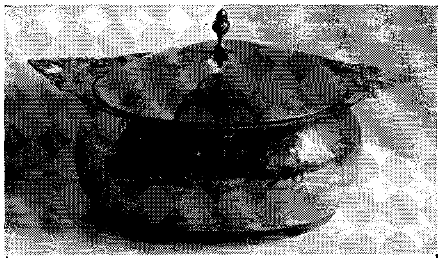

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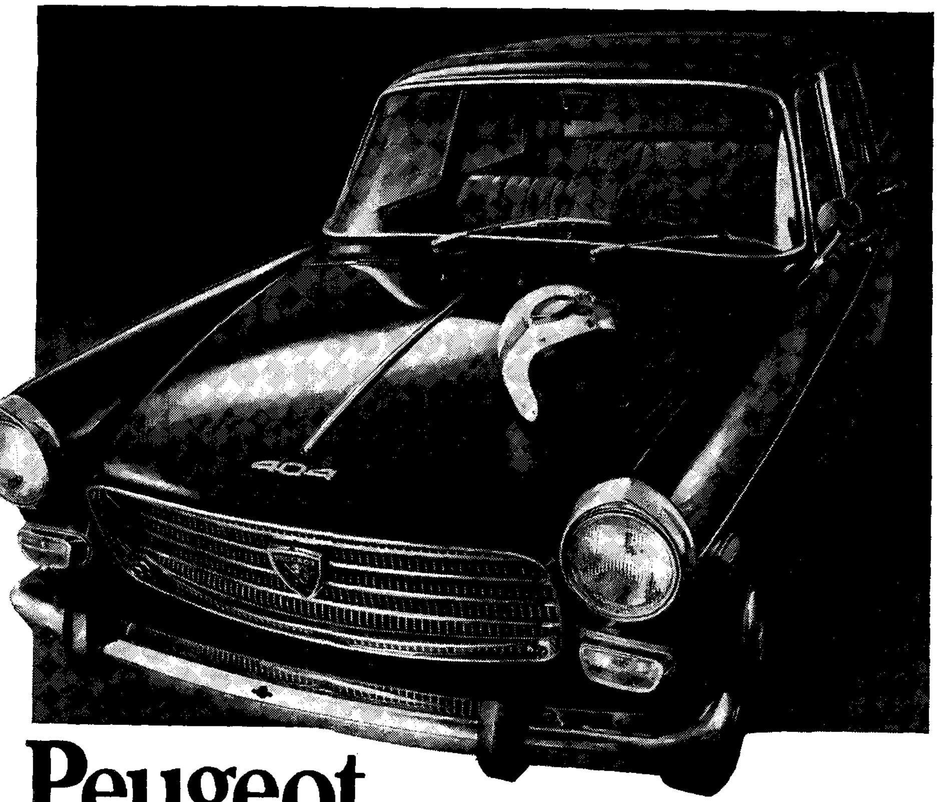

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dorsed the plan for the scale model, added some further suggestions, and recommended that the entrances to the lagoon be protected by large sea gates that could be closed when high water threatened. They also recommended higher *murazzi*.

Now, if you are wondering why it was the Rotary Club and not the City Council that issued the invitation to the Dutch engineers, the explanation has to do with the odd political structure of the city. The City Council, presided over by His Honor Giovanni Favaretto-Fisca, Mayor of Venice, is quite an impotent body. For one thing, it never has much money at its disposal. True, it levies a real-estate tax, a small civic income tax, a small duty on goods coming into the city, and an inheritance tax. But these revenues are apparently not sufficient for the city's day-to-day expenses. For another thing, the City Council can make suggestions about the use of the neighboring mainland, but these suggestions are merely submitted to the central government in Rome. The City Council can collect no taxes from the big industrial enterprises nearby, which pay their taxes to Rome, and whose profits go to Milan, where the headquarters of practically all Marghera's industries are. It is a bit as though the City of New York were able to collect taxes only in Greenwich Village, with the rest of the city's taxes going to Washington and the profits of its business to someplace like Detroit. "Venice," one relatively disinterested Venetian told me, "is really an exploited colony of Milan." Under the circumstances, Venice has very little say about its own future or the future of the surrounding area. These things are decided in Rome, where all sums for restoration, improvements, and so on, come from. However, it is possible for entrepreneurs to buy up land on the islands of the lagoon and on the neighboring mainland, to have portions of the lagoon filled in, and to have canals dug and *autostrade* built, as long as it is all a matter of private initiative. The enemies of the Venezia Viva people say that a vast amount of speculation in land is taking place all around Venice. There is no reason to disbelieve them. One of the entrepreneurs said to me frankly, "Why not? Speculation means life"—a good old-fashioned capitalist precept. And to support their ideas the industrialists have the word of Professor Ferro, who is both a Magnificent Rector and a highly respected specialist in hydraulic engineering.

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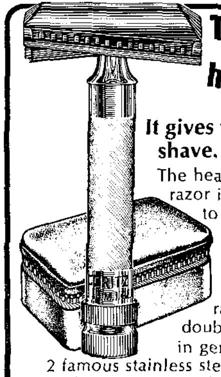

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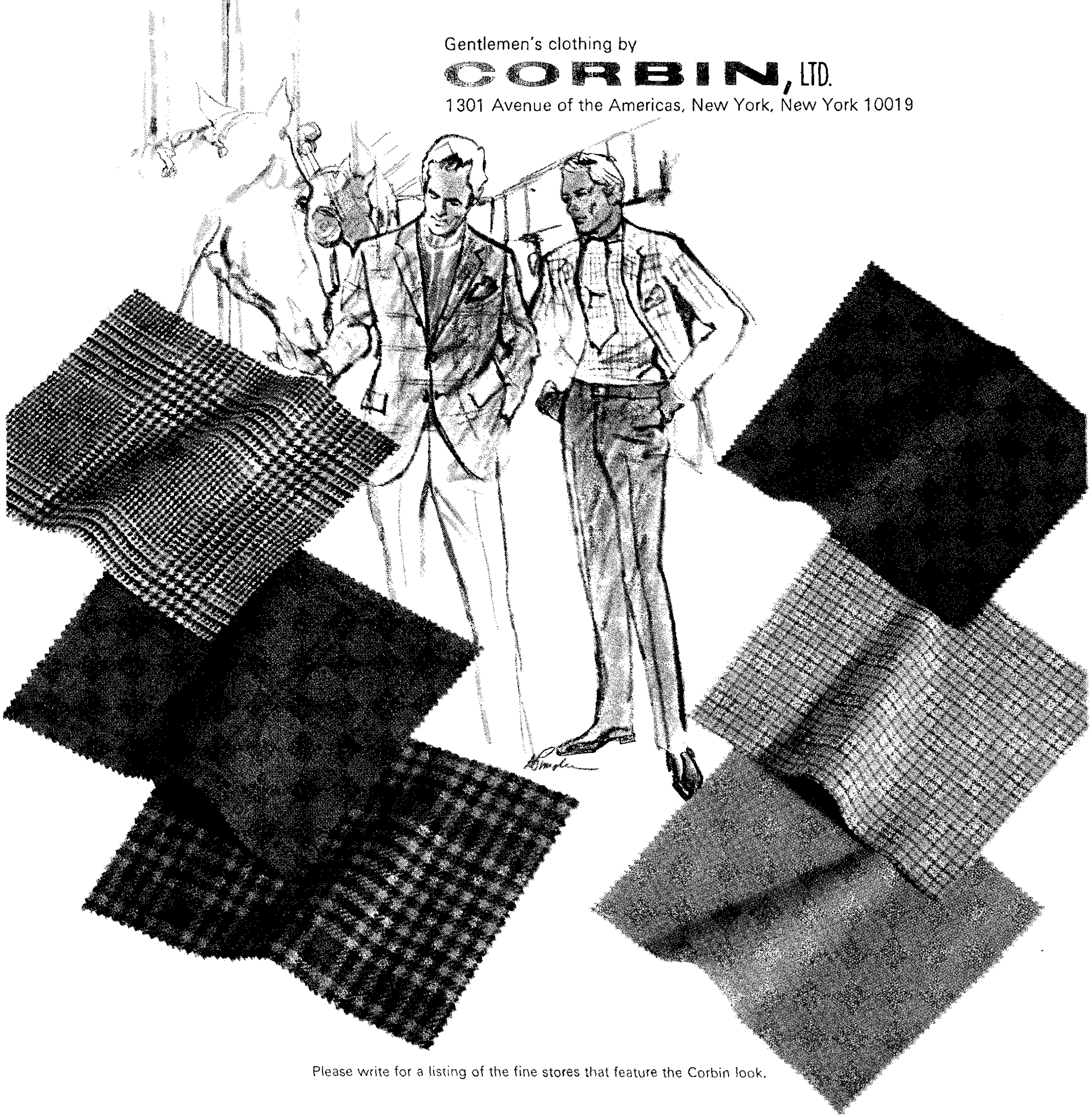

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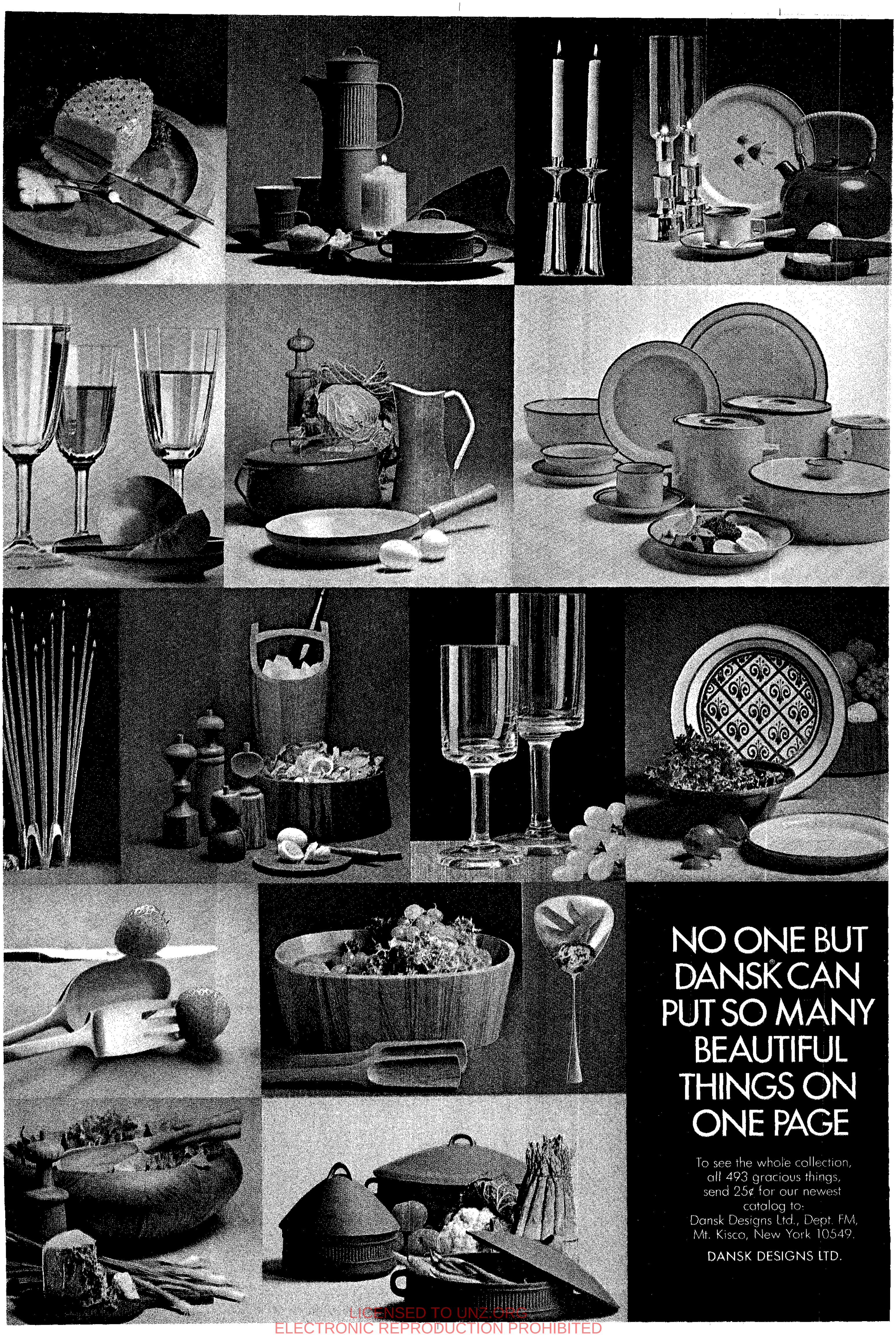

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the University of Padua, where he occupies an enormous and imposing medieval office. He is a man in his sixties, with a humorous face and a fondness for extremely natty dress, and he is obviously a keen thinker. He took great pains to explain to me the problems posed by the Venetian lagoon, and reminded me that it was he who had proposed the famous scale model. Just where, I asked, did he suppose the money for it was? The Rettore Magnifico didn't know. Like quite a few other people, he suspected the bureaucrats of holding it up. After all, it wasn't his responsibility. It was possible, he conceded, that the new Malamocco canal would change the tidal equilibrium in the lagoon, but not, he thought, to any catastrophic extent. He did not think that the new canal was in any way responsible for the recent *acqua alta*. "We must treat Venice as a doctor treats a sick patient," he said. "The situation is not grave at present. If in the future it becomes grave, there are several remedies that we can apply. We can close the mouths of the lagoon in time of danger. We can build long dikes across the lagoon from the mainland to the Lido, cutting off the Venetian part of the lagoon from the rest. Of course, it would be very convenient to put automobile roads on top of these dikes and allow them to serve parts of the city." And what about the damage caused by air pollution? "It is, without doubt, a real problem. The statuary is turning to dust. The only possible remedy is the installation of smoke filters in the factories on the mainland." I left the Rettore Magnifico's office with a few doubts. Smoke filters are more often talked about than built.

Ingegner Alberto Toniolo, Captain of the Port of Venice, proved to lean toward Venezia Viva's position. He scoffed at Count Marcello's and Dr. Valcanover's idea that air pollution in combination with salt water was damaging Venetian monuments. Venetian monuments, in his opinion, had been falling apart for centuries. He was in favor of the Metropolitana. He was also in favor of an automobile road that would come down the lagoon's northern sandbar, cut across the island of Sant' Erasmo, and stop at the island of Certosa, where motels and garages could be built. A short trip by *traghetto* would take visitors to Venice proper. He felt that the one city in the world that has no automobile traffic should be left that way.

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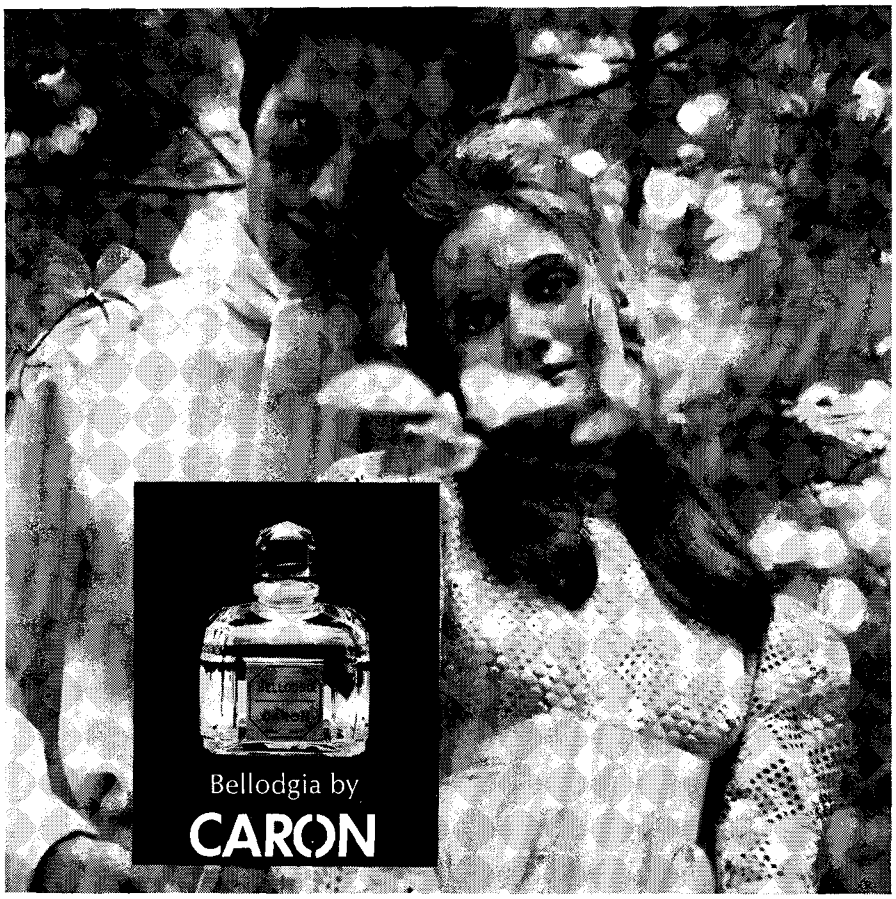

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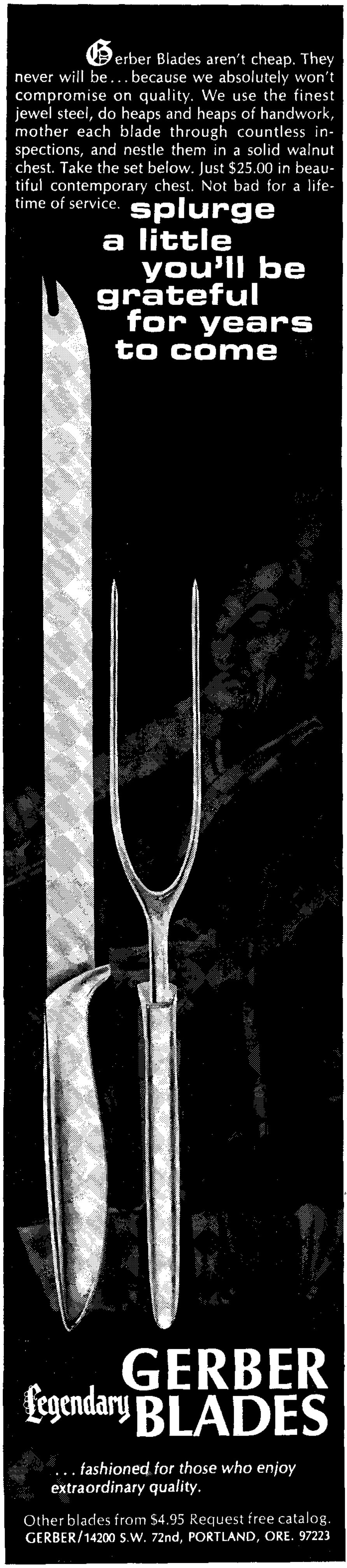
Viva people disagree, however. They want additional automobile access to Venice itself. One kindly old gentleman told me, "Venetians sometimes get bored with all that water. They want to drive high-speed cars, like other people." The battle has become remarkably acrimonious. Count Marcello thinks that Count Foscari is a great navigator, and should stick to his profession instead of meddling with the lagoon. Engineer Toniolo thinks that Count Marcello is a "botanist," who cannot be expected to have the foggiest notion of hydraulic problems. The Venezia Viva people are continually pointing out that the Countess Cicogna, for all her talk about preserving the city intact, actually lives in a completely modernized palazzo and has constructed a brand-new apartment house on the Zattere, having torn down a couple of old warehouses to do so. The Countess, for her part, thinks that her new apartment house is rather nice-looking, and denies that she has ever advocated leaving everything in Venice exactly as it is. In fact, she is presiding over a pilot project that Italia Nostra hopes will show the Venetians just what should be done with their city. It involves tearing down some nineteenth-century structures of no aesthetic interest, taking the entire insides out of a couple of buildings without destroying their exteriors, and creating new interiors, with modern bathrooms and heating systems. Such renovations have already been made by private individuals here and there in Venice, and to an outsider they seem to be the most promising development for the city's future.

To get another detached viewpoint, I paid a visit to Joan Fitzgerald, a Chicago-born sculptress who has lived in Venice for many years. In Miss Fitzgerald's opinion, Venice is much too important to be left in the hands of the Venetians. As for the ambitious plans of the Venezia Viva faction, she doubts whether even one of them will actually be carried out. The finances of the city are always in a chaotic condition. There is unquestionably a lot of graft. "Venetians are completely unscrupulous about money," she said. "There is really no central authority, which is perhaps just as well. Venice is really a small town. There is all the political conniving that goes on in small towns everywhere. The only really good things that are accomplished here are done by outsiders or by national institutions. Take CIGA—the Compagnia Italiana dei Grandi Alberghi. It is a national outfit, and its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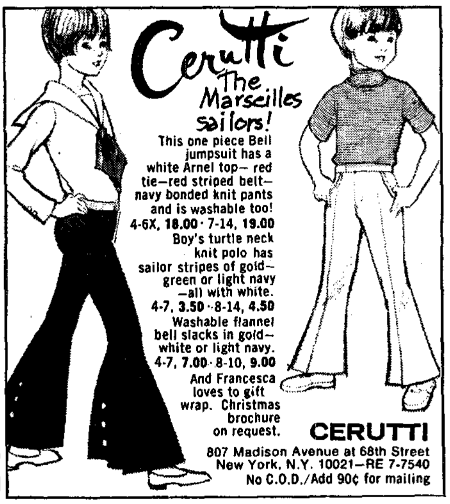
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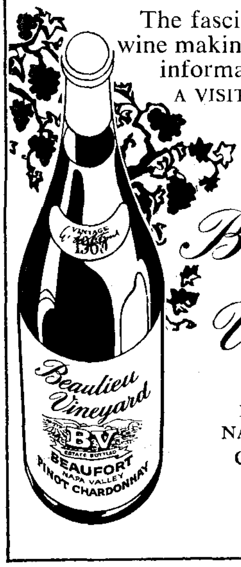

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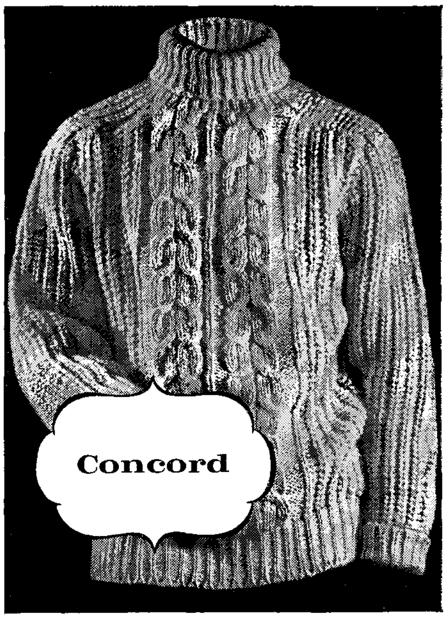
standards are national. Its hotels—which include the Gritti Palace, the Danieli, the Europa e Britannia, and some others—are well run. Heaven only knows what would happen to the hotels of Venice if they were all run by Venetians." Small bits of graft paid to local politicians, Miss Fitzgerald thinks, produced permits for the honky-tonk shops that clutter the Piazza San Marco and the adjoining streets. "When some Venetian firm like Venini Glass or Roberta da Camerino or Fortuny Tessuti Artistici reaches an international market, it is because its administration represents a degree of taste far above that of the average Venetian," she said. "Most Venetian glass and most Venetian handbags and fabrics are junk, as everybody knows, and a great deal of the lower-priced glass is made not in Venice but in Czechoslovakia."

It had been my observation, I said, that Venetians found it very difficult not to think of Venice as the center of the world. After all, it was once a proud commercial city. Tailors will assure you that although two-inch-high cuffs on your trousers may not be fashionable at the moment in New York, London, and Paris, they will become so very soon, because, as everybody knows, Venetian fashions are copied everywhere.

"A professor at the University of Padua or at the new university here in Venice may be invited to lecture at Oxford or Harvard," said Miss Fitzgerald. "But on his return he will remain in the lower academic echelons. After all, this is Venice, and he has merely lectured at various foreign universities. It's a hick town, and the inhabitants don't know they are hicks. The only thing that can save Venice is an international governing board of some sort. It could figure out where the money goes, and could exercise some real authority." Most Venetians, she thought, would welcome such supervision. When any Venetian is asked if he is an Italian, she reminded me, the answer is invariably "Certainly not! I am a Venetian."

Finally, Miss Fitzgerald pointed out, there is another factor that is threatening the traditional Venice. Like all cities today, it is affected by the slow, inexorable worldwide social revolution. The tourists who now visit the city are not the cultured tourists of yesterday. They are a new breed, to whom honky-tonk souvenirs appeal and the great artistic and architectural monuments are of little interest. Many of them treat the city as a beach resort and

Alan Paine



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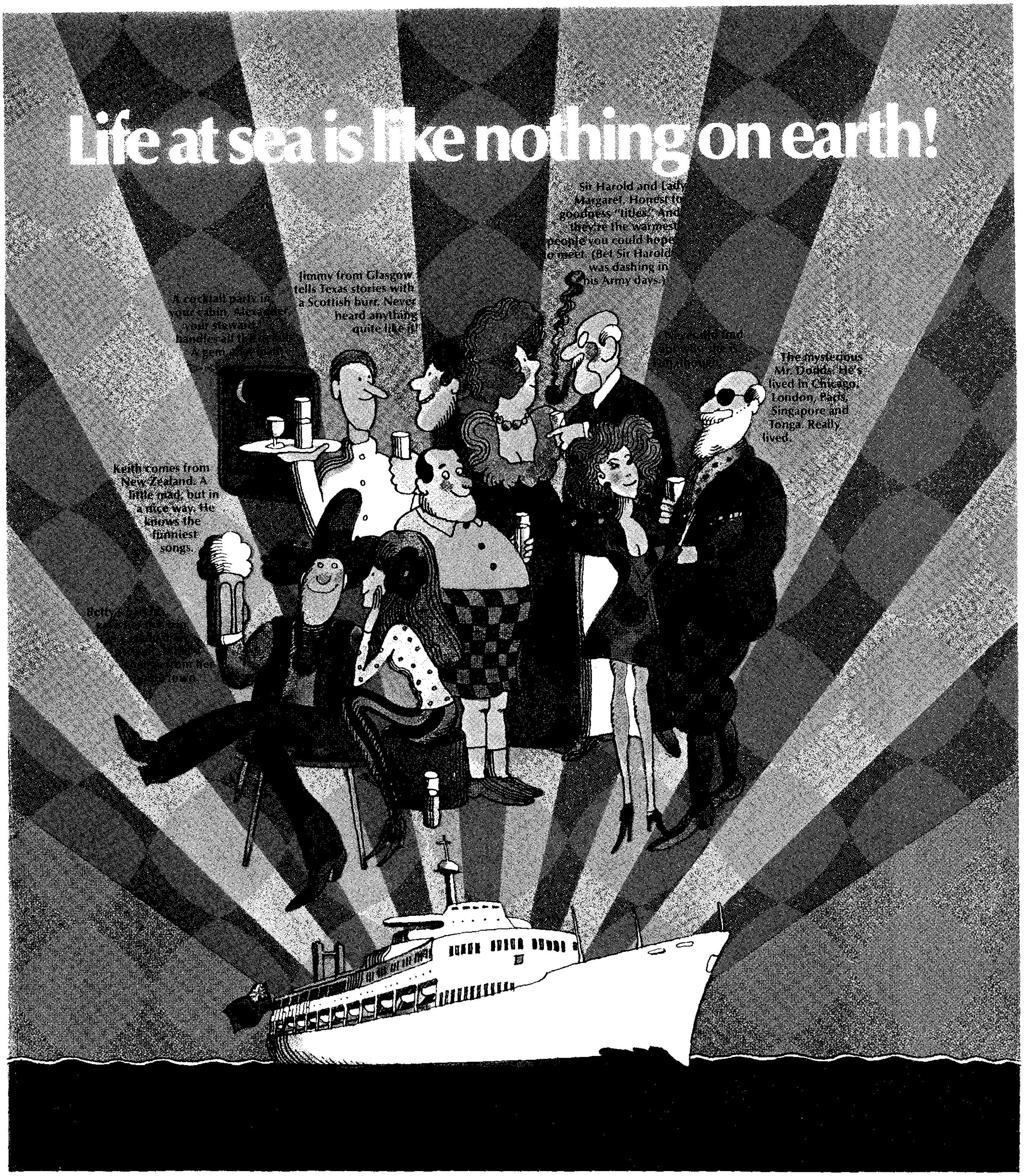
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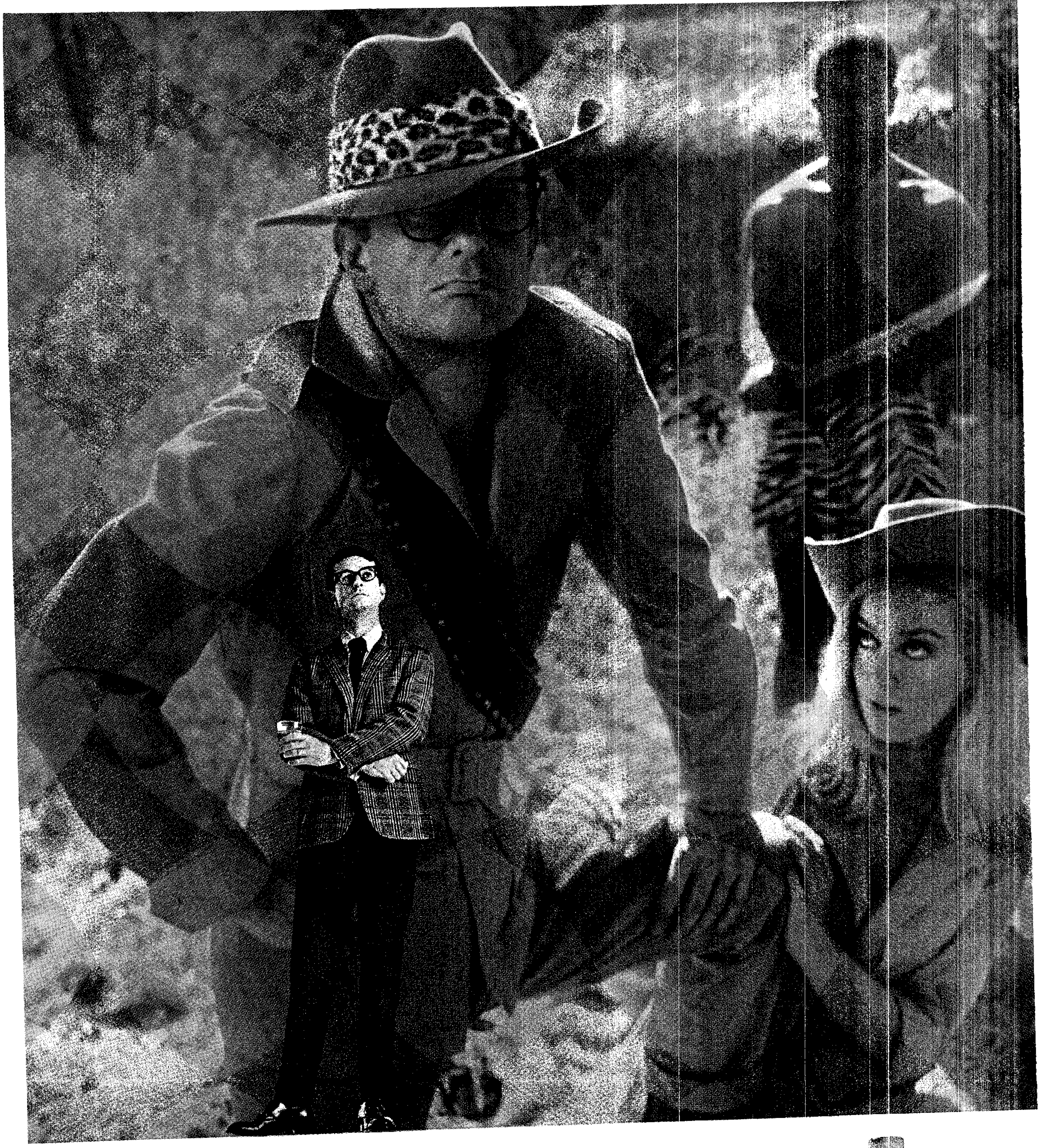

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spend most of their time at the Lido. One has only to examine the bathing beaches of Rimini and those around Ravenna, with their broadcast canned music and Coney Island atmosphere, to realize what Venice may become if this trend is allowed to progress without restraint. Not everybody appreciates the beauty and the peace and quiet of the one quiet city in the world.

To wind things up, I went to see Mayor Favaretto-Fisca, in his Palazzo Municipale, near the Rialto Bridge. The Mayor, who is a small, corpulent figure with a highly oratorical manner, addressed me as if I were three thousand people. "Nothing," he proclaimed, "shall be allowed to sully this jewel of art and architecture as long as I am in office!" I started to question him about Marghera and Mestre, but he held up a hand as if he were stilling a heckler at a meeting. "Venice is a masterpiece of art; it is also a great port," he said. "Our problem is to combine the two aspects. We do not need new *autostrade;* we need more and faster ferryboats." He went on to discuss several points I had already heard about, and then, as a grand finale, said, "Please assure the American people of my undying respect and affection." The interview was over.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

◆

EDUCATION MOVES AHEAD IN NEW MEXICO

[*From the Carrizozo (N.M.) Lincoln County News*]

A hunter participating in a bow hunt during a season limited to bowhunters, was checked in the field shortly after taking his deer. An arrow was sticking in the buck's side, but close examination revealed that the hole had not been made by the arrow. It was made by a .22 caliber firearm. A .22 caliber pistol was found behind a nearby tree.

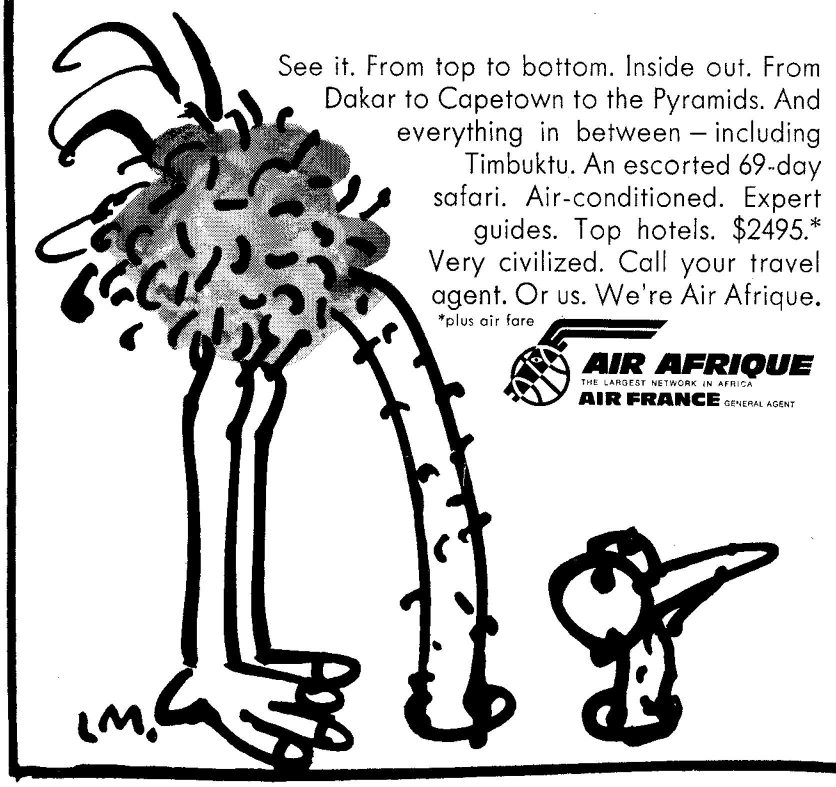
The hunter admitted that he had had very little experience with bow and arrow and did not want to cripple a deer and let it get away. So he shot it with the pistol and later stuck the arrow in the bullet hole. The judge was greatly impressed with the hunter's humane attitude. He assessed a $50 fine and costs. All fines go to the school fund of the state.

◆

FAME: Arthur Schlesinger Jr. lunched at the Algonquin yesterday. Neither the Pulitzer Prize historian nor anyone else in the room recognized the man lunching at the next table: William E. Miller, Goldwater's Vice-Presidential candidate.
—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Lyons himself wasn't *in* the room; he was peeking from behind the grandfather's clock.

Africa. It's wild.



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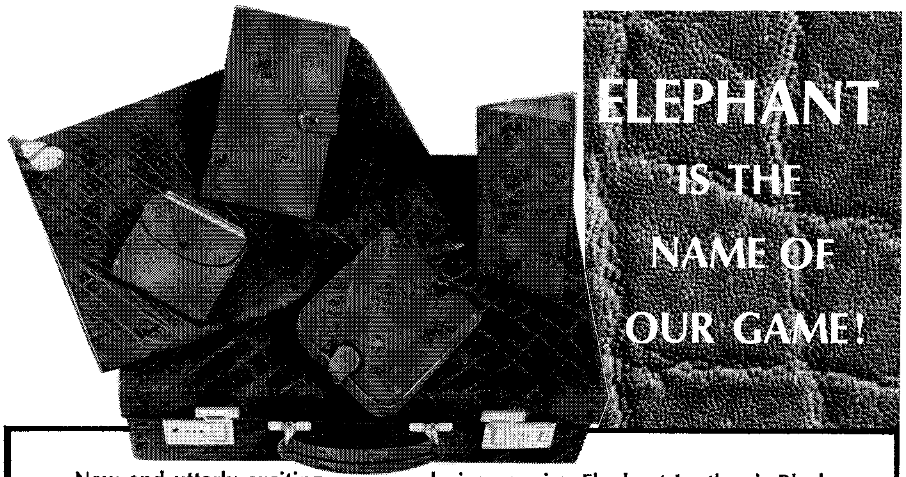

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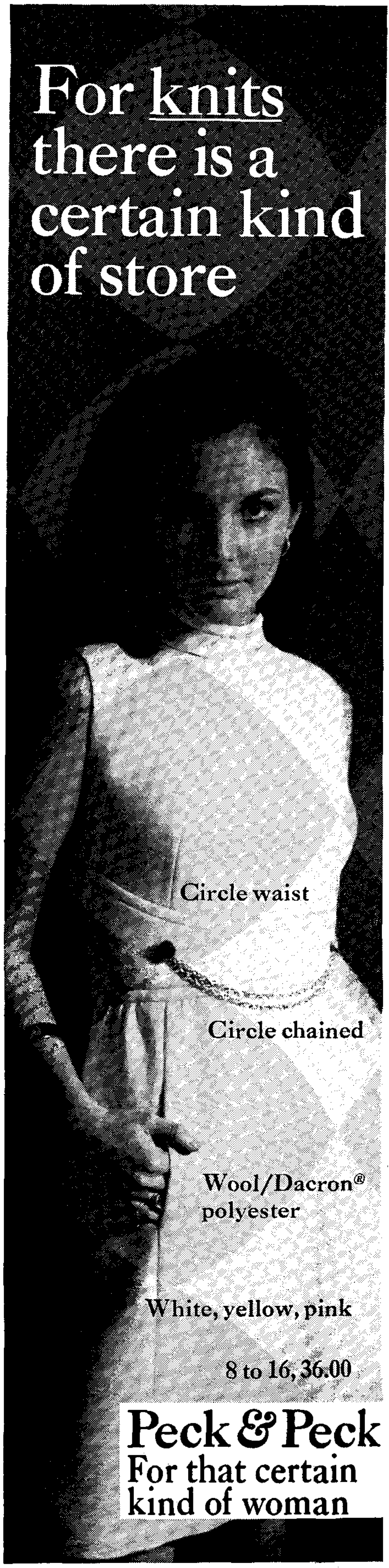

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GASTRONOMY RECALLED

SOME SEEDS OF THIS PLANET

THE little seeds called rice, pearl white when they are husked, are among a good cook's best friends. They can appear in elaborate or completely simple dishes, from one end of a meal to the other, and familiarity with their use has never bred contempt in anyone who likes them to begin with. Such a poor wretch as a rice hater I have never met, myself.

We used to eat rice often, in many delicious plain ways, when I was growing up. It was tender but not overcooked, and with every grain separate, although an Oriental would have shuddered at the great amounts of boiling salted water it had danced about in, and a modern housewife would be shocked at the debilitating washings it went through before and after it was boiled. When done, it was poured quickly into a special colander with small holes, and cold water was run over it. Then the colander was swung over more boiling water, and a clean folded towel held in the steam until we were to be served. What was left from dinner went into a baked custard full of raisins, with nutmeg on the top. Or into a meat loaf or a stuffing. Or into a rare treat, on Saturday noons, of pancakes stretched with the nutlike little grains and doused with maple syrup (always served hot at home). Excellent fare! Later, I was to learn through experience that it possessed more texture than flavor, but still it was good.

Chinese and Japanese methods of cooking rice differ somewhat with regions and utensils and fuels, but comparatively little water is used, and once at a boil the kettle or pot or jar is tightly closed and is never opened again until the grains are "done." This doneness is inexplicable, of course, and for myself, often coping with rice from undependable sources, I have made a few real mistakes by trusting to blind instinct. I think a lot of rice today has been treated in one way or another to look whiter—or even browner, as the purchaser wishes—and to cook faster than it naturally should, and in the Oriental method it is forbidden even to *peek*, much less take out a few seeds to test them. Results: often dismal.

One Chinese directive I have says to add two cups of rice slowly to two cups of boiling water, cover the pot tightly, turn heat to *medium* for ten minutes, to *low* for ten more, and then *off* for ten, and "Do not remove the lid at any time." Another instruction, from a vanished correspondent named only Akagi, in Osaka, says to wash one cup of rice thoroughly (thereby removing most of its nutrients, as we always did at home), add it to two cups of fast-boiling water, and stir until it boils again. Then cover it tightly, put on an asbestos mat over the lowest possible flame, and, Mr. Akagi says, "Do not peek! Truly, it will be done in about forty minutes." Well—thirty-seven? Forty-three?

Lately, I have kept a box of "minit" rice on hand! I do not approve of this emasculated and precooked stuff, but when treated with grudging respect and occasional gratitude it has saved face for me when something went wrong. And cooked with a good chicken or beef broth in place of water, and tricked out this way and that, at least one of the current brands is palatable and, even more important, edible.

There is a mischievous Caribbean song about a bride making peas-and-rice for her husband. She says:

I put de peas in de pot to cook,
An' at de paper I took a look.
My favorite horse was goin' to run,
An' de peas in de pot dey all got bu'n!

Naturally, things go from bad to worse for her until the last stanza, but there *is* nothing much worse than the smell of peas burning, unless it is rice burning, and it is no wonder that her "malicious neighbors" are laughing at her. A few times, I have misjudged the nature of the rice I was cooking, and the stench when it stuck to the pot and sent out ugly brownish gas was unfriendly, to put it in a mild, unmusical way, although I heard no actual laughter.

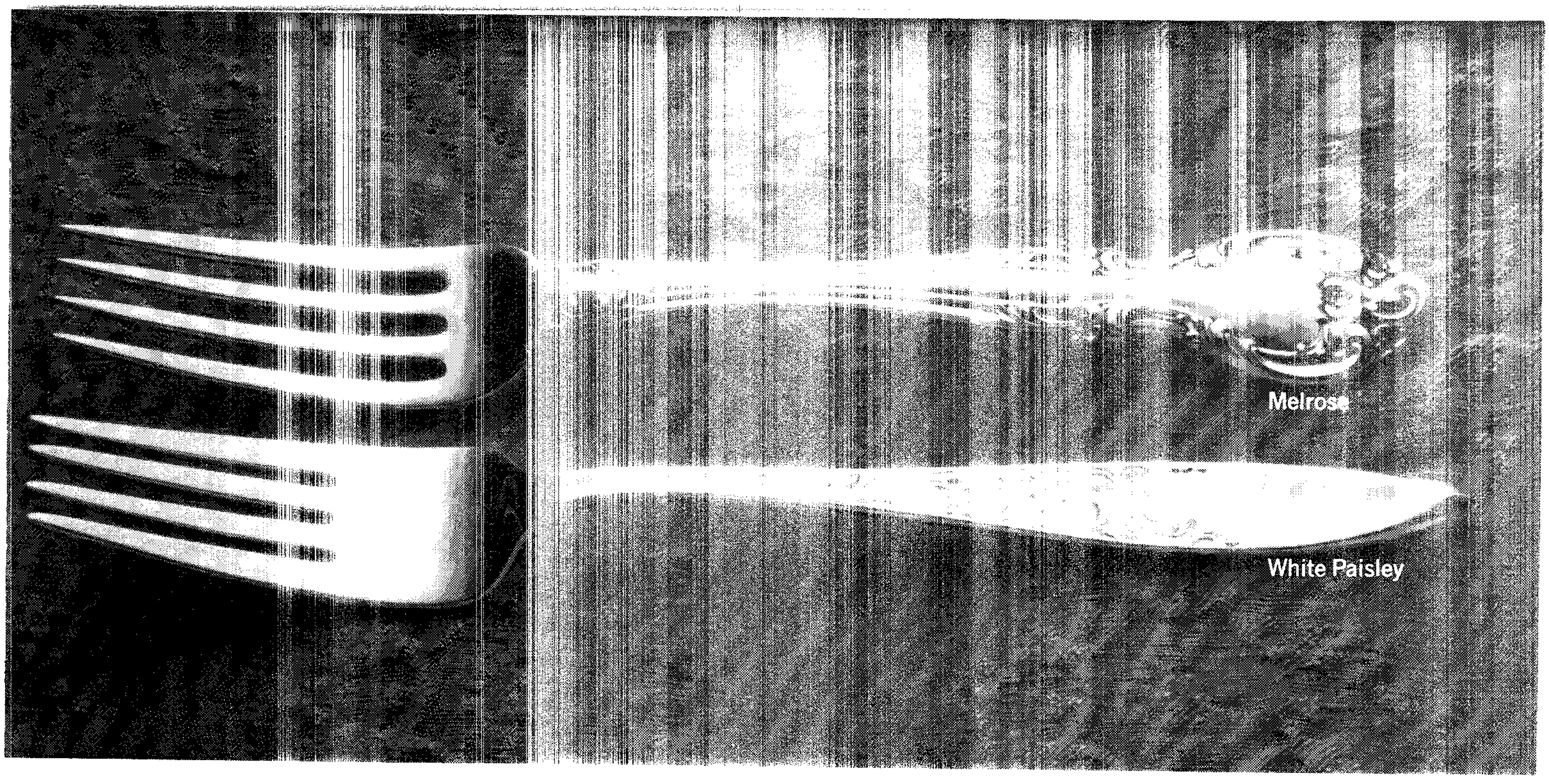
Here is a good simple recipe, which should allow a little time for the racing form:

BAHAMAN PEAS-AND-RICE

2 cups pigeon peas.
¼ pound salt pork, diced.
1 large onion, chopped.
1 cup canned tomatoes.
1 small pod hot red pepper
¼ cup fresh thyme.
2 cups rice.
4 cups water.

Soak peas overnight, drain, and put on to cook in plenty of clean water. In a separate pan, fry the pork and onion together until golden. Add the tomatoes, pepper, and thyme. Drain the boiled peas, and put in the bottom of an ample pot. Add the uncooked rice, and cover with 4 cups water. When it boils, add the sauce, and cover closely. Let cook *without stirring* until rice is done and liquid is gone. (Black-eyed peas or any similar dried peas may be used if pigeon peas are not available.)

The last sentence of this recipe is helpful, for not even "Larousse" and the



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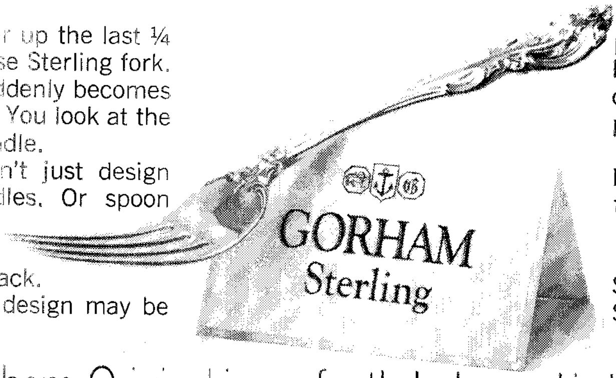

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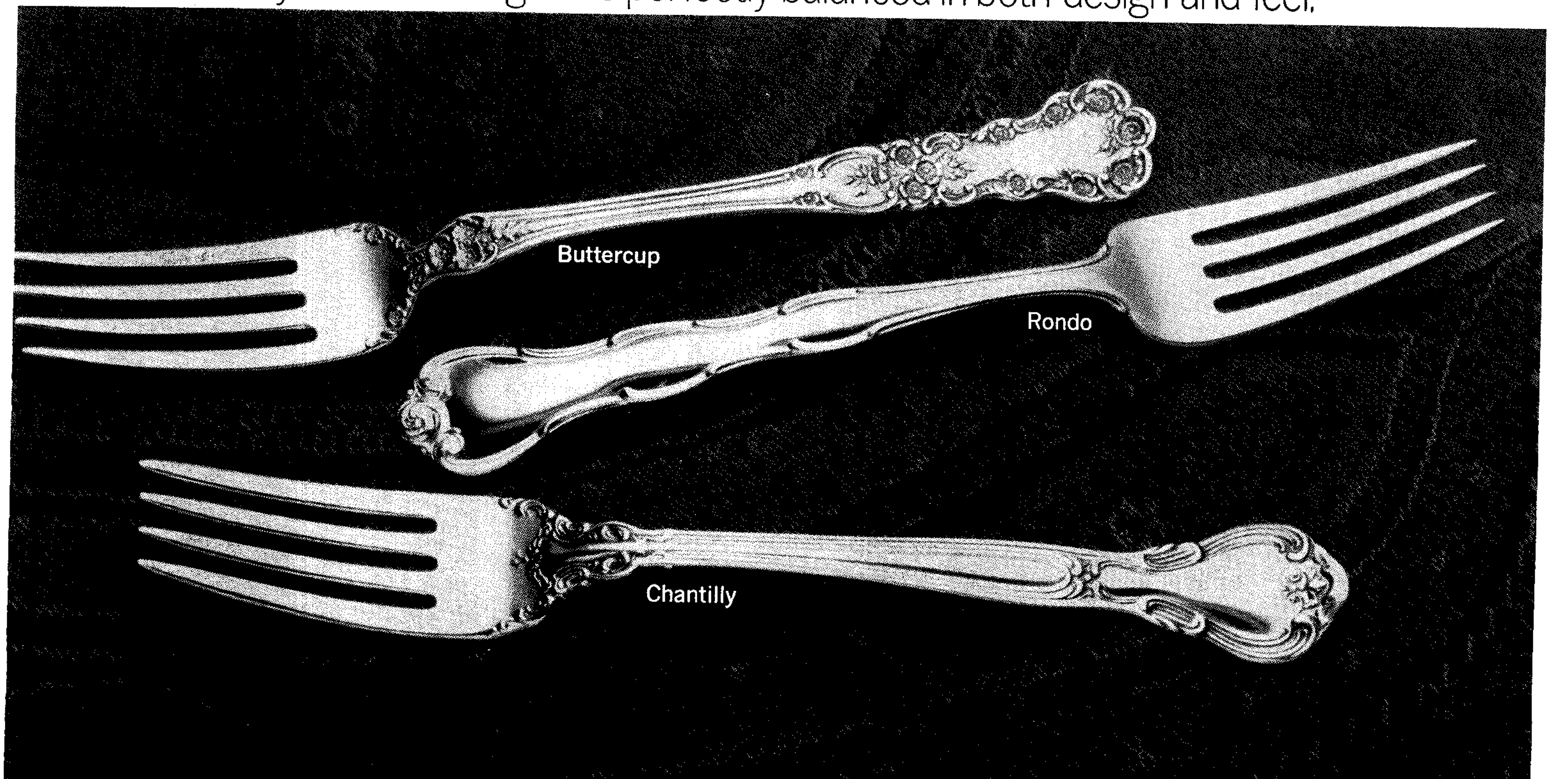

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"Concise Oxford" know about such a vegetable as the one called pigeon peas, and since I have never been in the Bahamas, I tend to consider them in the same class with pigeon milk, a purely mythical liquid. I prefer using whole dried peas to the ones called "split," to keep more character in the dish, but the one time I made it with chick-peas (*garbanzos*) the verdict was that it seemed *too* crude and heavy.

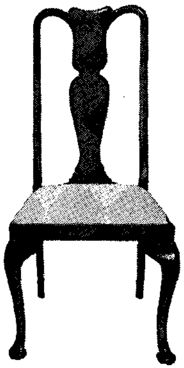
Rice can be cooked in two basic ways—right and wrong. *Right*, for me, results in separate and unsoggy grains, tender but still with a little elasticity in them. I know this can be attained by cooking it in a great deal of quickly boiling water and washing it before and after, thus robbing it of almost everything but its innate nature; that it can be done by using a Westernized version of the age-old Oriental method, to be found in any reputable kitchen manual; and that it can even be done, in a pinch, with a packaged five-minute facsimile. *Wrong*, fortunately, seems to be without a real recipe, but it is the way the Swiss like it. *It* is the way rice is served in Lucerne, Berne, Lugano, and perhaps even in Geneva, although I have not stayed there long enough to be exposed to it. It can be a solid, creamy rich mass if you eat it in a good restaurant or home, and a grayish lump of unidentifiable ex-nodules, very sticky, if you happen to come upon the rare but occasional place of culinary disrepute that is always found on a bad day.

I have looked for a formula in several Swiss cookbooks with no luck, unless one wants deliberately to tamper with something like the *risotto in bianco* I often ate in Lugano. Cruelly, I could devise an alternative to this good recipe, and produce almost exactly the drab glutinous blob I have been served at even famous tables in the country that has often been my home, but here is the noblest version of what is still not my own idea of the *right* way to cook rice, because the Swiss do not watch their watches! (The friend who gave this recipe to me preferred it made with milk, but would bow to my preference for the consommé and wine when *gentlemen* were her guests.)

RISOTTO IN BIANCO (WHITE RISOTTO)

2 tablespoons finely chopped onion.
½ cup butter.
1 cup rice.
1 cup dry white wine and 1 cup good stock or consommé.
(Or 3 cups rich milk.)
Salt, pepper.
Grated dry white cheese: Gruyère, Romano, Parmesan.

Cook onion in butter until soft, add



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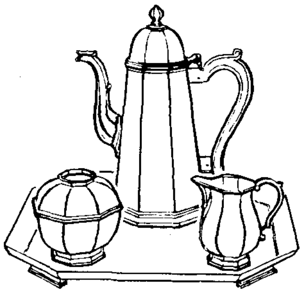

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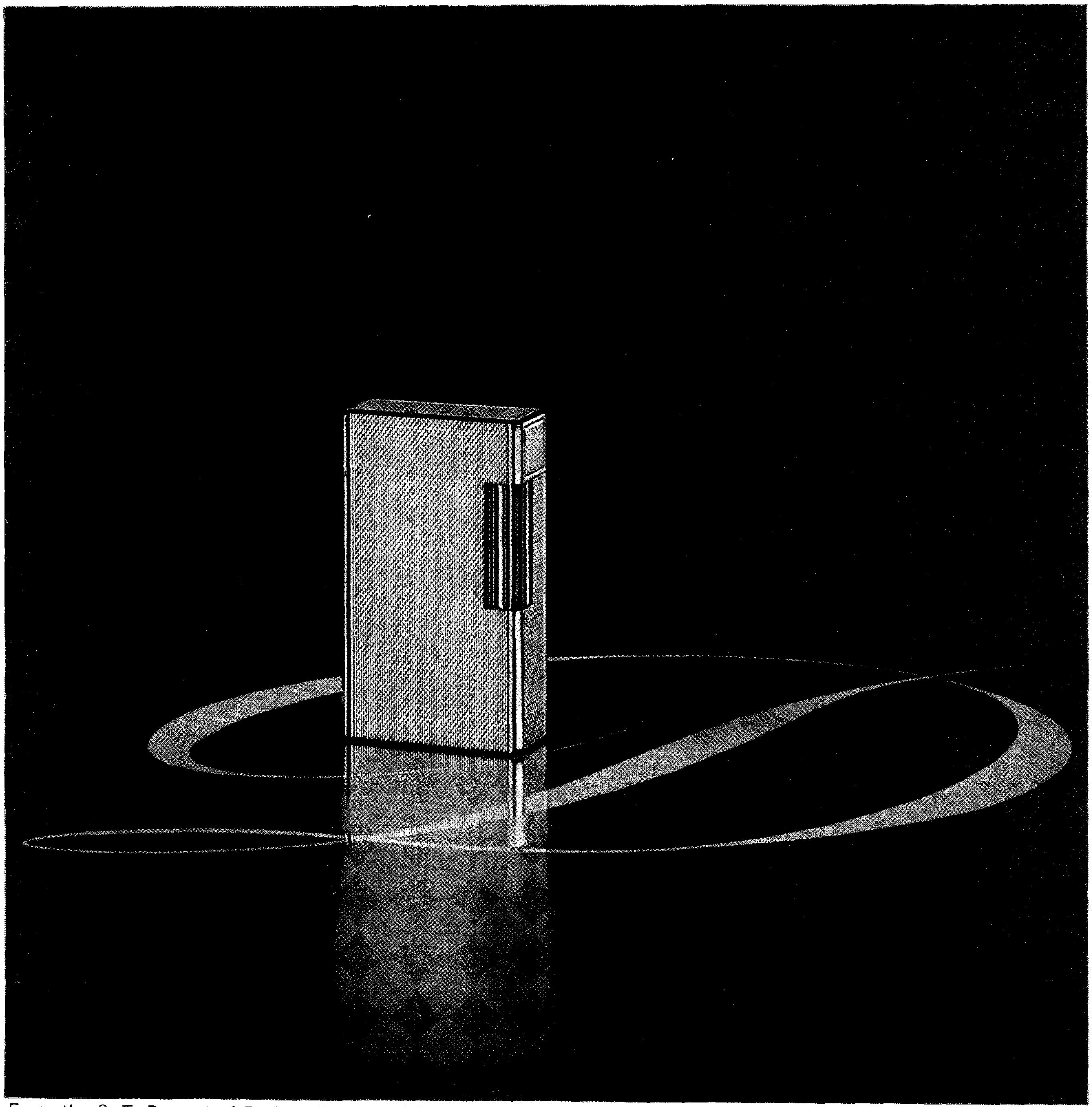

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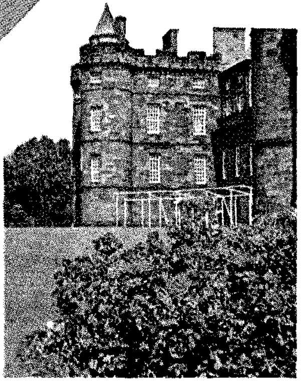
The Return of the Aged Inch



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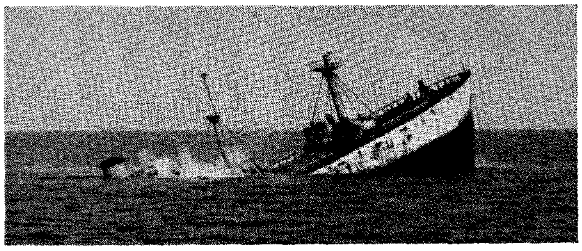
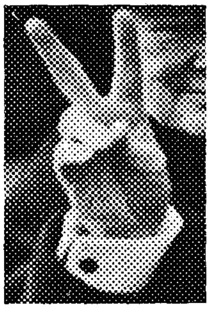


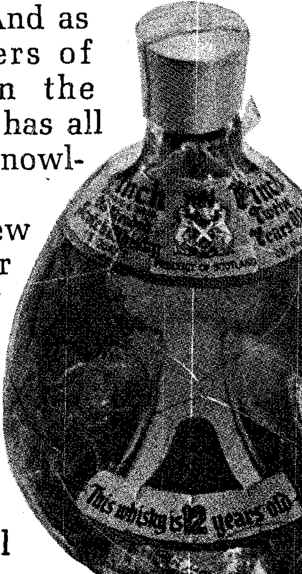
Then World War II interrupted all this. Shipments stopped in 1939. For the duration of the war, the distilling of Scotch was well-nigh brought to a halt. And after the war, the lengthy, laborious process of building up stocks of Scotch whisky had to begin all over again.

The Pinch that Haig & Haig shipped to our country was the finest of quality, regardless of age. But now, and only now, after many years has the supply been slowly built up until an uninterrupted continuity can be promised. Only now will "12 years old" be once more applied to the label of the Pinch bottle.



Promising not just age. Like some. For this is not a difficult promise to make. But promising that this Scotch has the much prized quality for which Pinch has always been famous.

For those who know their Scotch, this will come as the most welcome of news. For age alone has never been an assurance of great Scotch. There are distillers and there are distillers. But the selection and blending are all important. And as the oldest distillers of Scotch whisky in the world, Haig & Haig has all that much needed knowledge and ability.



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rice, and stir until opaque. Heat wine and stock (or milk), season to taste, and stir into rice. Cover tightly and cook over very low heat for about 20 minutes, or until rice is tender. Serve with cheese.

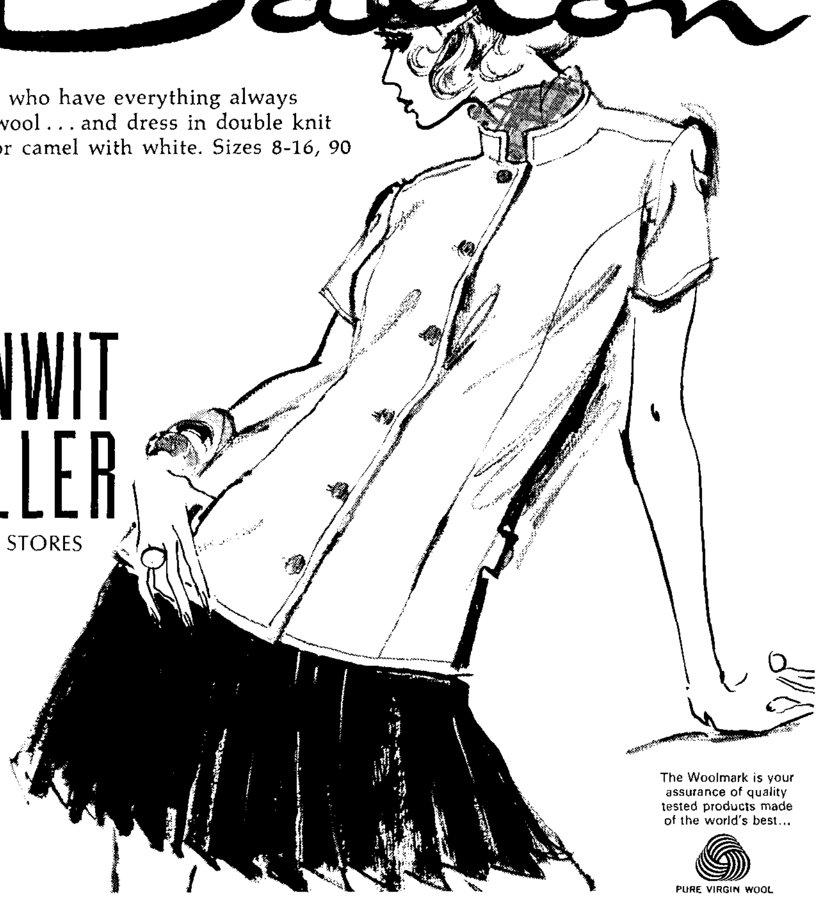
I cannot resist adding here that I have never had this recipe prepared correctly, except when I made it myself. Even in the Ticino, the Swiss seem unable to serve rice at that mysterious moment of *doneness* innate to the Chinese, but let it turn soft and sticky. They *like* it that way. And I like being there with them. So I eat it when it is set before me.

The few more recipes I have pulled from my tried-and-trues may differ, but only slightly, from the thousands of others in good kitchen "bibles" and special books written on and around the subject of rice cookery. Some start with the raw grains, which absorb as they go whatever the cook plies them with. Some depend upon rice already cooked. Variations are endless, obviously, and, with any sense at all, they are rewarding.

IT is said that a third of all this planet's people lean on rice as their staff of life. For the rest of us, who need not eat it for survival but may play with it to please our kitchen fancies, probably a third more will think of a *risotto* as the best and perhaps even the only way to start a good dish with the raw grain and be able to count on its easy and successful end. Like many other classical formulas, the one for a *risotto* varies this way and that, with every cook who makes it—outside of a great restaurant, that is, and perhaps even there. For example, there are as many recipes for a "correct" *risotto* made in Milano and called *alla milanese* as there are cookbooks to outline them, and one I found dares to omit any mention of the saffron that even a half-educated gourmand would consider its special mark.

Some recipes start every *risotto* with the raw dry rice, and others soak it fifteen minutes and then add the basic liquids or sauces. Some want the rice to be creamy but still firm, and others state that every grain should be separate. Some use pure olive oil, and others a variety of mixtures of butter, beef marrow, oil, chicken fat, salt pork, and so on. The end result can be the same—a delicious thing to eat, whether served at the beginning of a meal, as in northern Italy, or, simply and luxuriously, as a meal in itself.

The first time I ever ate a true *risotto* was, properly enough, in Milano, in a sparkling restaurant in the Galleria



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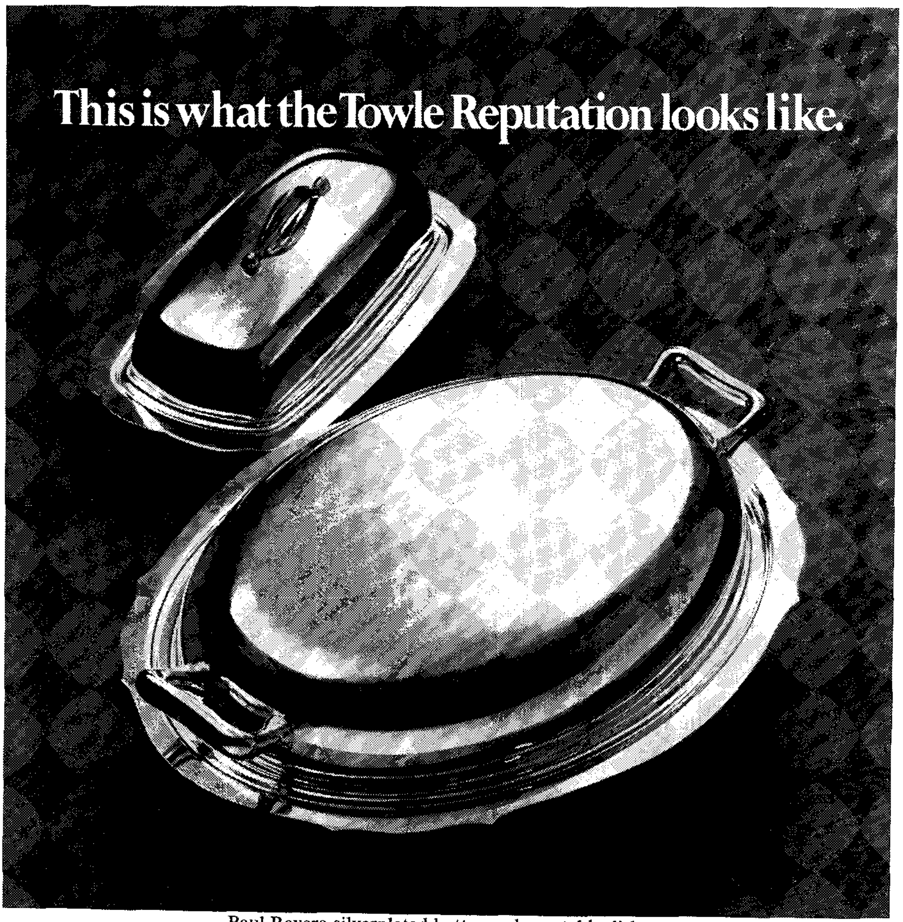

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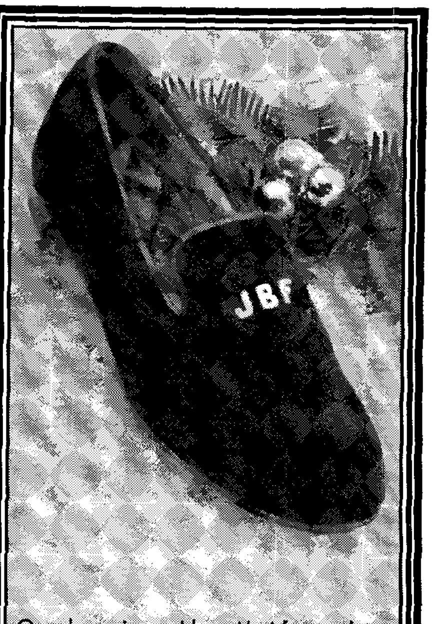
Vittorio Emanuele. I felt almost blinded by the perfect weather and my own private happiness, being comparatively young and completely in love, and I assumed—perhaps correctly—that I was surrounded by princely silk merchants, stars from La Scala, and hungry duchesses. It was the right time and the right place for the right dish, and although I suspected immediately that it was not very well made, it was no flaw in the general perfection. It was too hastily cooked, a little too much *al dente*, and there was too much saffron in it—all because I completely upset the kitchen at the noon hour by asking for something not on the lengthy menu. I behaved like a naïve tourist, which I was. And I am very glad I did, and was. The dish was at its simplest: rice made opaque in a light olive oil and then simmered with some white wine and chicken broth, with the moistened saffron added perhaps five minutes before the dreamily handsome waiter served it. Ambrosia, because everything was at its correct position in both Time and Space.

Here is my own basic recipe for a *risotto*, which can be made plain or fancy, and named for any town between Milano and Los Angeles, according to the wind and the weather and what is in the cupboard:

¼-½	cup butter or olive oil.
¼-½	cup finely minced or sliced onion.
2	cups raw rice, preferably Carolina or Italian.
1	scant cup dry white wine.
4-5	cups hot chicken broth.
2	tablespoons butter.
½	cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Heat butter or oil in heavy saucepan, and in it cook onion gently until golden. Add rice and stir constantly until opaque, about 5 minutes. Stir in the wine, and when absorbed add the hot broth, ½ cup at a time as it disappears, always stirring. In about 20 minutes, or when done, stir in the butter and cheese and serve at once, with more cheese alongside.

This is really a *risotto in bianco*, I think, and is delicate enough to stand alone as an accompaniment to chicken, for instance. If a scant teaspoon of saffron—of course, steeped in a little wine or broth—is added about *five minutes* before it is done, it will be the foundation for a *risotto alla milanese*, to be eaten plain with plenty of grated Parmesan, or with mushrooms, chicken livers, little shrimps lightly cooked first and then added. In Venice, chopped ham and green peas are cooked in the butter before the rice is stirred in (and at home I cook the fresh or frozen peas lightly, add plenty of butter, and toss them with the



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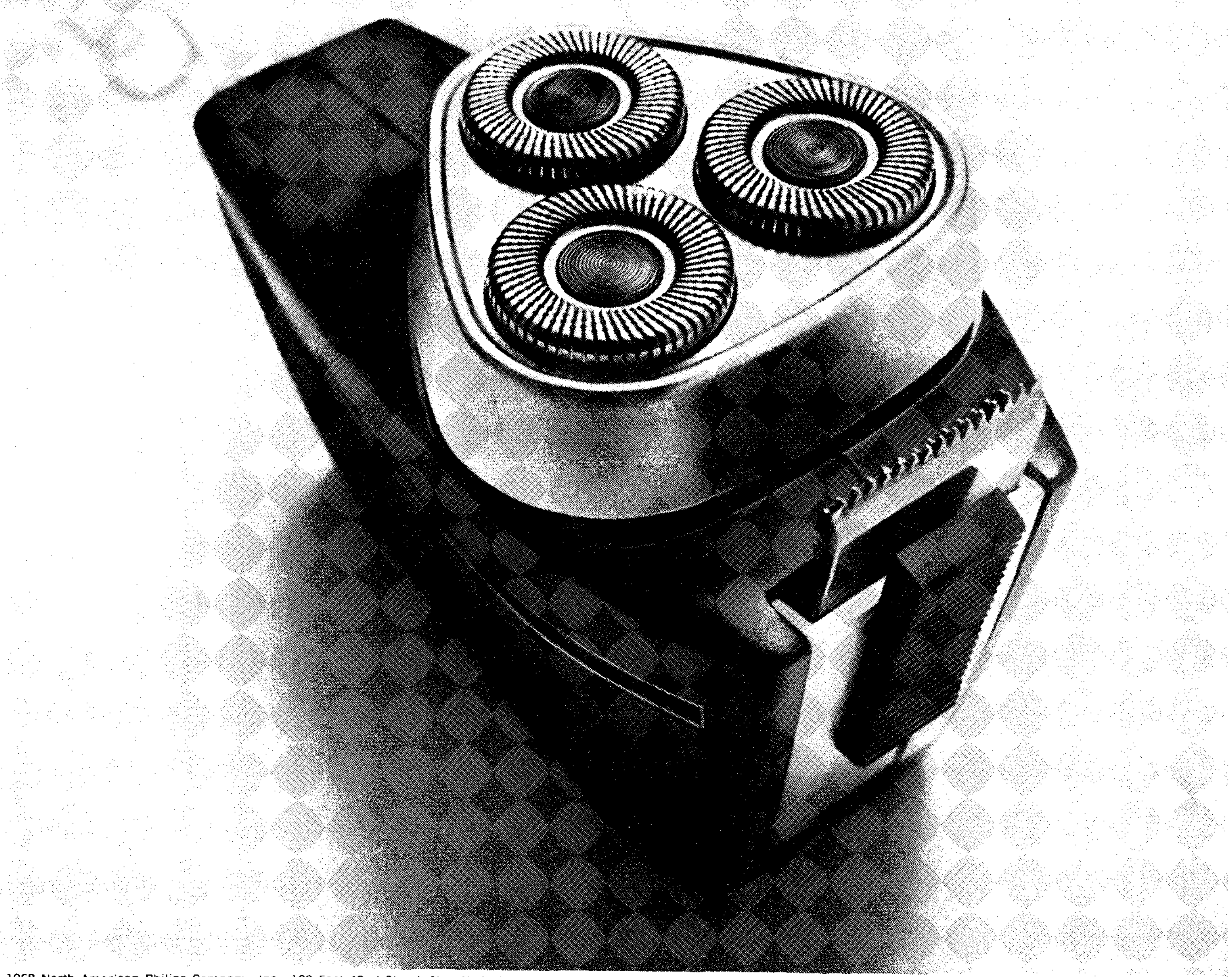

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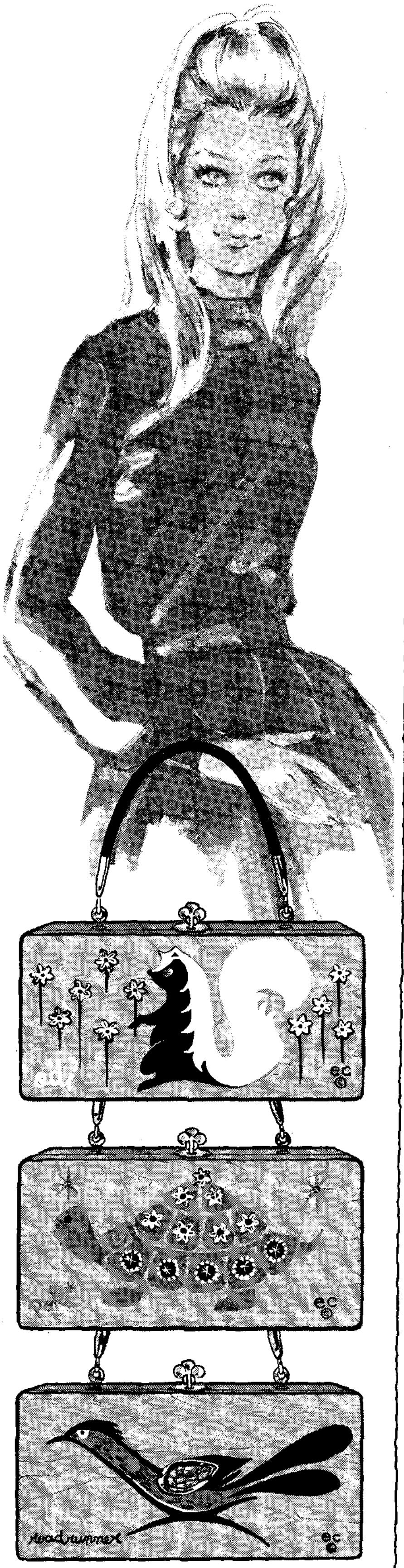

Collins of Texas
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risotto just before I add the cheese).

This same basic recipe can be made with more onion, with herbs, and with beef broth or even tomato juice, for a lustier dish. A dry vermouth is good instead of white wine (but red wines should not be used, because of the weird color the rice will take on). One or two cloves of garlic can be heated with the oil and onion, and then removed before the rice is added. Dried mushrooms give an excellent hearty flavor to such a *risotto*, softened first in warm water or wine. Fresh mushrooms, I think, are better sautéed separately and added at the end of the preparation. Ham or chicken or other meats are often added to a *risotto*, but I myself prefer them served separately in a sauce fitted to the flavors already in the rice. Naturally, this sauce will be stronger for a *risotto* made with beef broth, bacon or ham, tomatoes, herbs than for the more delicate "white" one.

There are many other dishes made with raw rice that simply put everything together and then cook it slowly, usually in the oven, until done. Here is a foolishly easy method, which obviously can be made more exciting by the addition of herbs, mushrooms, whatever, before the final baking begins:

BAKED RICE

2 cups brown rice.
3 cups beef stock.
(Or 2 cups beef stock and 1 cup white wine, or 1 can condensed consommé and 1 can water.)
2-4 tablespoons butter.
Salt, pepper.

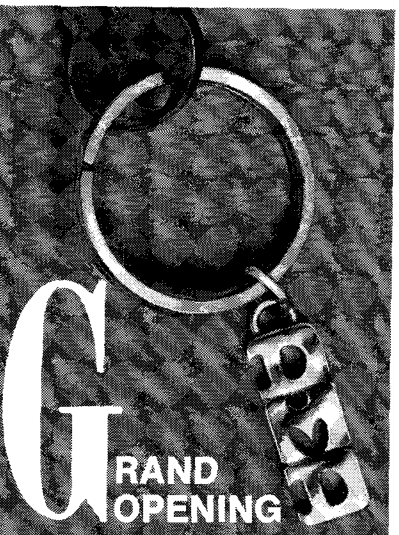
Put rice in casserole, add liquid, and let soak for 3-4 hours. Cover and bake in preheated 350° oven for 50 minutes to 1 hour. Toss with butter and seasoning, and serve.

A good jambalaya, which really can be called a "concoction," since it depends for its furbelows upon the cook's mood as well as the cook's past history, can be made in the following way, which will horrify many purists by calling itself Creole:

A SHRIMP JAMBALAYA

3 medium or 2 large minced onions.
½ cup good fat or oil.
3 tablespoons flour.
4 peeled chopped tomatoes.
½ cup minced parsley, with thyme or basil as desired.
1 minced or mashed clove garlic.
½ teaspoon chili powder (optional).
1 cup rice.
5 cups boiling water.
1 pound fresh peeled raw shrimps.
(Or 1 large can of shrimps.)

Brown onions gently in fat, stir in flour, and brown again. Add tomatoes, parsley, garlic, and seasoning. Add rice and water. Cover and let simmer for about 45 minutes. Add the raw or canned



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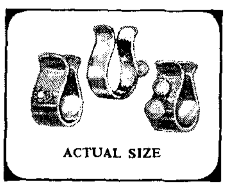

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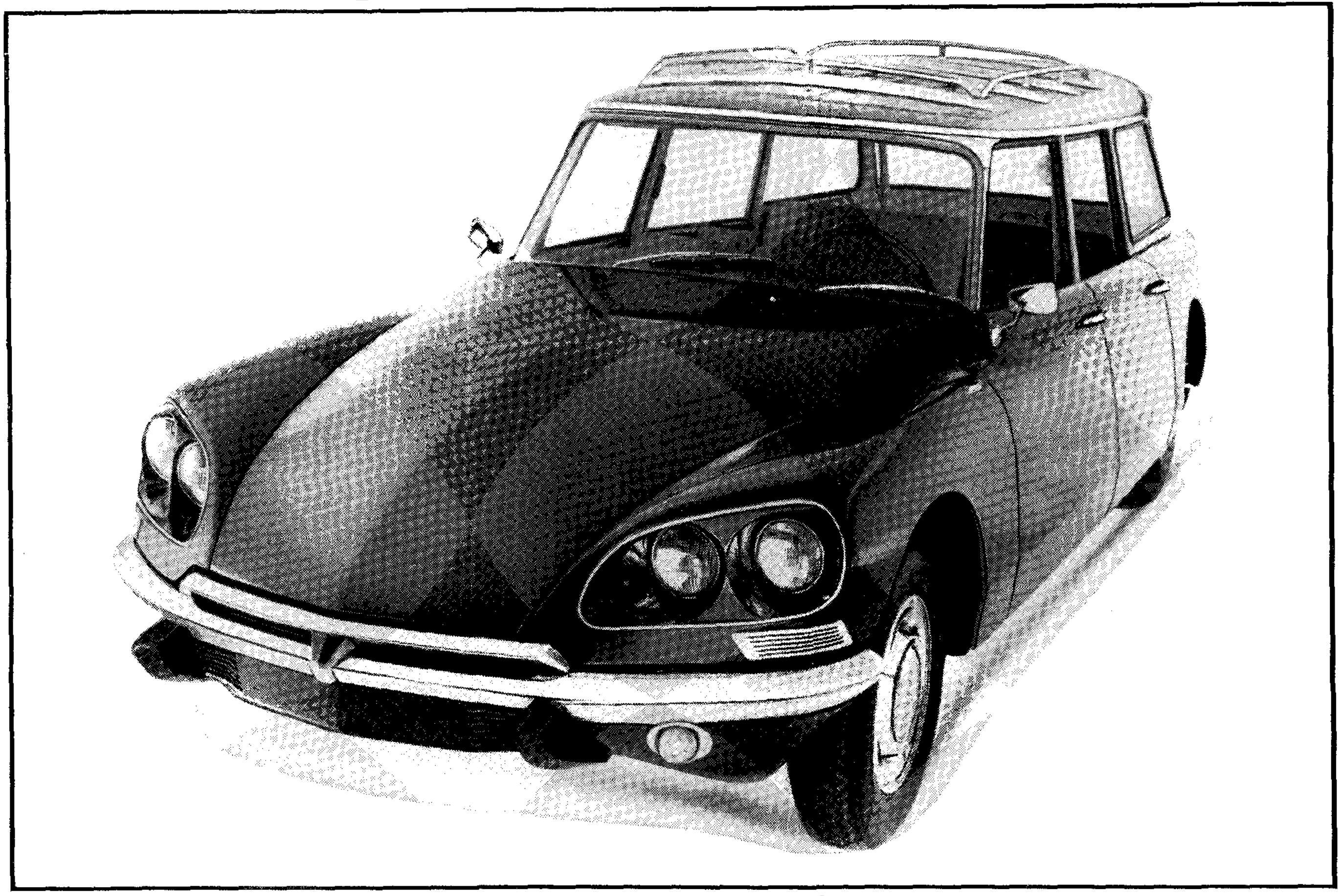

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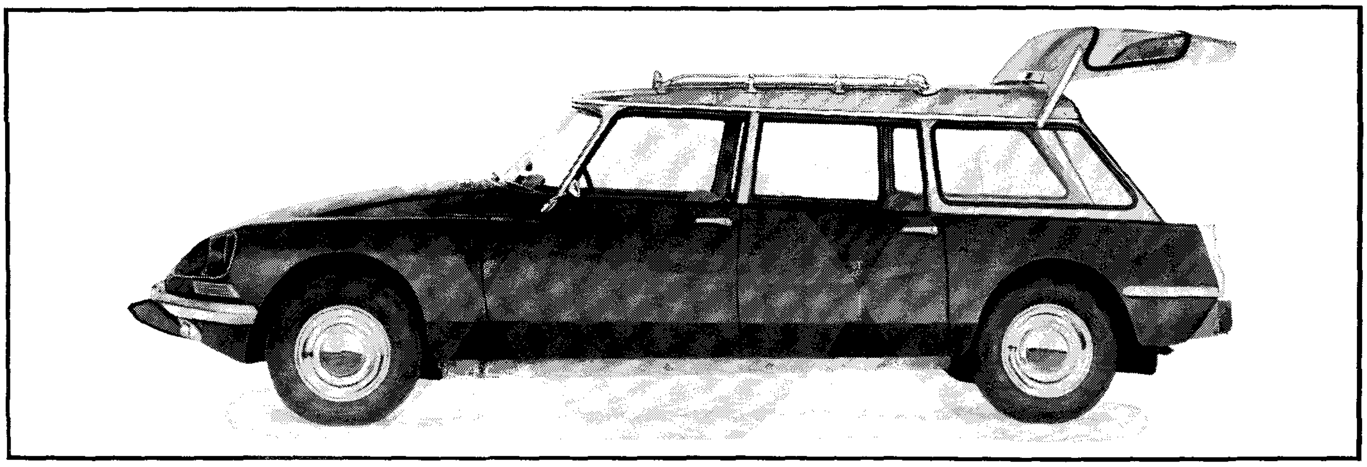

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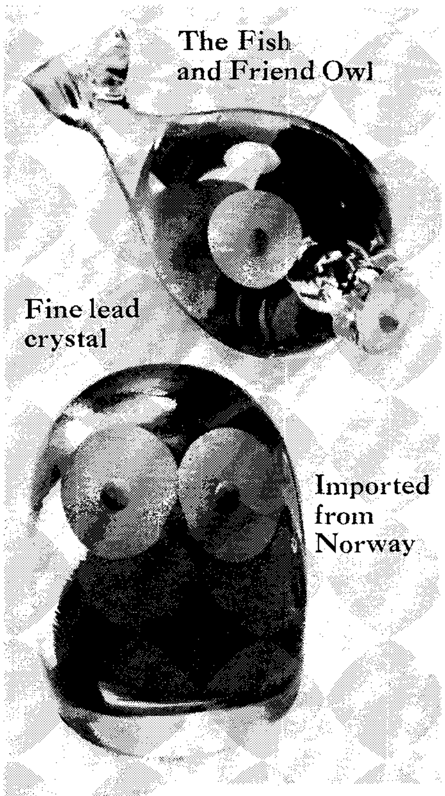
shrimps, heat rapidly, and serve when the raw shrimps are cooked through but not tough—perhaps 5-6 minutes.

One unorthodox but delicious trick to play on this recipe is to forget the shrimps. Instead, cook small sausages, and put them hot over the dish before serving. They should be brown and plump. A more elegant jambalaya, as served in the West Indies, can be a grand mixture of sautéed chicken, ham, shrimps, a sauce, all cooked with herbs and vegetables like tomatoes and green peppers and then blended with already cooked rice for the last five minutes. This can be impressive and delicious, but I like my so-called Creole version for more humdrum (and shorter) gastronomical flights.

Once a cook considers what to serve with rice that is already cooked, the field is limitless. Books about curries, for instance, are published continually, with the rhythm of a well-ticking clock. Special restaurants all over the world serve nothing but curries. Spice merchants grow rich making their regional and private blends of curry powder. In other words, reputations can and do depend upon the authenticity of the recipe first and then of the powder that goes into the sauce, the skill with which the sauce is made, and in many cases the atmosphere in which the whole is served. The general flavor of curry powder is recognizable, and most people live happily with what comes out of any of a dozen bottles and tins of it to be found in neighborhood markets. I list myself in this humble class. I also claim that I sense at once when I am eating a sauce made with a special blend of the dozens of spices that go into a fresh high-level powder, although I do not know what part of India its formula may have come from. It is much like realizing that one is in the immediate presence of a noble Burgundy without knowing (or even caring) on which side of which hill its grapes grew in the Côte-d'Or.

Probably the "greatest" curry I ever ate was in London, in 1930, in a small private room of a famous Indian restaurant. It had been arranged days before we sat down on the low couches. I had been asked if I wanted "mild" or "hot" by our host, and, having been raised in southern California in the days before Mexican cooking adjusted itself to the timid palates of the invaders from Iowa, I felt qualified to say, "Oh, hot, of course." There were more servants than diners in the pukka-sahib treatment our host had dictated for us, and very soon, but with exquisite dis-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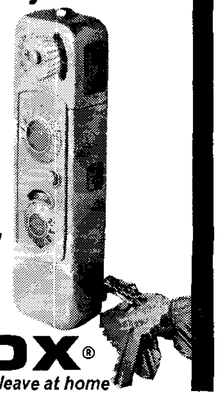
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cretion, one of my attendants noticed that tears were running down my cheeks, for I was too young to admit that I had been both cocksure and ignorant. A bowl of finely cracked ice was put by my dishes, and every time I ate a mouthful of the curried whatever-it-was, I followed it with a mouthful of the temporary balm. The next day, the insides of my lips were cruelly blistered, but nobody ever teased me, and I felt it was worth the anguish for that strange experience in the dim silky room, with the silent men moving above us on our divans.

It was the other end of the stick from the favorite dish we looked forward to when I was a girl between about eleven and eighteen, which we blandly assumed was a real curry. The recipe for it would stupefy—or, at least, shock—any kitchen conformist, and I myself admit to a certain embarrassment about it. But it *is* good—if one likes the smell and taste of curry powder as such. (Not only the smell and taste but the word itself will make some people feel sick.) It *is* low-class, coming to us from a big, blowzy, nice cook whose corporal-husband had died in Injah long before. It *is* what some people would damn as an economical dish, since it is a godsent vehicle for cubes of leftover steak or roast beef. And it *is* made with the powder that comes from an easily procurable tin box, correctly disdained by a curry connoisseur, and not a freshly contrived blend of paprika, chili, ginger, turmeric, garlic, onions, cinnamon, coriander, nutmeg, mace, pepper, allspice, pimento, mustard, anise, fennel, saffron, cardamom, fenugreek, poppy seeds, asafetida . . . And here it is:

A MAKESHIFT CURRY

1	large onion, thinly sliced.
½	cup fat or 4 slices chopped bacon.
1-2	tablespoons good curry powder.
¼	cup wine vinegar.
¼	cup water.
1	cup tomato sauce.
	Leftover meat and gravy.

Fry onion golden in fat or with bacon. Mix curry with liquids and add to onion. Stir briskly over hot flame to develop flavor. Add tomato sauce and cook 5 minutes. Add meat in pieces, and any gravy, and stir until heated through. Simmer 10-15 minutes. Serve with fresh dry rice and one or more condiments, or a sweet preserve, like figs or peaches.

A poor imitation of a Madras Curry with Beef, certainly! But I am as loyal to it in December as I was in May.

It is wrong to think that curries are served only in India, and there are myriad recipes to prove this. I have one that is rightly called Hawaiian—

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although many other cultures could claim it—which is very delicately made with coconut milk, fresh gingerroot, and shrimps. There is one made with bamboo shoots, and another Chinese recipe for a chicken curry made with grated coconut and fresh red peppers. Their like appear every day in print, ready for the curry buffs like me.

And then there are all the combinations of meat and fish and poultry that can be served on rice, with great success if one cooks the rice properly first and then concocts the rest with respect. Fats Waller sang a slyly libidinous song about seafood long ago, in which he stated, "Shrimpers and rice—they're very nice!" And a great many of us agree with him, for the recipes for serving the two together are countless and often good. They usually involve some kind of sauce, or even a form of gumbo made with green peppers, okra, and tomatoes, with the cooked shrimps added at the last, to serve with rice. Once, though, I listened to some fishermen in a mean bar in Delaware, and I liked the simplicity of the recipes they were exchanging. The best, spoken gently, with the shot glass of bourbon warming in the hand for slow sips: "The goddam rice is cooked and dry. I take my goddam swimpses, all peeled and raw, and throw them with plenty butter over the rice and heat it until they curl right up, and then I throw in some goddam sherry and it makes, man—well . . . *good*."

I went on from that day, and here is my goddam version, perhaps even better with fresh or frozen small scallops than with shrimpers:

Rice Fats Waller

1 pound large shrimps or prawns. (Or small scallops.)
1 cup good butter.
1-2 tablespoons good paprika.
½ cup dry sherry. (Or ¼ cup lemon juice.)
4-6 cups cooked fluffy rice.

Peel and devein shrimps or prawns, and cut in two down backs. Heat butter, add shrimps and paprika, and shake over hot fire until shrimps curl and turn white. Take off fire and add wine or lemon juice. Shake again and pour over hot rice. Mix lightly and serve. (This is a quick operation, and one should not stint on butter *or* paprika.)

Stuffed baked mushrooms are very good placed with all their delicious juices on a bed of hot cooked rice. So are all kinds of creamed and even unsauced combinations of chicken, vegetables, meats. One I consider worth reminding people about is a mixture called—mysteriously, since no Japanese friend has ever been able to explain its name—Egg Moochi. It was a standard

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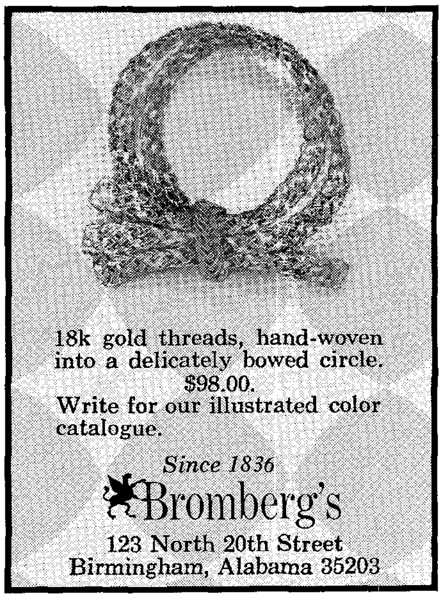

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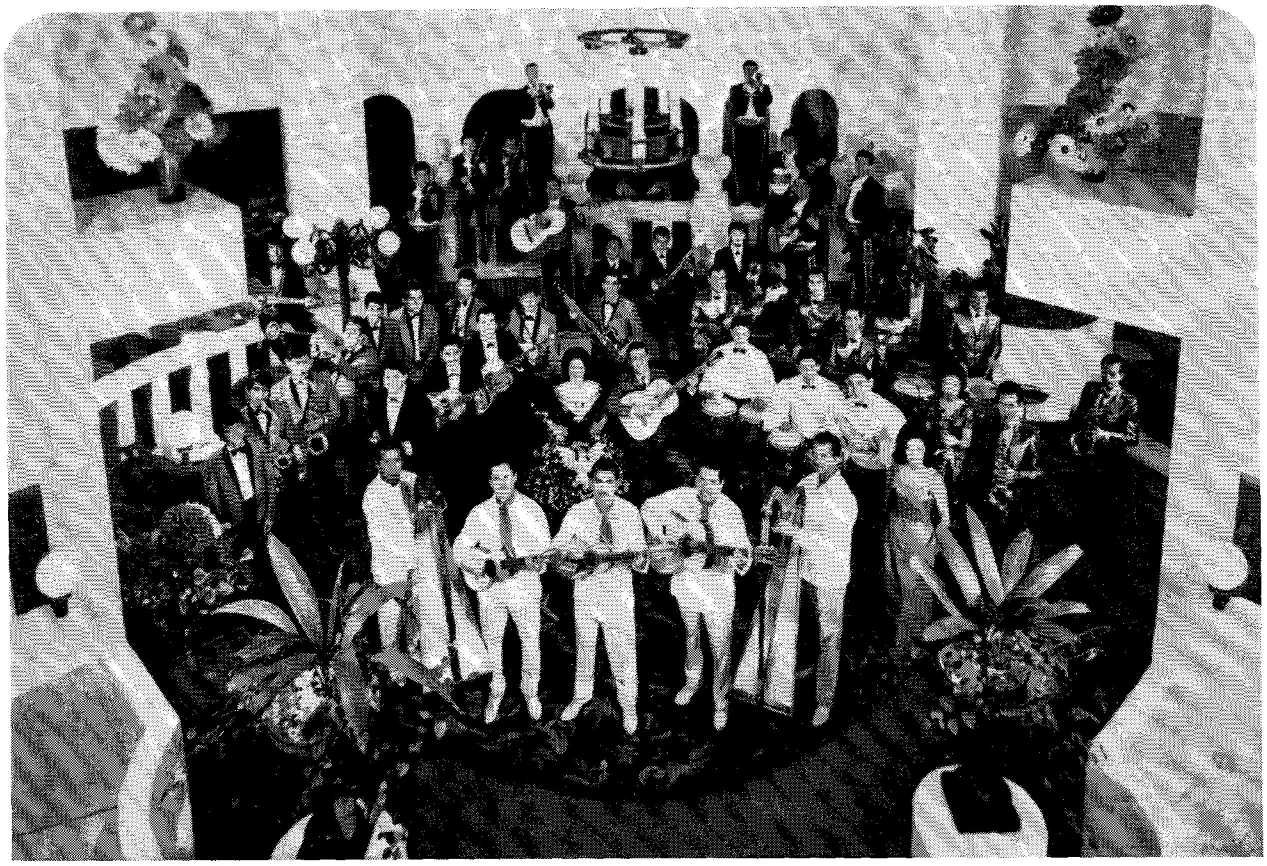

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dish for the Sunday-night suppers a San Francisco hostess served for the several years I was a standard Sunday-night guest, and while there was constant if subtle variation, the main rule was clear-cut:

Egg Moochi

2-3 cups good cream sauce (béchamel).
1 cup small shrimps.
1 cup crabmeat.
1 cup small oysters or mussels.
½ cup chopped pimento.
½ cup dry sherry.
Salt, cayenne.
4 sliced hard-boiled eggs.
Hot dry rice or buttered toast.

Heat sauce in double boiler. Drain canned or fresh cooked fish and stir in, with pimento and sherry. Season to taste. Add sliced eggs gently. Keep hot. Serve on rice or toast.

This is plainly a naïve dish, really nursery fare and what one of my daughters would have called "innocent." It is also useful. It will survive several hours in a chafing dish, and it apparently reassures the somewhat jaded people who drift here and there for a pre-Monday pickup in most towns. Of course, it can be made richer (although not much poorer!), and the ingredients can change with the seasons, as long as the eggs and the honest sauce stay there to keep it forever a Moochi—*whatever* that is.

IT is hard to limit myself with the equally "innocent" ways to use cooked rice in casseroles, as we call them in America: dishes to act as a main course or a filling accompaniment. Here is one that is made often in my small town of predominantly Italian-style cooks, all good as far as I know. (I have known only one bad one in my life—a shrewish woman from the Piedmont, who ran a hole-in-the-wall grocery store in Lugano and lived out her dyspeptic life on all the horrible shortcut packages of ersatz soups and suchlike that the local people would not buy from her.)

Green Rice

1 or 2 cloves garlic.
1 medium to large onion.
½ cup butter or olive oil.
2 cups cooked rice.
2 cups grated cheese: Gruyère, mild American, Parmesan.
2 cups whole milk.
2 eggs, beaten.
2 cups chopped parsley, with extra fresh herbs if possible.
Salt, etc.

Chop garlic and onion, and brown in butter or oil. Combine with all other ingredients, and bake in oiled casserole at 350° until set, or about 45 minutes.

And here is a good variation, a trusted friend for a long time, and de-

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licious alone or with something delicate, like sautéed or roasted chicken:

Rice and Almonds

2 cups cooked brown rice.
½ cup melted butter.
1 cup cream.
1 cup mild cheese in small pieces.
1 cup blanched slivered almonds.
½ cup buttered bread crumbs.

Combine first five ingredients in buttered casserole and cover with crumbs. Bake 30 minutes at 350° and then brown quickly under broiler.

The Chinese—not to mention the Portuguese, and even the Californians—have good quick ways of making a basic kind of pancake with rice, and here is a familiar recipe that bears trying and experimentation:

Chinese Pancakes

3 or 4 eggs.
1 cup cooked rice.
1 cup cooked bean sprouts (canned).
1 cup coarsely chopped parsley, green pepper, mushrooms, pimento, celery, whatever, all mixed.
2 tablespoons soy sauce.
3-4 tablespoons good fat, butter, or oil.

Stir first five ingredients briskly together. Heat fat in heavy skillet until *hot*. Pour mixture into fat, and keep folding in the edges as they appear, to make a compact cake very fast. When it is firm and brown on the bottom, cut into four sections and turn each one over. Brown a little, and serve immediately.

This is one of those breathless operations which demand, as does all Oriental cooking, that the ingredients be prepared before anything starts the final gallop between the skillet and the table. I notice that years ago I wrote that this dish was good with cold chicken or ham "or both." It probably still is, but I think I prefer it alone, or with a little chopped meat inside instead of outside.

I have devised a scandalous marriage between Chinese and Provençal cooking that I think is delicious with rice, and, at the risk of some classical shrugs and shudders, here it is:

Eggs Sino-Aixois

4 tablespoons olive oil or butter.
4 eggs.
½ cup (1 small can) chopped black olives.
1 minced garlic clove.
Salt, pepper to taste.
Rice.

Melt butter over low heat in large skillet. Beat eggs lightly, mix with olives and garlic, and season. Increase heat under skillet, and when it is sizzling, pour mixture into skillet, tipping to spread evenly, and put aside. When cold, turn onto breadboard and slice very thin into strips about ⅛ by 2 inches. Toss with hot dry rice and serve.

This can be delicious alone, with grated Parmesan cheese, with cold chicken, and perhaps with many other things that I

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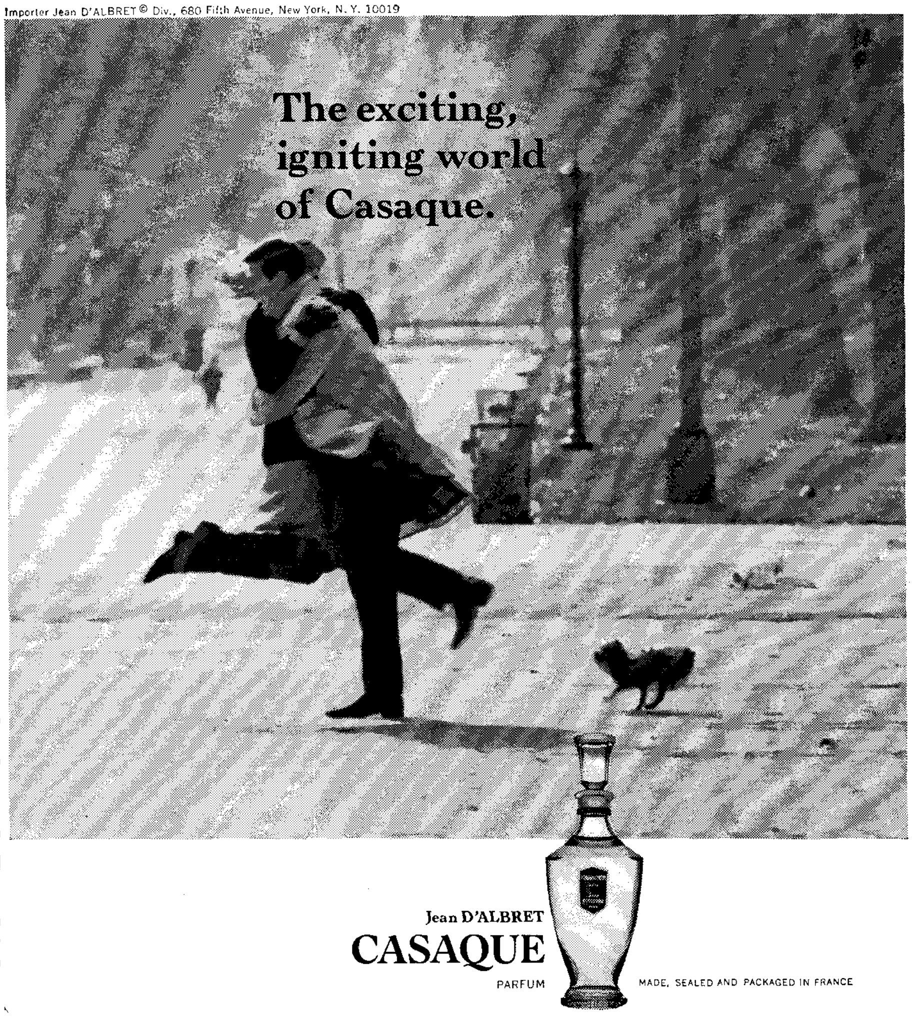
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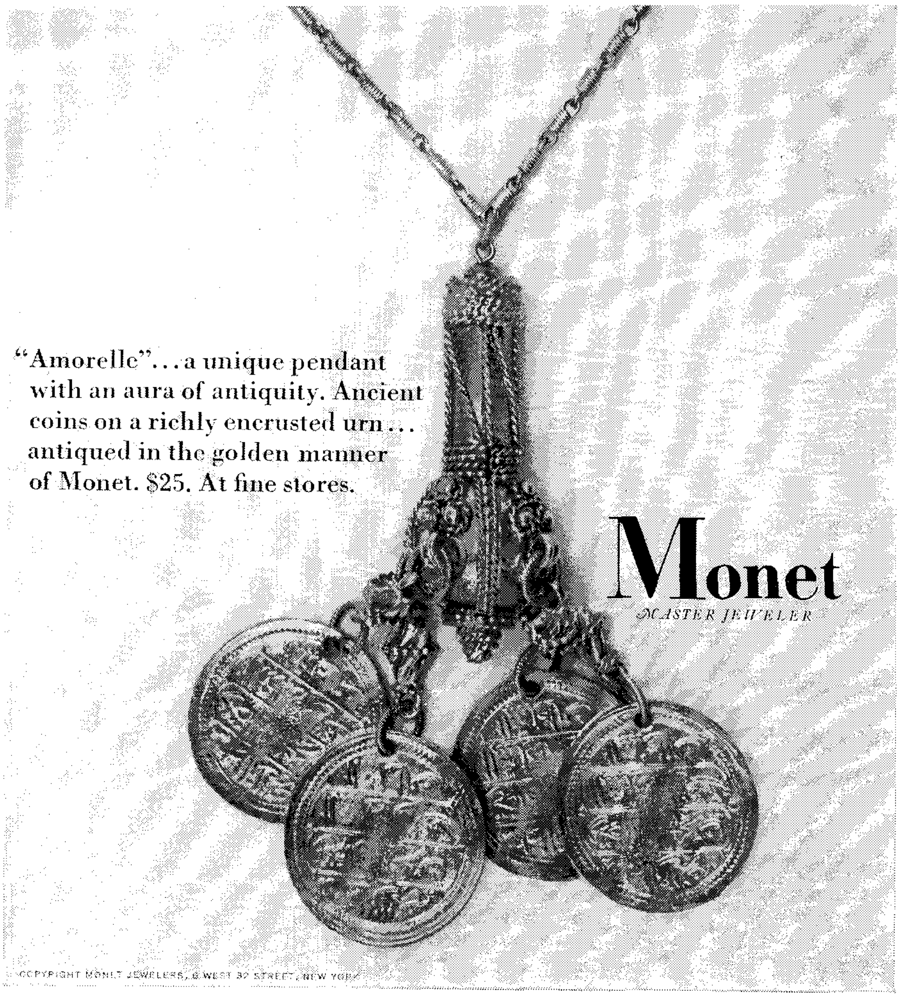
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have never yet tried because I seem to stop at the first step, with a green salad after. A nice thing about it, especially in the summer, is that it can be prepared early and then heated discreetly to combine with the rice. In fact, it will keep for a day or so, neatly cut, in the icebox. It might be very good mixed with seasoned rice and chilled, for a salad?

There are several ways I like to make rice salads. A favorite one goes like this, although I am not *sure* about its origin:

GREEK RICE SALAD

2 cups cooked rice.
½ cup oil-vinegar dressing to taste (vinaigrette).
½ cup currants or raisins.
½ cup dry vermouth.
½ cup pine nuts or slivered almonds.
Fresh-chopped herbs, as desired.

Mix the rice when still warm with the vinaigrette. Let chill. Poach the currants in the vermouth until puffed. Chill, add nuts and herbs, and then mix all together, and chill again.

This is a fresh and pleasant accompaniment to cold meats in the summer, and makes a good hors d'oeuvre (in the European sense rather than as we think of one at home, a standup canapé).

In Provence, such chilled rice dishes are served often, perhaps because of the increasing rice fields in the Camargue, perhaps because of the many Algerians who moved to that part of France after the Second World War. The wonderful pungent tomatoes of the region are always a main part of their recipes, generously sprinkled with salt and pepper and minced fresh herbs: basil, tarragon, thyme, a little garlic. Underneath them is a bed of freshly cooked rice that has been tossed with some oil and vinegar while still warm. Usually there are the small local olives somewhere, whole or cut into slivers, or a few strips of anchovy. I have never tasted two of these salads alike, but they have always been cold and fresh and pleasant.

Here is another version, often used in Mexico and especially good when a couple of firm ripe avocados can be sliced over the top at the last minute:

COLD MEXICAN RICE

2 cups cooked rice.
1 cup thinly sliced green pepper.
1 cup thinly sliced red sweet pepper. (Or 1 can sliced pimentos.)
2 large or 4 small tomatoes, peeled, drained, cut in strips.
4-6 green onions (scallions), split and cut in 1-inch slices.
½-1 cup chopped fresh herbs: marjoram, basil, parsley, etc.
1 cup vinaigrette dressing to taste.
1 clove well-mashed garlic.

Mix first six ingredients lightly. Blend vinaigrette and garlic, pour over mixture,

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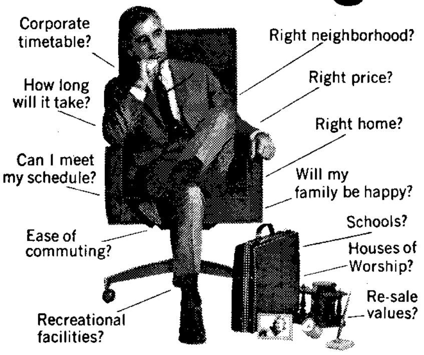
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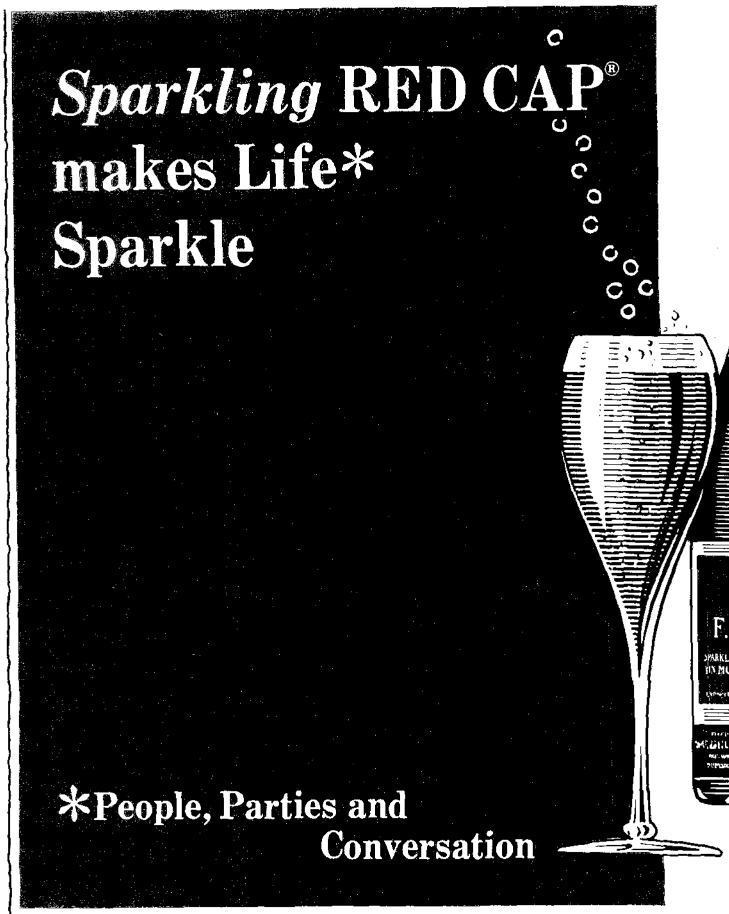
and toss again. Chill for at least six hours, pulling up now and then from bottom of bowl with two forks.

If avocados were not in season, we have often eaten this salad with a couple of hard-boiled eggs chopped and sprinkled over it before serving. It is very good the next day—a fine boost on hot mornings and in the same general class as a gazpacho for post-party therapy.

Probably the simplest rice dish I have ever eaten—except for a bowl of it unadorned a few times to try to understand how I would feel if that were *all* for me for a few hours or even days—was served by a beautiful tall woman from India, who later died from a bee sting. Her name was Love, in English. We ate some little titbits, as I remember, and then she brought to the table a large round platter of rice, with grated fresh coconut sprinkled thickly on it. She tossed it together. The rice was hot and the coconut was cold, and both were very white and pure. There was sweetness, but subtly, with no interruption of condiment or sauce. It was an experience I have never tried to repeat, but I am unsure why not.

There are other simple ways to make what may have been a dessert to my Indian friend. Most of the ones we like are sweetened with honey and sugar and jams, and heightened with spices, for we are conditioned to expect a minor complication of flavors at the end of a meal—even in a childlike supper like the cold rice with milk and sugar we loved when I was little. We would put nutmeg on it, the way Father liked it best, or copy Mother and drop a dollop of fresh jam on top. When we stayed next door with Aunt Gwen while Mother was having babies, which—happily for us, at least—seemed fairly often, we picked blackberries, too ripe to wash, and mixed them with the grains into a dusty purple mash. Delicious.

Most people remember rice-custard puddings from much the same eras in their own lives as do I. Such creations need good fresh eggs, and a light hand with the baking, and *plenty of raisins.* Recipes for them are in any stout kitchen manual, and in classical cookbooks there are formidable formulas for making elaborate structures named after long-dead beautiful women—concoctions built like the beauties into towers of disciplined artificiality, corseted with spun sugar and candied violets. Somewhere in the fanciest of these pantry dreams is the stepchild of what is called Milk Rice, as plain a pudding



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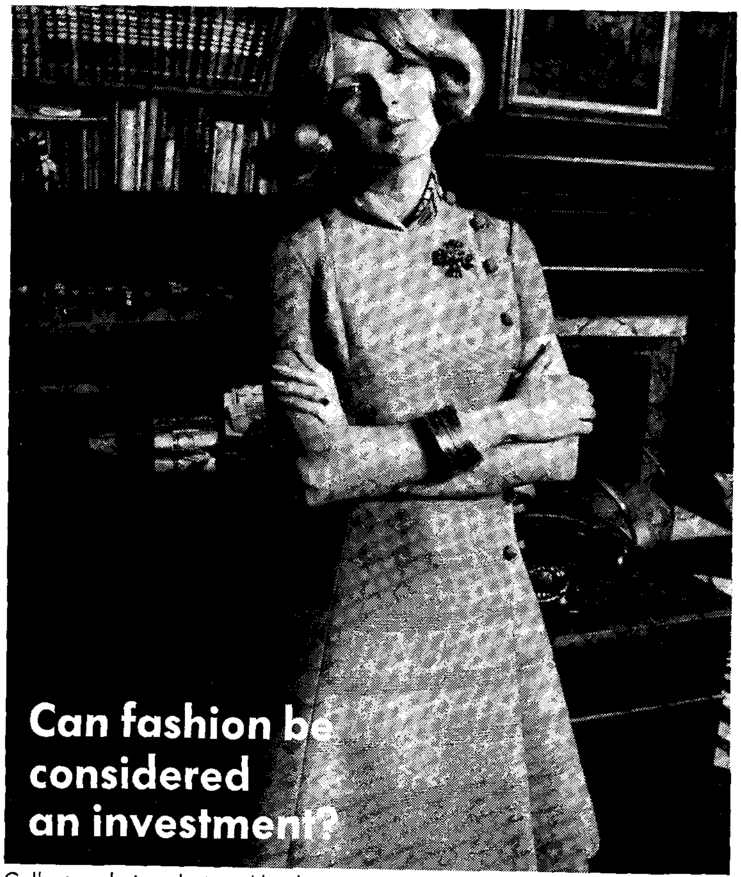

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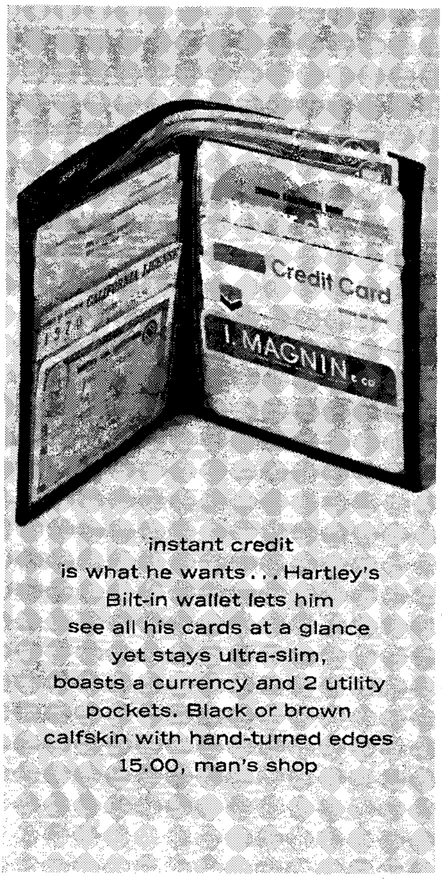

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as any nanny ever dished out in her nursery. I do not know why we so seldom ate it at home, except that Grandmother liked to drink rice water now and then for her nervous stomach, and this recipe would leave no such dividend:

- 1 cup rice.
- 6 cups hot milk.
- Salt, if wished.
- 2-3 tablespoons butter.
- Brown sugar.

Cook rice and milk in double boiler, covered, for an hour, or until tender. Stir often. When done, stir in butter, and serve sprinkled with brown sugar.

This, I well know, is the kind of pudding very young people like to make and then play with: more butter, grated orange rind, vanilla, spices, honey, raisins. Within reason, such invention is both commendable and edible.

A combination of the milk and the custard methods that I have been loyal to for a long time, and itself a combination of about six old recipes plus my own comparatively mature invention, makes a pretty and artfully simple dessert (Sweetness and Rice!), served very cold. My family knows it as

RICE AND SPICE

- 2 eggs.
- 2 cups milk.
- ¾ cup raisins or currants.
- 1½ cup cooked rice.
- ½ cup brown sugar.
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon or more, to taste.
- ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg, ginger, salt, to taste.
- 1-2 tablespoons powdered sugar.

Separate the eggs, and mix 2 tablespoons of the milk with the yolks. Put rest of milk in double boiler, add the raisins, and cook about 15 minutes, or until tender. Add rice, cook 5 minutes more, then stir in yolks, sugar, and spices. Cook for 2-3 more minutes, stirring well, and pour into buttered serving dish. Beat whites, add sugar to make stiff meringue, and spread over pudding. Brown delicately in oven, and serve after chilling well.

And sweet dreams! Sleep like happy, spoiled children. —M. F. K. FISHER

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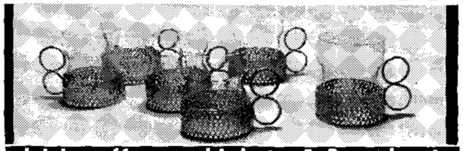

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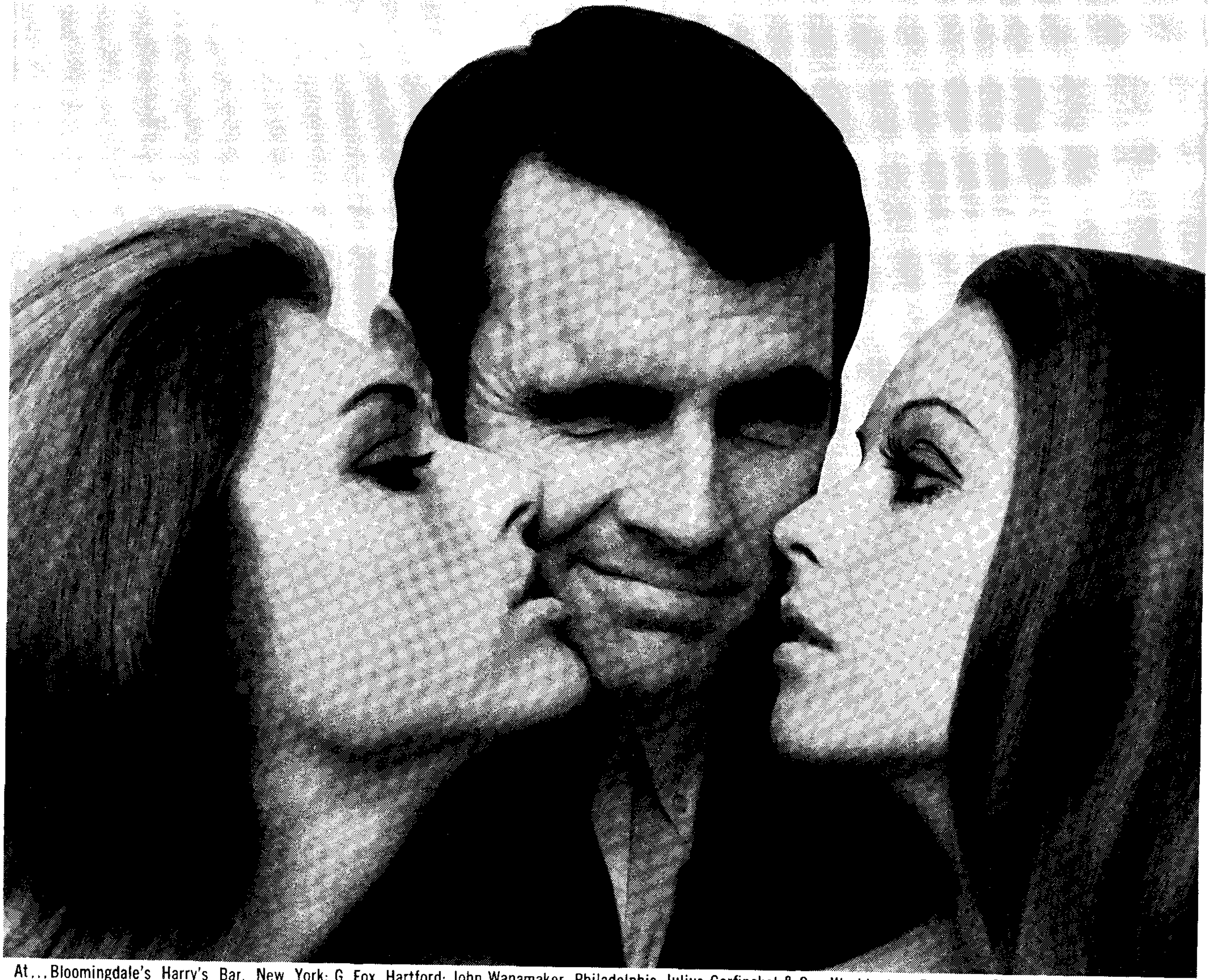

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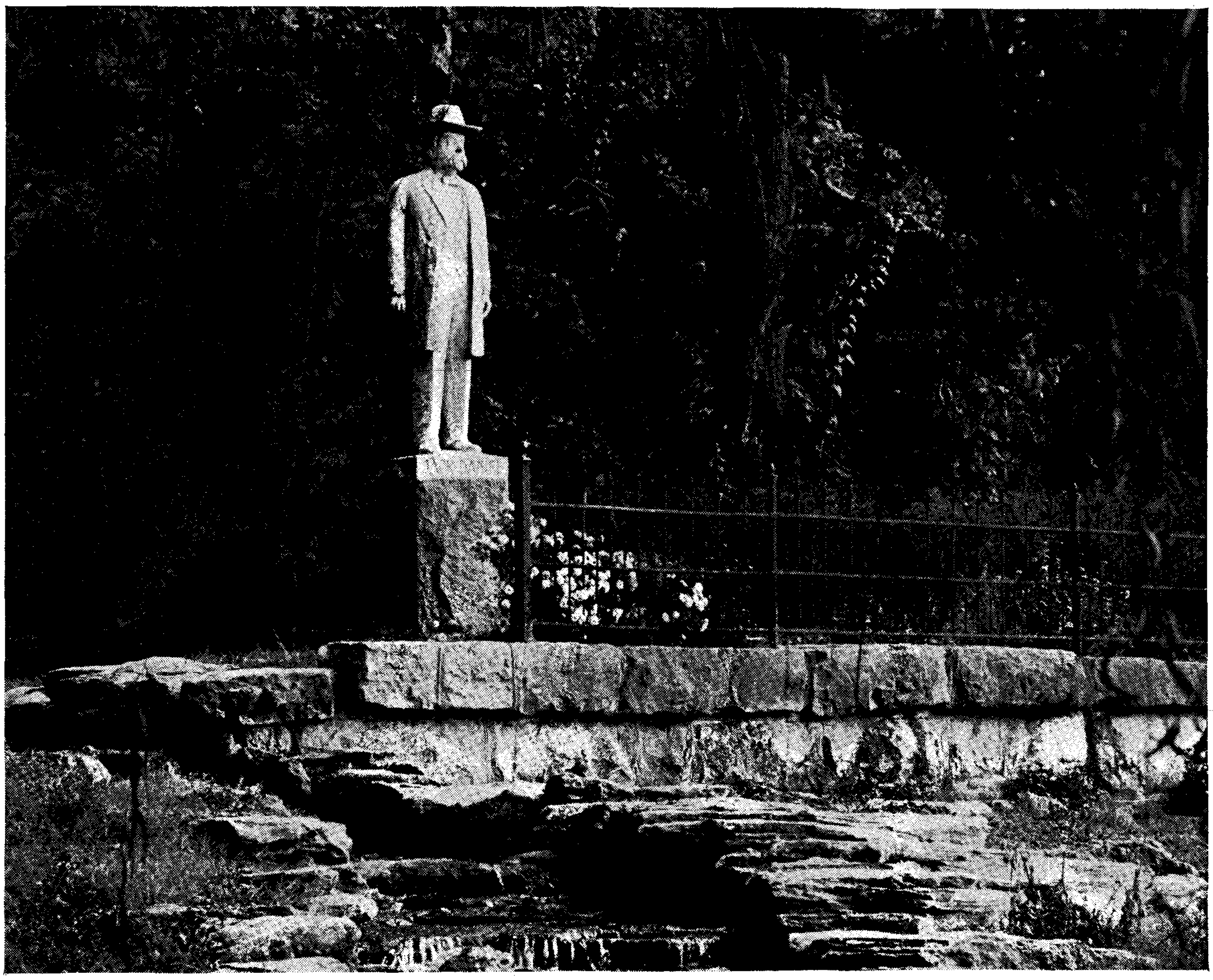

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SEATS AT THE TABLE

PARIS, NOVEMBER 10

SINCE President Johnson called off the bombing of North Vietnam on October 31st, pushing the Paris peace talks toward a new phase, it has become increasingly apparent here that what happens in South Vietnam during this period will be at least as important as what happens at the conference table or behind the scenes in Paris. Paris, in one sense, will serve as a screen onto which the events in Vietnam, both political and military, are projected. It will be somewhat as if a stage play and a film of a single story were being presented simultaneously, and the audience—the rest of the world—had to determine which was the more meaningful performance. Something like this has been occurring during the last month, and has perplexed everyone, creating new doubts about the ability, and even the desire, of men to order their affairs and speak with each other in ways that can promote understanding. To say that the confusion has been mainly a matter of semantics is too simple—though the different meanings given specific words and phrases by the parties involved have played a large part in compounding that confusion. More significant has been the political purpose behind the obfuscation, the purpose not only of each of the major parties involved—the Americans, the North Vietnamese, the National Liberation Front, and the Saigon government—but also of each of a number of moderators. Among these are the Russians, who are believed to have been instrumental in persuading Hanoi to modify its earlier insistence on an unreciprocated and permanent bombing halt, and, to a lesser extent, the French, who, as hosts, have acted with aplomb and courtesy in stimulating private dialogues here between the representatives of Washington and of Hanoi. It was these dialogues, in progress for weeks apart from the formal meetings, that led to compromises that have now theoretically elevated the discussions from the level of propaganda duels to the level of substantive negotiation over ways of achieving peace on the ground in South Vietnam and in the hearts and minds of the various groups in conflict there. It is the latter factor, of course, dependent as it is upon what those engaged in the protracted struggle still expect to achieve in terms of political power or mere survival, that has been the vital subjective element all along, here in Paris for the last five months and in Vietnam itself for the last several years and especially during the last year.

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ON the basis of what I have observed in Paris during the past fortnight, and what has been happening in the United States and elsewhere, the current scenario (a favorite word among Americans at the negotiations) can be described as follows: The North Vietnamese, having decided a month or more ago, for various reasons, to negotiate seriously instead of just asserting that negotiations were desirable, reluctantly made some secret admissions and concessions that defined the lull in fighting during September and October as amounting to a pullback of their forces. These concessions, which were tantamount to a political signal to Washington, included something less than Hanoi's previous demand for a completely unconditional bombing halt. Hanoi has consistently refused to admit, publicly or privately, that it agreed either formally or tacitly to any kind of reciprocity in return for the cessation of the bombing, but it did let the Americans know privately that, in the event of a halt, certain "circumstances" would obtain; i.e., the withdrawal of its troops northward across the Demilitarized Zone dividing North and South Vietnam. According to the Americans, Hanoi and Washington also agreed privately to seat delegates from the National Liberation Front and from the South Vietnamese government, *but not as separate entities.* The North Vietnamese, on the other hand, maintain that the American interpretation of what took place in the secret meetings is, in polite terms, a "subjectivist" one, or, in less polite terms, simply a "fabricated" one. At any rate, it soon became apparent that the terms of the arrangement had been inadequately worked out, and that whatever deal had been made meant different things to the two major parties as well as to their separate Vietnamese associates. The South Vietnamese, having been apprised in advance of the bombing-halt announcement and of the proposed seating plan, and having known for some weeks that such an arrangement was imminent, suddenly balked. For reasons best known to President Nguyen Van Thieu—a

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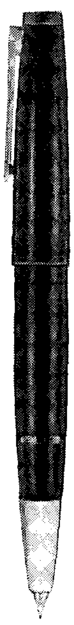

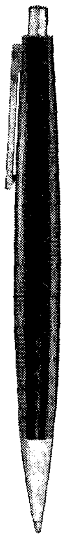

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highly suspicious man, who was apparently upset by what he deemed President Johnson's high-handed and unilateral tactics, and who was worried over the lack of precise definitions of the status of his government vis-à-vis the National Liberation Front—the South Vietnamese postponed indefinitely any formal appearance at the peace sessions. Relations between the Americans and their Vietnamese partners thereupon reached the lowest point yet in this strange and often miscomprehended alliance, with each side privately and openly blaming the other for their differences.

As a result of Saigon's absence—which President Johnson had at the last moment anticipated, declaring in his speech that the South Vietnamese government was "free to participate" in the talks, thus implying that it was also free not to—the first full "new-phase" Paris meeting, scheduled for November 6th, was called off. Whoever was at fault—and there are several versions of what happened and of whose tactics were more tactless—the spat between Saigon and Washington has played into the hands of the North Vietnamese and their country cousins the National Liberation Front. Together, they have had a propaganda field day, proclaiming their willingness to proceed on a three-way basis, but placing complete responsibility on the Americans if Saigon maintains its refusal to take part. The circumstances have been particularly embarrassing for Washington, not only because of the emphasis that President Johnson has repeatedly placed on Hanoi's unwillingness to talk "seriously" about de-escalating the war and proceeding with other aspects of peacemaking but also because he warned Hanoi in his October 31st speech that "we have a right to expect . . . prompt, productive . . . and intensive negotiations" and that "our people will just not accept deliberate delay and prolonged procrastination again." As far as Hanoi and the newly arrived representatives of the N.L.F. in Paris are concerned, the Americans have simply reneged on their "assurances" that their South Vietnamese "puppets" would appear on time, and the shoe of procrastination is on the other foot.

SOONER or later—and at present the betting is on sooner—Saigon is bound to send someone to represent it in the discussions, for all observers agree that it cannot afford to stay out of them for very long. Its chief observer here, Pham Dang Lam, is re-

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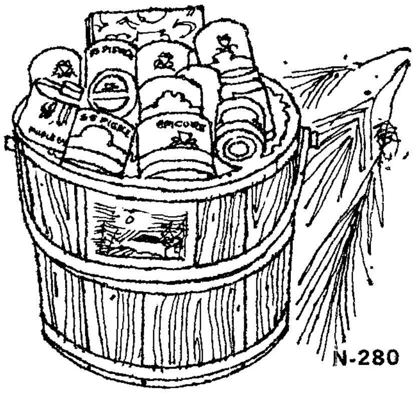

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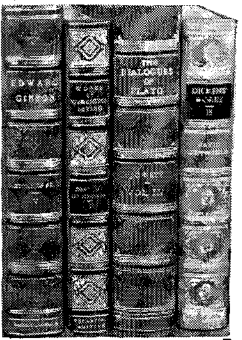

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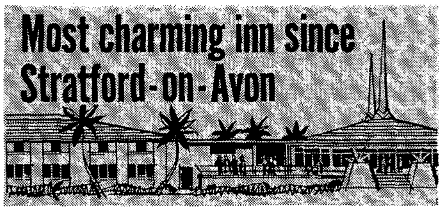

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turning to Paris today from Saigon, and there are reports that a more important South Vietnamese will arrive "soon"—probably in the next week or so. This means, for better or worse, that Saigon will at least have fuller representation here, and that, however the seating formula is worked out, there will no doubt be some sort of meeting among all four elements during the next week or two. For the moment, however, the outlook in all respects is at best hazy, and Richard Nixon's election, it is generally agreed, may cause new delays as all sides reassess their positions. Underlying the many difficulties of working out new rules of procedure and a new agenda—steps that could in themselves take weeks, if not months—remains the fundamental question of status. The Americans continue to maintain that a brand-new empty table has been set, with places for just two parties, the United States and North Vietnam, though each will be allowed to bring along as many guests as it wants. Hanoi, however, has continued to claim that the Front is to sit at the table as an "independent voice," and that this is no more than "right and realistic," because the Front is the "authentic representative" of the people of South Vietnam. Mrs. Nguyen Thi Binh, the diminutive, comely, and tough-minded pro-tem head of the Front delegation, naturally echoes this view, and there is very little likelihood that it will change when, as is expected, one of three top Front officials, Tran Buu Kiem, Nguyen Van Hieu, or Huynh Tan Phat, arrives here later on. Which one is chosen to come will be significant. Kiem is, in effect, Foreign Minister of the Front, and is regarded as a hard-line man with close ties to the People's Revolutionary Party, the Southern offshoot of the Laodang (Workers') Party, which is the Communist Party in North Vietnam. Hieu, also known as a hard-liner, has been the Front's spokesman and representative in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, and has acted as a sort of roving ambassador for it in Europe from time to time. Phat, who is the Front's Secretary-General, has more solid Southern roots than the two other men, though they also are Southerners. A rivalry is said to exist between Kiem and Phat. If Phat, who is known as a more outgoing and conciliatory man, should come to Paris, either now or later, there is some feeling that this might help build bridges and promote an accommodation with non-Communist elements in Saigon outside the govern-

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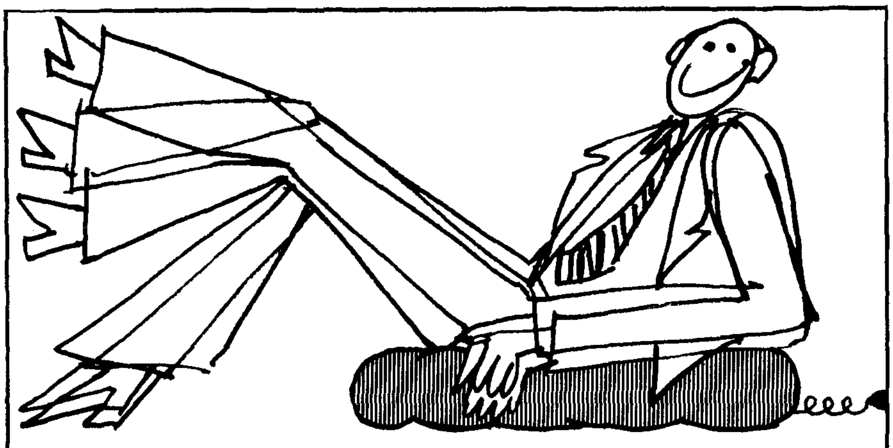

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ment, or perhaps even with some members of the government. The Front is now stressing the concept of coalition "with patriots but not with traitors"—meaning, by "traitors," men like President Thieu and Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky—while Saigon still adamantly refuses to accept coalition under any circumstances with the Front as such. If Kiem or Hieu should come here, it would probably signify a tougher line, in keeping with the policy the Communists are now obviously ready to pursue—that of "reverting to protracted war" and "fighting and negotiating at the same time." No matter who comes, it is likely that one or more representatives of the Alliance of National Democratic and Peace Forces, set up in the South by Hanoi after the Tet offensive early this year as a new, middleman group to recruit intellectuals and bourgeois elements in the cities, will also show up, to give an appearance of broad popular support. According to Communist claims, the Alliance, whose dozen top leaders are somewhere in the jungle outside Saigon, has in recent weeks increased its secret membership in the villages and drawn fresh support from students and intellectuals who either have left Saigon or are its underground supporters in the capital. In addition, the Alliance claims to have secret members within the Saigon government itself.

IN analyzing the Communists' present position both in Paris and in Vietnam, weight must be given to a speech made to Party workers last summer by Truong Chinh, the third-ranking member of Hanoi's Politburo, in which the policy of "reverting to protracted war" was set forth. The speech, which was made public only late in September, must be considered in the context of this year's remarkable military developments in Vietnam. Prior to the Tet offensive, there was a debate in Hanoi over whether to launch an all-out offensive or, in the face of the Americans' superior firepower, to go on fighting a defensive war in the South. Le Duan, the Secretary of the Laodang Party, who is generally regarded as the No. 2 figure after Ho Chi Minh, favored the offensive, and won out, with the result that General Vo Nguyen Giap was ordered to launch the Tet attack. As everyone knows, the assaults on Saigon, Hué, and a hundred other cities failed to achieve their basic military objectives and were very costly to the Communists. However, they did disrupt the entire apparatus of the Saigon govern-

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ment, bringing its pacification program in the countryside to a virtual halt, and thus benefitted the Communists psychologically and politically. Not only did the Tet offensive give impetus to the Alliance and numerous other local and regional "revolutionary" bodies but it also created a new and serious vacuum in the rural areas, where the Communists were able to form new "autonomous" and "people's" committees in scores of villages. These new committees, created by cadres of the People's Revolutionary Party, are likely to be the real instruments of the Communist political power thrust in the future, with the Front and the Alliance serving as broad national spearheads. In May, the Communists, lacking the element of surprise that helped them at Tet, launched their second major offensive of the year, and suffered more heavy casualties. The Truong Chinh speech came after this period, but when one takes into account Hanoi's decision to enter serious negotiations, and the continued heavy losses the Communists have taken since August (in the last three months, they are reliably said to have had more men killed than the twenty-seven thousand the Americans have lost in the entire war), the speech assumes even more significance.

After warning Party workers to "overcome pacifist ideas" and "grasp the motto of long-drawn-out fight," Chinh said, "We must attack the enemy with determination to fight and win. But at times, under certain circumstances, we must shift to the defensive to gain time, dishearten the enemy, and build up our forces for a new offensive. . . . A truly profound and broad revolution of the masses of people to seize power must naturally coördinate political struggle—including general strikes, market strikes, school strikes, office strikes, political meetings and demonstrations, show-of-force demonstrations, and so forth—with armed combat." He exhorted the cadres in the South to continue their attacks against the American imperialists and their South Vietnamese puppets and to "insure that the more we fight, the stronger we become." Stressing the fact that "the Vietnamese people are one," he made it clear that the Communists will continue to dominate their activities, despite window-dressing maneuvers like the creation of the Alliance of National Democratic and Peace Forces. He said it was theoretically sound to build "a united front with a broad basis," but "to insure the success of the revolution the Front has to base itself on a solid worker-peasant alli-

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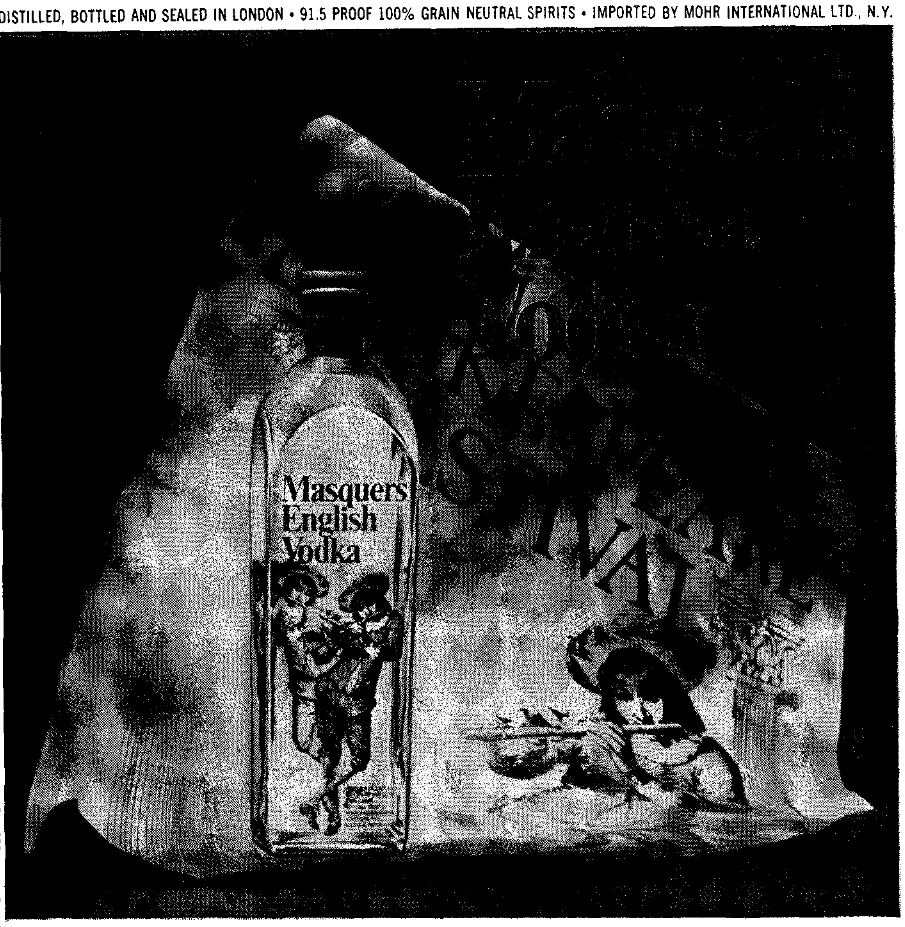

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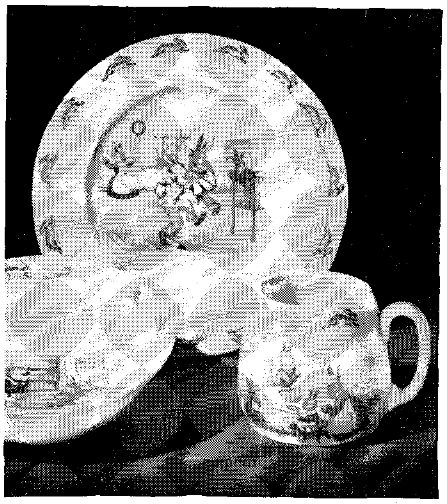
ance and be led closely by a Marxist-Leninist Party." Such a party, with "a maximum platform," Truong Chinh added, must never share its "right" to exert complete revolutionary leadership "with any party whatever, and must absolutely not allow the national bourgeoisie to lead the national unified front."

Despite, or perhaps because of, Truong Chinh's hard line, which seems to show that the Hanoi government will continue to try to control developments in South as well as North Vietnam, Hanoi has been determined to obtain some recognition of the Front from the United States. There is a historical parallel here. Back in 1951, as the North Vietnamese are fond of recalling, when the Russians unavailingly sought to obtain some recognition for the Vietminh in the United Nations, the French described the Vietminh as "nonexistent phantoms." Three years later, at Geneva, the chief North Vietnamese delegate, Pham Van Dong, took special delight in pointing out that the phantoms, having just defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu, had "acquired flesh and blood." The situation is the same today with regard to the Front, say the North Vietnamese. "Now the United States can't ignore the reality," they maintain.

The position the Front would have at the peace talks was thus a bedrock issue for Hanoi. In the private talks during the tea breaks at the old Majestic Hotel, on the Avenue Kléber, and, more important, at the secret sessions held in various private homes in the city during September, the North Vietnamese gave the "signal" the Americans were waiting for, and its gist was that they were willing to make certain concessions in order to facilitate a bombing halt and obtain a seat for the Front at the meetings. During the lull in the fighting between mid-June and mid-August, the French, and perhaps also the Russians, had counselled the Americans to recognize that the slowdown had political implications. A number of American officials, including some members of the American delegation in Paris, are said to have agreed, but the White House remained dubious and failed to respond. The fighting in the South, including the rocket assaults on the cities, then picked up again, and so did the bombing of the North below the Nineteenth Parallel—the limit set by Washington. In September, however, for a combination of reasons, Hanoi decided to make privately explicit what had been implicit before.

Secret activities proceeded at a fast



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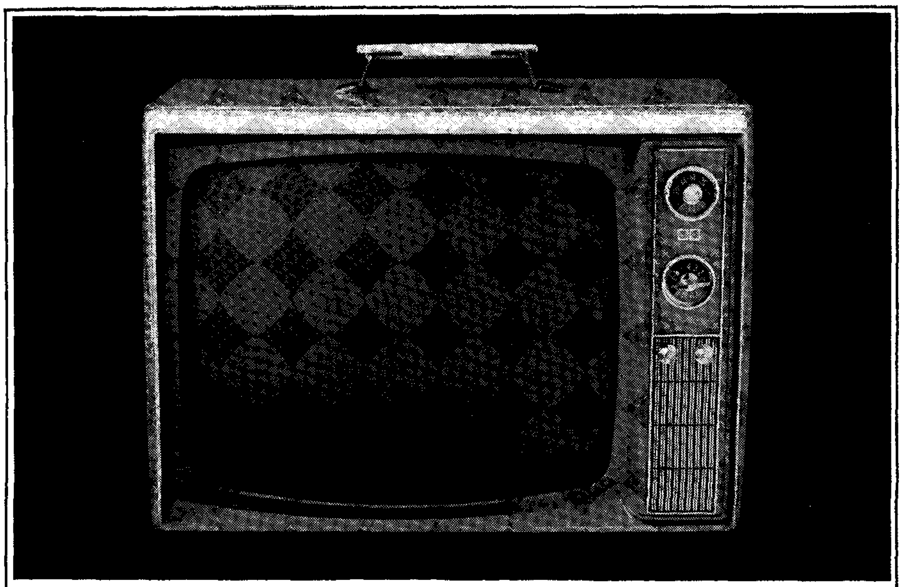
and furious pace in the next fortnight, both in Washington and in Paris, and presumably in Hanoi, too. By mid-October, these activities had produced the first "package deal," whereby, in return for promising to withdraw its troops across the Demilitarized Zone and assuring the Americans that their troops below the D.M.Z. would not be attacked by artillery or other means, and perhaps also implying that Communist units drawn back into Laos and Cambodia would remain where they were, at least temporarily, Hanoi obtained the Americans' promise to end the bombing and "all other acts of force" in North Vietnam. The phrase used, according to the North Vietnamese, was "sans conditions," which they read to mean "no reciprocity," but the fact is that President Johnson did not mention the word "unconditional," or the phrase "without conditions," in his October 31st speech; on the contrary, he said, "We could be misled—and we are prepared for such a contingency." By this time, the North Vietnamese had already dropped the word "permanent" in their demands for a bombing halt, and now they reluctantly accepted the prospect of a continuation of American reconnaissance flights over their country, even though they continued to claim in Paris that these flights were a violation of their sovereignty. The Americans, of course, also maintain that their formula for setting the new table in Paris, with the Front sitting as Hanoi's "guests," was accepted by the North Vietnamese.

When this package was presented to the Saigon government, on October 8th or 9th, President Thieu expressed concern over allowing the role of the Front to be equated with that of his government. However, he appeared willing to accept the package as a whole. On the morning of October 16th, though, a few hours before the bombing halt was to be announced by President Johnson, Thieu apparently had fresh qualms and repeated his objections more strenuously. Although, like Johnson, he had played his cards close to the vest—throughout this crucial period both men acted more than ever like lone wolves—the South Vietnamese President was obviously worried about the hawks in his National Assembly and in the Army who wanted both the war and the bombing to continue. At any rate, the Americans held off the bombing announcement in the hope that Thieu could drum up more support for the new position in a few days' time.

It may be argued, and perhaps it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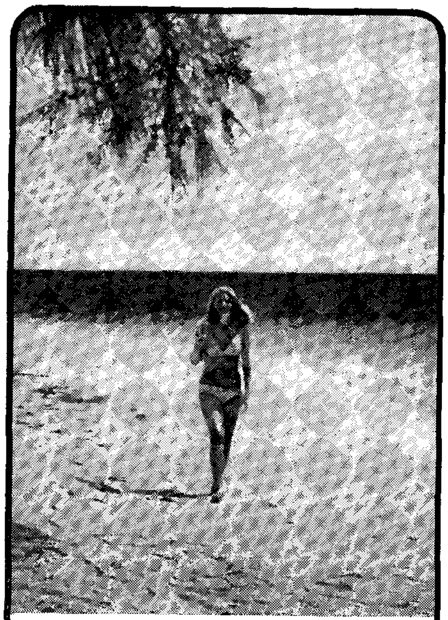

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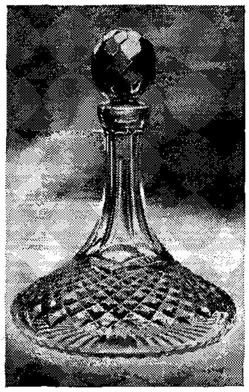

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will be for a long time, that if President Johnson's bombing halt had gone through in mid-October he would have more clearly proved the sincerity of his professed search for peace and Hubert Humphrey would today be the President-elect of the United States. In any event, the result of the South Vietnamese demurrals in mid-October led to another frantic period, during which a second package was completed. This also failed to satisfy President Thieu. In fact, in most respects he had become more recalcitrant. He wanted an unequivocal assurance from Hanoi that it was ready to enter into direct and serious talks with the Saigon government, and that the participation of the Front in the talks would not be just a ruse and the first step toward creating "a spurious coalition government." Hanoi, as the United States well knew, would never make such concessions, and during the latter part of October Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker in Saigon saw Thieu a dozen times in an effort to make him modify his position. (As one American official afterward commented, "Anyone who still thinks the South Vietnamese are our puppets after this is crazy.") At one point, Bunker thought he had convinced Thieu, and he told Washington so, two days before Johnson's speech. But the Americans had mistaken their man. A few hours before the bombing halt was announced, Bunker and Deputy Ambassador Samuel Berger saw Thieu again. Thieu was particularly upset by a rocket assault on Saigon that evening, in which nineteen worshippers in a Catholic church had been killed and many others wounded. He agreed that any rift with the Americans would be disastrous, and he or Vice-President Ky—it is not clear which—suggested that the bombing halt be announced but that other details of the package, including a definition of the exact role of the Front in Paris, be left for later discussion. The Americans said that was impossible, and, as tempers flared, Thieu testily demanded of Deputy Ambassador Berger, "Are you representing Hanoi or Washington?"

In any case, the conditional, rather than unconditional, bombing halt the Americans announced on October 31st served Saigon's interests. As for Hanoi's promise to halt rocket and mortar attacks on South Vietnamese cities, that seems much more conditional. At the time of the attack on Saigon that incensed Thieu, the Americans were still bombing the North, avowedly for the last time, but more indicative of what may lie ahead was a rocket attack, three

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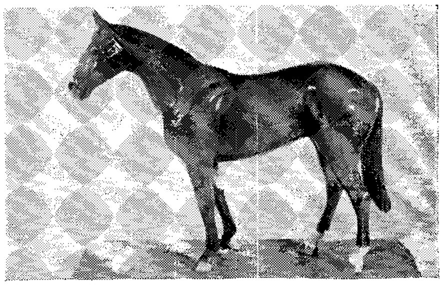

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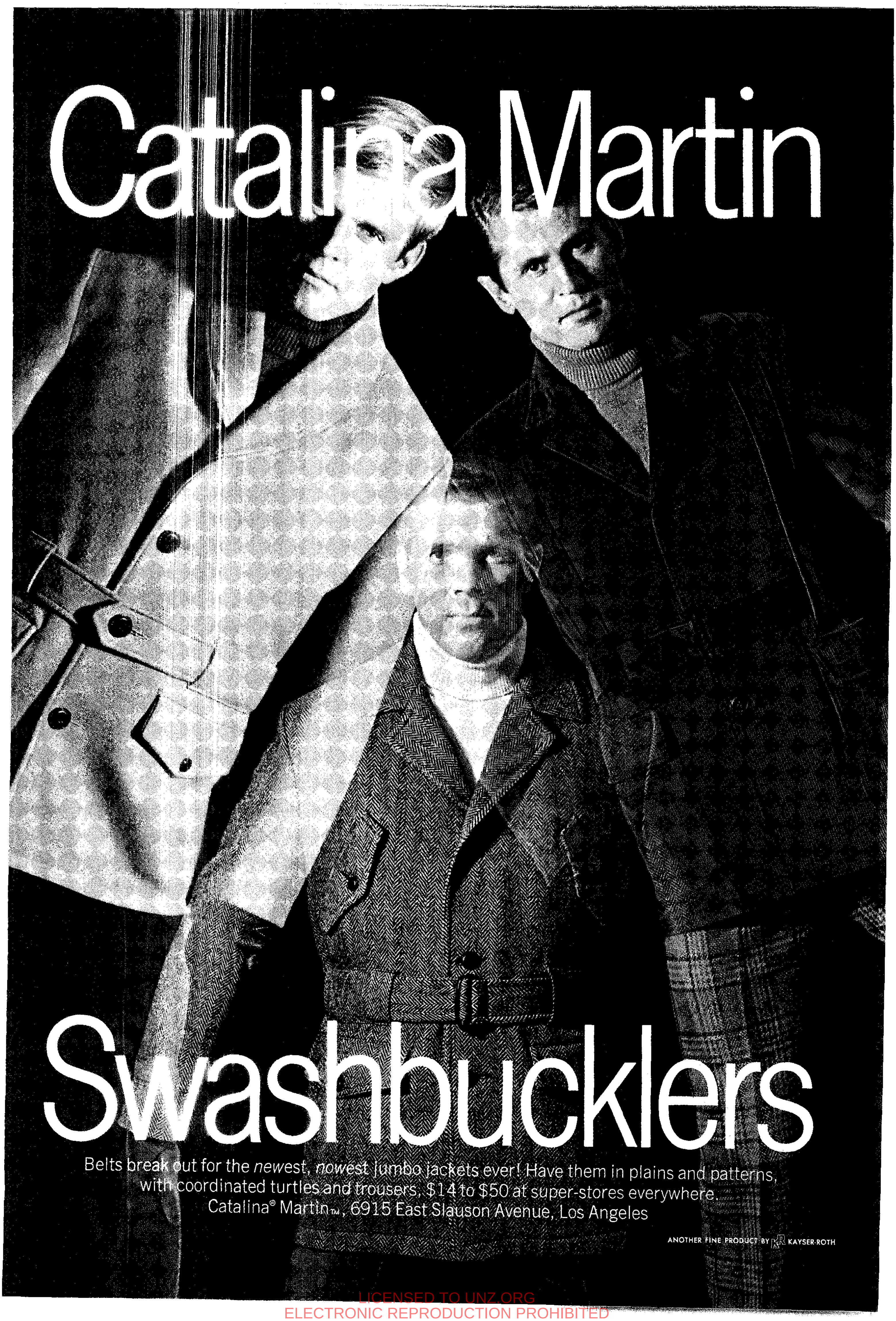
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days after the bombing halt went into effect, on the Delta city of My Tho, which killed five people. By November 7th, Saigon claimed, sixteen more rocket assaults on cities and villages had taken place. Hanoi may well argue now that since the new conversations in Paris have not yet begun, and since the Front has not yet been seated, it cannot guarantee control over what the Front does militarily—and the Front's men do most of the rocketing. All of this, of course, will be considered in the cease-fire discussions, if and when the Paris meetings move beyond the procedural and agenda stage.

However, even that phase is not likely to start until a Saigon delegation comes to Paris. Feelings in the South Vietnamese capital by the end of the first week of November were still running high. The degree to which the South Vietnamese were divided, following what Thieu called Johnson's "unilateral" announcement, was demonstrated by the fact that General Tran Van Don, the real leader of the 1963 coup that overthrew President Ngo Dinh Diem, came out in favor of the announcement, while General Duong Van Minh, the titular coup leader and titular head of the junta that succeeded Diem, called it a "capitulation." There was no doubt that, beyond their fears and suspicions of the Paris formula, the South Vietnamese were deeply resentful of what they judged to be American attempts to railroad them into accepting it. Their attitude was summed up by Thieu's comment that his government "is not a car that can be hitched to a locomotive and taken anywhere the locomotive wants to go."

One prominent neutral diplomat has suggested to the American delegation in Paris, "Saigon is in a fever now. You must let it quiet down." It seems likely that, in view of Nixon's election, Washington will be obliged to follow this advice, despite Johnson's undoubted desire to advance the cause of peace before he leaves office. Although Thieu and his aides had some misgivings as to where Nixon really stood on the Vietnam question, they bet on his victory. Now their desire to weigh the President-elect's avowal that he would not force a coalition government or "sell out to Communism" against his pledge to end the war as soon as he could and get on with other matters is indicated by Thieu's quickly dispatched invitation to him to come to Vietnam and discuss the situation. The South Vietnamese are well aware of Nixon's reputation for ruthlessness, and they undoubtedly are eager to make their own

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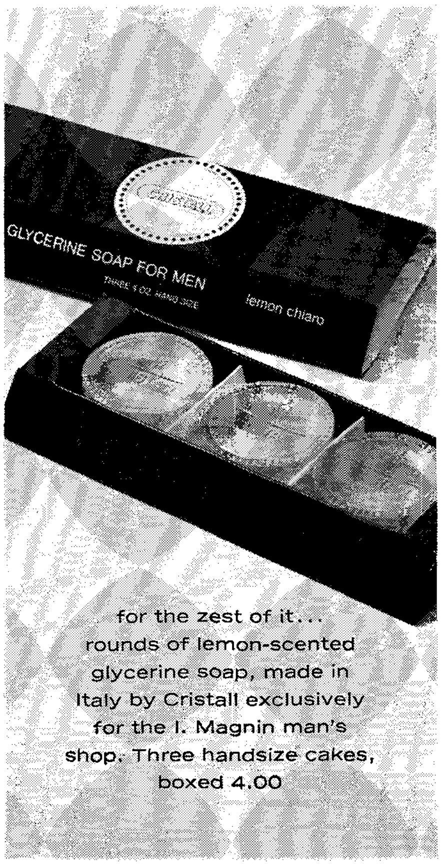

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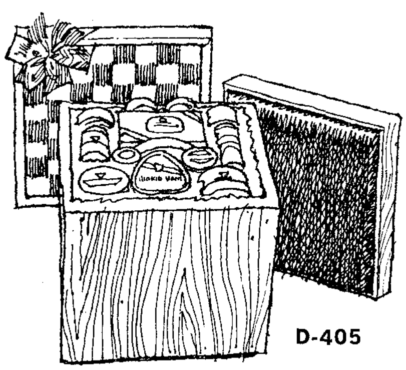
assessment of the "new" Nixon. In order to avoid too much American hostility, they may send a pro-tem delegation to Paris shortly, but they will probably take their time in committing themselves fully to the Paris discussions, if for no other reason than that the peace talks are bound to move slowly during the American Presidential transition. It remains a moot question how aware Saigon is of the more serious implications of its actions so far. Certainly it must be aware of the propaganda benefits the Front and Hanoi are obtaining from the disorder on the South Vietnamese side, not only in Paris but in South Vietnam, where the Communist cadres and their friends in the Alliance and other such groups will undoubtedly make the most of their advocacy of peace and coalition.

WHETHER Saigon likes to admit it or not, any plans for military de-escalation that are worked out in Paris or in Saigon must be accompanied by some political progress. This would, or at least should, mean two things: Saigon has to put its own political house in order, and it has to adjust to the facts of life about the Front. Privately, most South Vietnamese officials, including President Thieu himself, have already admitted that the Front cannot be excluded from any settlement. Thieu has even indicated, for example, that land distributed through the years by the Vietcong can be retained by the peasants. Some sort of face-saving formula for dealing with the Front, beyond the often expressed policy of accepting recanting individual members in the Saigon government, must still be found. One suggestion that is heard here is that the American scheme for seating the Front and Saigon delegations at the peace table as "guest participants" could be more explicitly spelled out. This might be done by accepting the Front and Saigon as *de-facto* representatives of their respective constituencies and postponing *de-jure* status until an election plan for South Vietnam can be made. Hanoi's initial reaction to this, however, is negative, and it continues to insist that the Front be accorded full independent status at the Paris talks, without any qualifications. The Front, of course, says the same thing. Thieu still maintains that his government must deal directly with Hanoi on a *de-jure* as well as a *de-facto* basis. As for Thieu's newest proposal, advanced on November 8th, to have the Americans sit as *his* "guests," instead of vice versa, Hanoi's reaction has been predictable. "It makes



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no difference to us if the master leads the horse or the horse the master," I was told by a North Vietnamese. "The Democratic Republic of Vietnam [Hanoi] will speak for itself, as will the Front."

Any effort to reach a compromise in Saigon between the Americans and the Thieu government remains secondary to that government's willingness to create unity within its own ranks and to build up the broad base of support neither it nor any of its predecessors has ever had. No delegation sent to Paris will carry much weight unless it represents at least a broad cross-section of South Vietnamese political life and contains some spokesmen for the most important elements in South Vietnam, which include the majority Buddhists—militants as well as moderates—and the religious sects, the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai, along with the minority Catholics, who dominate the Thieu government. South Vietnam's history of fragmentation since 1946 does not augur well for this kind of representation, but the country's very survival now seems to depend upon it. Though progress has been made in the last six months in some fields, including the improvement of the South Vietnamese Army and the popular forces, no one contends that the Thieu government either is popular or represents a national consensus. Divisiveness is still endemic, and rivalries still exist across the board in politics, in the Army, among the religious groups, and so on. Over the last few months, several organizations, such as the National Congress for the People's Salvation, headed by General Don, have been formed, but they have proved unable to work together, and there is nothing on the Saigon side to compare with the Communists' Alliance of National Democratic and Peace Forces. Premier Tran Van Huong has succeeded in stressing civilian leadership as a counterbalance to that of the military, but he is still subject to Thieu's orders. (In the last week, the Communists in Paris have begun to refer to the "Thieu-Ky-Huong clique.")

None of this diminishes the problems that the Communists also face. Though they accept the fact that they can at this point no longer win a quick military victory themselves, they are obviously more willing to risk a political fight than Saigon is, both in Paris and in South Vietnam. They, too, are fully aware of the possible implications of the American elections and Nixon's victory. "The defeat of Johnson and Humphrey was the result of the policy

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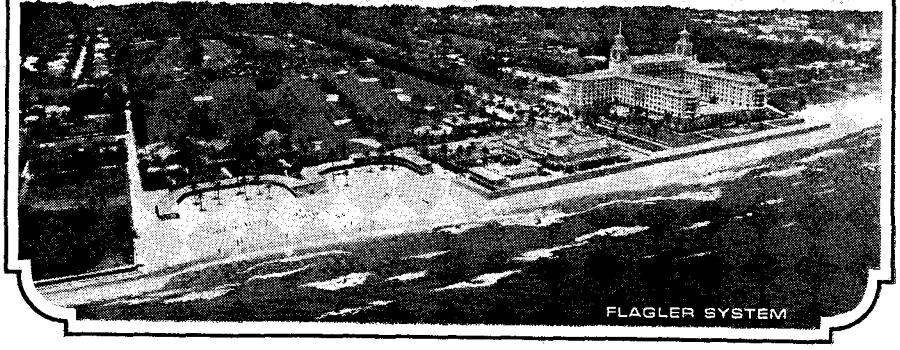
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of intensifying the war," I was told by one of them. They also face a problem of Southern leadership (there is no one like Ho Chi Minh among their supporters in the South, and they now admit that the reunification of the North and the South is a long way off). The great advantage they have is that they can face the problems of peace and address themselves to the people of Vietnam, and to the rest of the world, as Vietnamese nationalists as well as Communists. The fact that they are Communists does not detract from their arguments in behalf of independence, for which they have been struggling for twenty-five years. In this sense, it may be said that Thieu's contest with the Americans in the last month may have done us some good, for it has redressed the puppet image. If the South Vietnamese can now stand on their own feet and, as non-Communist nationalists, finally establish some sort of consensus, there will be a chance for them to win the peace, or at least not to lose it.

WHAT has become more apparent in the last month here in Paris is that, whatever happens, the Vietnamese themselves will determine their own future. No one talks much anymore of another Geneva conference, and it seems doubtful that anyone wants one, including the Russians and the Chinese—although they, as well as the Americans, the British, the French, and some of the smaller nations involved in the Vietnam war, will all seek to influence the eventual peace talks. The Russians have their own reasons for wanting the Vietnamese war to end, including their problems in Eastern Europe and their long-term plans to regain an influence in Southeast Asia, not to mention their ideological struggle with China and their desire to achieve a détente with the United States. The Chinese, despite their reported initial opposition to the peace talks and their belief in continued and continuing wars of liberation, are in a somewhat different position. They have seen the North Vietnamese slip slowly away from their political orbit and toward Moscow's in the last year, even though Hanoi must remain dependent on the Chinese for guns and ammunition if the fighting continues. But Peking is also aware of another factor, often overlooked. Surrounded by American bases and influences in Japan, South Korea, Okinawa, the Philippines, Taiwan, and Thailand, the Chinese might best serve their own interests by getting the Americans out of Vietnam, and perhaps pave the way thereby for the reëstablishment of some sort of diplomatic relations with the United States. This may partly account for the fact that Hanoi has been able to persuade Peking of the logic, as well as the necessity, of moving ahead with the negotiations now.

As for the Americans, the members of our delegation in Paris are, for the most part, biding their time. Obviously, their future actions will depend on what Nixon wants to do about Vietnam. The possibility of Averell Harriman's remaining in Paris as the delegation chief is remote; he is a loyal Democrat and no admirer of Nixon. Cyrus Vance, his able deputy, may remain for a time, as a bridge builder between this Administration and the next, but he, too, is not eager to stay. Probably, Nixon will send his own representative to Paris as an observer, and perhaps, with Johnson's approval, as a full member and potential chief of the delegation. Meanwhile, in the next few weeks the jockeying and the propaganda will continue, but no one expects much to be accomplished immediately, except perhaps some tentative redefining of the difficult question of the status of the Front and of Saigon.

When I first arrived in Paris, two weeks ago, the weather was soft and warm and the city basked in beauty and well-being. The atmosphere among the peace-conference delegates was hopeful, almost euphoric. Then came the stalemate in Saigon, and the talks fell apart. At the same time, the weather grew cold and rainy, and it is still raining. Sooner or later, everyone says, a new phase of the conference will begin, but now there has been a distinct letdown. Among most of the delegates, there is only an air of quiet, watchful waiting. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

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In passing, a song, some bend in a
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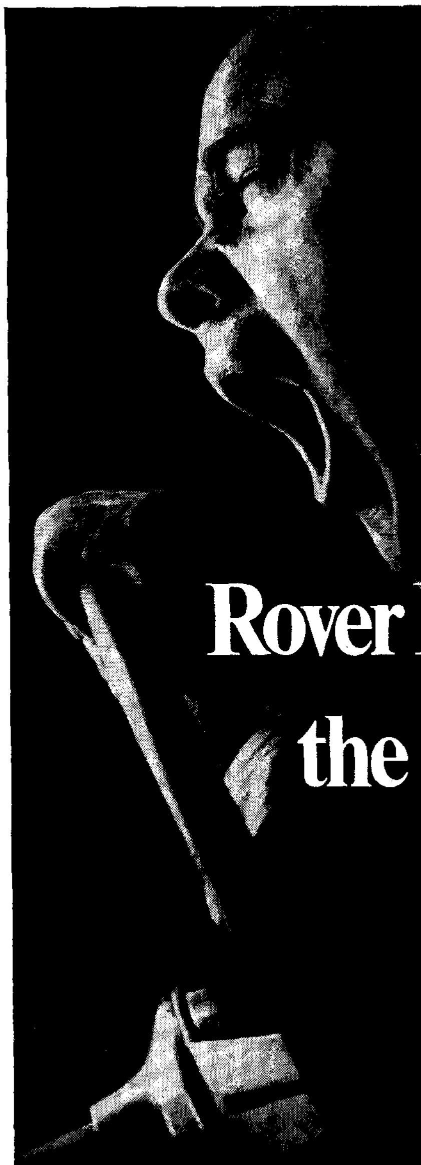
Is crying to this one what it loved
And loves still. There is no grief
Like this, whose very cause is beauty
That comes through death; it is so deep
That in broad day, laughing with
  friends,
You suddenly stare as if from sleep.

—LEONARD NATHAN



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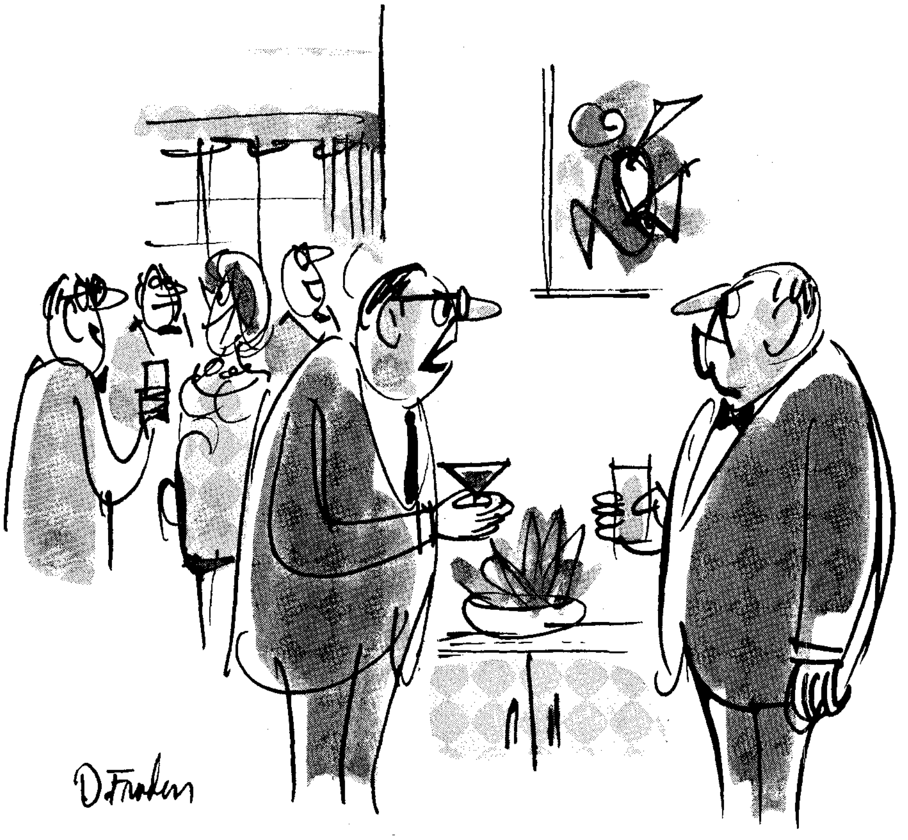
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHAT I really wanted to talk about first off is the mighty Emeric Partos, one of our noblest Hungarians and one of our noblest furriers, who is in residence at Bergdorf, but I have to get a diatribe out of my system. The diatribe: I do not understand the great artists of couture. Why is it that they insist on midi coats over minidresses or slacks? Why not long *jackets* with slacks, if I'm not being square, and why not coats the length of the dresses they consort with? Partos, who is all for jump suits of any length, wants to pair some of them off with coats that are neither jackets nor midi but come a couple of inches below the knees. This makes sense with dresses, too. There is his pants suit of charcoal jersey with a long tunic, flap pockets, and very wide pants bottoms (I don't understand this dust catcher technique, either), beneath a splendid below-the-knees coat of Persian dyed to look like vicuña. Broad revers are part of the splendor. And a jump suit shown in tweed that mingles purples, pinks, et al. wears a scalloped-edge skirt of mink in a bright pink. The man in your life, according to Partos, should be wearing a jump suit of a reddish tweed and a kilt of mink; the tendency toward girls-and-boys-together, or what Partos terms Unifashion, is definite in what he is producing. Consider, for one, the cowboy chaps and the Ike jackets, all of brown suède except for the plentiful applications of curly white lamb on the chaps. Consider, too, the flaring tunic top (sash belt, sharp turnover collar) and the pants that are skimpy through the thighs but ample at the bottom. Black lammoire, which is Argentine broadtail, does this trick, which in this case is for girls. The male version, in brown lammoire, has a fitted-in-back shirt and pants that widen from the knees on down. For girls, and girls alone, jet ranch makes a coat with an extremely high waist that is quite fitted; the collar opens into casual revers or doubles over into a deep turtleneck. Russian raccoon, much darker than ours and rare indeed, is turned into a sports greatcoat that would stop the action in any stadium, and jet ranch is applied horizontally on chiffon to accomplish a deluxe A-line coat that depends from a hook in front. The armholes on this one are high, the top is snug, and the neck stands away from the V décolletage. Another snug coat involves Russian broadtail, and long pockets slant out and down on the hips. Deluxe is also the word for the Empress chinchilla in brown tones, which results in a coat with a brown velvet belt. More chinchilla can be attached to this one to achieve formal length. (This idea has been all around for some time.) A coat that is already formal length and of silver fox ends in a huge shawl-hood collar. This deal goes over a band-neck jump suit that is all black sequins. Jump suits, I suppose, are going to be declared formal. One more standing-on-ceremony job is a coat of brown ermine worked horizontally; a wide belt of brown suède and a full skirt ending in a back train are among the details. The final touch: a full-length coat of ranch with a broad, vertical band down the front and narrow sleeves that bloom into real trumpets below the elbows.

FUR is not yet a man's world, but it's getting to be, and Ben Kahn's new collection has our males mostly in mind. Yet at least his man's parka of South African seal is countered by a feminine version with a rolled collar (this is trimmed in lynx belly) going all the way around—a gentler version, for we *are* the gentler gender. It's $650. His Ski Lift parka, above-skirt length, comes in creamy, long-haired badger horizontally worked and finishing up in a fringe benefit along the edge. There is jaguar for men (well, Christmas cannot be far behind) in a coat with flat revers, flap pockets, and a small vent in back, but jaguar for women, too—such as a masterpiece, just below mid-thigh, with a sable hem and more sable below the waist in an inverted V on each side of the opening. And zebra looks youthful in a double-breasted coat with long sleeves and a simple, standup collar. Two oddities: Norwegian blue fox worked diagonally (I'm informed that this is hard to do) in a street-length coat, and a gem of a coat—double-breasted, broad-shouldered, and nipped in sharply at the waist—in fisher. Kahn is not against midi length; he does a coat of India broadtail dyed deep navy, with a square of buttons placed low in front and an ascot of white mink, as well as a coat of Creole mink, with a



"Who am I to question our government's policies? I'll tell you who I am! I'm Bernard A. Nesbitt, who reads the 'Times,' the 'Wall Street Journal,' the 'Post,' 'Newsweek,' 'Time,' 'Business Week,' 'U.S. News & World Report,' 'Look,' 'Life,' and the 'Saturday Evening Post.' That's who I am!"

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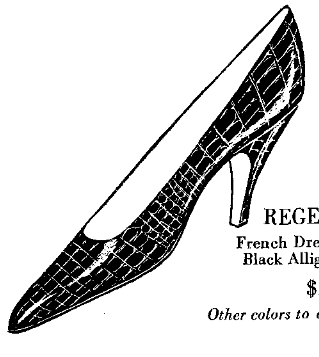

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deep vent in back and a detachable hood, plus a stunner of Swakara in camel hue, with a Retreat from Moscow campaign collar and six buttons placed up high in double-breasted array. I'm fond, too, of a coat of black Russian broadtail with a long waist and a circular flip at the back of the skirt, but this operation is street length.

As for looking young, most furs, however majestic their origin, manage an exuberance of cut these days, and none are more outgoing than the sleek seals that make the coats produced by Birger Christensen for Gunther Jaeckel. The panorama on some of the seals is thunderclouds coming up. The coats are cut like dresses of the classic Givenchy sort, one of them with a childish collar and a belt of black leather against the body of black hair seal. There is a slight A-line in the skirt, and four tabs—two each front and back—appear over the belt. This is $995. Hair seal with silver hardware fastenings down one side is here, and so is Ranger seal, which seems to me the stormiest of all these thunderclouds. This last is equipped with a tiny collar of black mink and with narrow cuffs, and you'd be happy in it even if rain or snow never fell. Donald Brooks made the sable-trimmed coat of white mink that Julie Andrews wears in "Star!," but for the rest of us Gunther has it in Chinese weasel, which is tan with yellow tips. Outlined in wolf, it looks pretty triumphant. One more Brooks is the unplucked nutria (brown with silver tips) that carries a turnover collar and, at the waist, a leather belt, inset so that it won't cause undue bulges above and below; a third Brooks combines dark fitch and raccoon. But Gunther has a lot of other treats (no tricks), too, such as Fabiani's cape of American broadtail that is edged with platinum fox, and Fabiani's coat of American broadtail that sports a high back belt and narrow sleeves. In espresso brown or Empress black, too, this one, if you wish. One more coat of the espresso has a deep pleat at the side front, another on the opposite side in back, and a belt and buckle. A week ago, I was discussing revivals, and here is an extra—stone marten, which does a beautiful soft coat, the skins horizontal and the belt a leather string. That's all there is to it, but you couldn't want anything more. Not even one of the coats done in that rare sea otter.

Bendel is for sloping shoulders, very high armholes, and a snug air through the upper body. A coat of Rus-

Our very un-square evening bags—6 inches high, 8 inches long—to hold partying things without a struggle. Black satin, $40. Saffian leather in white, gold or silver, $50, both highlighted with rhinestones. From our Handbag Collections. Glad to fill mail or phone orders.

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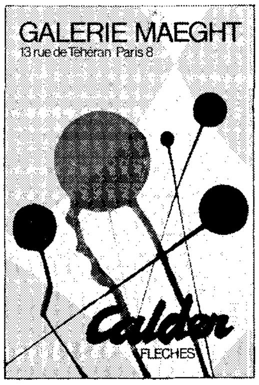

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If this fragrance were a painting,
who would have painted it?

Not Gauguin.
His would be too sultry with jasmine.
Not Ingres.
Too heavy with patchouli and musk.
Botticelli, perhaps,
if his Springtime were a French spring,
with a little of Monet's softened sunlight
dappled in.

If it were a city, what city
would you think of?

We think it would be Avignon,
with all the fountains plashing.
But you might think of Paris,
if you took just the right patch of Paris,
and set it in the midst of Aix en Provence.

If it were a time of day?

High noon,
frilled with wind, drenched with sunshine,
after a morning when the rain
has washed the whole world clean.

If it were music?

Chamber music, almost certainly,
and almost certainly by Mozart.
And yet, you know those Chopin waltzes?
The ones that catch at your throat
in the midst of whirling?
Or those songs of the Auvergne
that Madeleine Grey used to sing?

If it were a color?

Blue-white-yellow.
Fragile as an iris
reflected in a pond full of sky.

And if it were a woman?

What do you think she'd be like,
from the things we've said already?
If you know,
then you must know her from the inside.
You'll find a little of
yourself in a bottle of Calèche.

Calèche *by* **Hermès**/*Paris*

Women who think of perfume as a weapon
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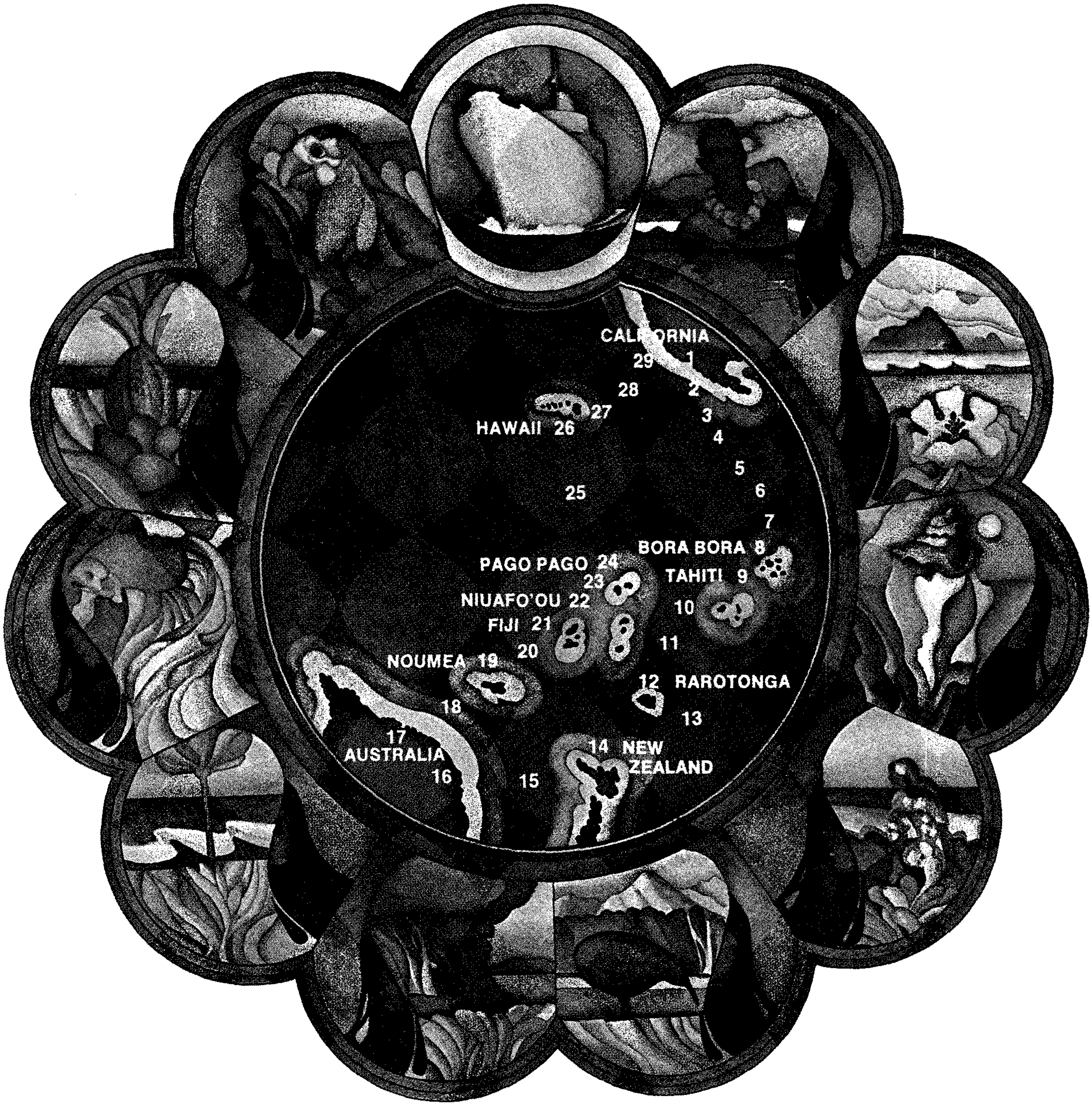
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BORA BORA 8
PAGO PAGO 24
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TAHITI 9
NIUAFO'OU 22
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FIJI 21
11
NOUMEA 19
20
12 RAROTONGA
18
13
17
AUSTRALIA
16
14 NEW ZEALAND
15

Matson and the South Seas. The nicest cruise on the nicest ocean.

Just see how nice it can be while you let our map introduce you to the charm and grace of a Matson 42-day cruise through the South Seas.

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Follow our map and see how nice a Matson cruise on the nicest ocean can be.

1. Wave good-bye on deck to your friends ashore.

2. Say hello to your fellow passengers waving good-bye to their friends.

3. By now you've unpacked and discovered how comfortable your stateroom is. All rooms have air-conditioning, telephone, hi-fi music and private bath.

4. Meet the Captain and everyone else at the Captain's Champagne Party.

5. Ladies might like to have their hair done at the ship's Elizabeth Arden Salon.

6. By now the ship's bartenders will not only know your name, they'll know your favorite drink.

7. Celebrate crossing the Equator with King Neptune and the polliwogs.

8. BORA BORA. It is daybreak when the island first comes into view. Breakfast on the Pool Terrace as the ship moves through Teavanui Pass into the lagoon. This is your first contact with the remote beauty of Polynesia.

9. TAHITI. French savoir-faire and Polynesian serenity combine to make Tahiti the symbol of the South Seas. You'll be on deck early to watch your liner arrive at Papeete Harbor.

10. Visit the Island of Moorea, across the Sea of the Moon. The beauty of this island inspired Michener's Bali H'ai.

11. Enjoy a buffet lunch on the Pool Terrace while you and your friends compare impressions of Tahiti.

12. RAROTONGA. Native singers and dancers come aboard from outriggers to entertain you with some of the finest singing and dancing in the Pacific. You'll learn legends that trace back through Polynesian history; and you'll shop from the floating market place.

13. Relax in a deck chair and think about dinner (Lobster Curry with Avocado perhaps).

14. NEW ZEALAND. As your ship enters Waitemata Harbor you can see the city of Auckland, rising gently from the white beaches that line the shore. While you're here you'll also see the famous glow-worm grotto.

15. Your wine steward will undoubtedly suggest an Australian vintage here, to set the mood for your next port of call.

16. AUSTRALIA. The Sydney Bridge welcomes you to one of the world's most beautiful harbors. Red tile roofed houses and wide sweeps of park lawns surround the bay. During your stay you can shop at fine stores and enjoy the cosmopolitan night life. You'll tone up your tan on the best beaches in the world.

17. See koala bears and kangaroos in their natural surroundings at the Sydney Zoo.

18. Enjoy breakfast in bed.

19. NOUMEA. Mediterranean in appearance, South Seas in atmosphere, Gallic in attitude—especially toward food. You also shop for French imports.

20. Dance the evening away in the ship's ballroom. The orchestra will play your favorite requests.

21. FIJI. This British Crown Colony is known as the tradewind cross-roads of the South Pacific. Take an "Oolooloo" Cruise in a glass-bottomed boat. See coral gardens and stop at a small tropical island where you can swim and explore things.

22. NIUAFO'OU. The "Tin Can Island." Long ago, when ships passed by, it was the custom to seal the mail for Niuafo'ou in 40lb. biscuit tins. Strong-armed native postmen in handmade canoes would slip through the reefs and transport it back to shore. This ancient custom remains today as a unique Matson service. (The postmarks are a stamp collector's prize.)

23. Hold a party in your stateroom. We will send out written invitations to your friends and provide help for the occasion—complimentary, of course.

24. PAGO PAGO. The beautiful bowl-shaped harbor into which your Matson ship sails was once the crater of a great volcano whose seaward wall fell away many centuries ago. Friendly natives, impeccably-thatched homes, the rhythm of a native siva-siva will remain in your memories of this peaceful island.

25. Take an evening stroll under a South Seas moon. A quiet moment on deck may well be one of the memories you'll cherish most.

26. HAWAII. Enjoy a spectacular morning view of Diamond Head as you cruise into Honolulu Harbor. Throw a coin for native divers to retrieve. Listen to the Royal Hawaiian Band play "Beyond the Reef." Don a flower lei. Isn't this the way you have always dreamed you would come to Hawaii?

27. Cast your flower lei on the waves here. Legend says that it is your promise to return.

28. Relive your memories of the South Seas at Polynesian Night.

29. SAN FRANCISCO. Passing under the Golden Gate Bridge is a dramatic finale to your cruise experience. But your fond memories are just beginning.

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sian broadtail has these characteristics, plus high, Empire gathers at the sides of the waist. Its small round collar stands away from the neck, and the cuffs are small and fat. The same shoulders and armholes appear in heavier furs, such as Lutetia mink, which becomes a coat with a round, overlapping collar, six closely placed double buttons of leather, straight sleeves, and a trenchcoat band above each wrist. The high armholes show up once more in a coat of black Russian broadtail that provides huge lapels of Russian sable. Sheer nobility is manifest in a coat of horizontally worked Russian crown sable with colossal cuffs and a big notched collar. It is $13,500, and that's merciful today. More sable, though not crown, does the rolled collar of a street-length cape of Russian ermine with two portholes for the arms. Back to earth now, and to a coat of black Alaska seal (do you recall how grandmotherly this fur used to be?) with)(curves through the waist and a square of jet buttons in front, plus two on the back belt. A further supply of this seal makes a coat that is shaped, single-breasted, slightly dirndl, and gathered at the natural waist in back. The nicest of the Bendel coats for pants outfits is of long-haired Canadian otter in wide, horizontal stripes, with a rounded collar at both sides of the throat. Eight double-breasted buttons finish this one off. Among Bendel's feral animals is ocelot, worked vertically, in a double-breasted coat with a very slim top that nestles down into the waist. This has extremely high and casual lapels. Slanting flap pockets and a deep vent in back complete this job. Seal, though, is *my* new pet, and I find it at Bendel, too—Cape of Good Hope seal in a Regency-dandy cut, with wide, flat lapels, plus an inverted pleat down the back of the skirt. This one ends high on the thighs.

SEAL is the crest of Alfred Rainer as well. Such as a wonderful coat of stormy hair seal with a zippered panel of black mink down the frontage. It is rather snugly fitted, but it looks good worn open, too. For sheer amusement, Rainer has done a cape, a few inches higher than most dresses now, of Austrian loden cloth lined with hamster—slots for the arms, and a magnificent fit over the shoulders. His karate jacket is also in the amusement area—ranch mink, three-quarter length, and collarless. Rainer is a specialist in a matter that seems to have been forgotten—the small shrug jacket. One is

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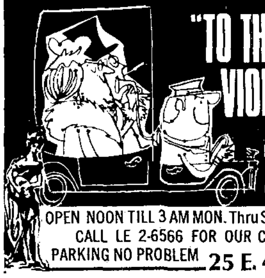

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sort of cape in demeanor—sable, high waist in front, longer in back; another, of white mink, wears rhinestone buttons, elbow sleeves, and a pointed collar so deep that it is startling on such an abbreviated jacket. Bigger again is the coat-dress of black Persian lamb with a deep V neck, a zipper vertically ascending the front from the waist, black grosgrain piping the low waistline in front (below which are two pockets), and a grosgrain hint at a waist on the plain back. Every sort of mink lurks here, including the chevron ones, as in a below-the-hips jacket that is all white and pale tan with tourmaline lapels. The effect is herringbone, and a sagging back belt adds to the nonchalance.

REVILLON, domiciled now at Saks Fifth Avenue, was prankish about furs long before almost anyone else, and it still is Ariel. For the first of the startlements, what about this?—an Indian bandeau of leather high across the forehead with more than thirty red and black foxtails dangling from it, like a sentence with thirty dangling participles. There are anklets and bracelets of otter, these to wear with wolf coats and high boots of patent leather. A stunt that shows up on many of the Revillon coats is a sash of glove leather, an inch and a half wide, that wraps twice around the waist (there's a gap between the two wrappings) and then ties in a knot, with fringe at the ends. Jaguar gets the reverent treatment it deserves in a coat with vast sable cuffs on the bell sleeves, and black leather binding matches that double sash belt I was just diagramming. And jaguar gets into a midi coat whose collar and twelve-inch hem are of dark-brown sea otter. Tiger is likewise prominent on the premises. It's used in a midi coat (for pants, Revillon clamors) with a wide leather belt and (since Adolfo is also in the Saks compound) a hat of mustard felt from whose crown a multicolored scarf emerges to tie under the chin. Another tiger coat is shown all dolled up with black fox, which trims the circular hem and makes both the cuffs and the enormous lapels. For formality, there is a long coat and a formal skirt, the entire operation constructed of black monkey. White fox or Russian lynx is used in full-length coats whose skins are worked horizontally, except for a broad band that descends each side in front and then curves away toward the hem. I mention this because I thought I should let everyone know that there is

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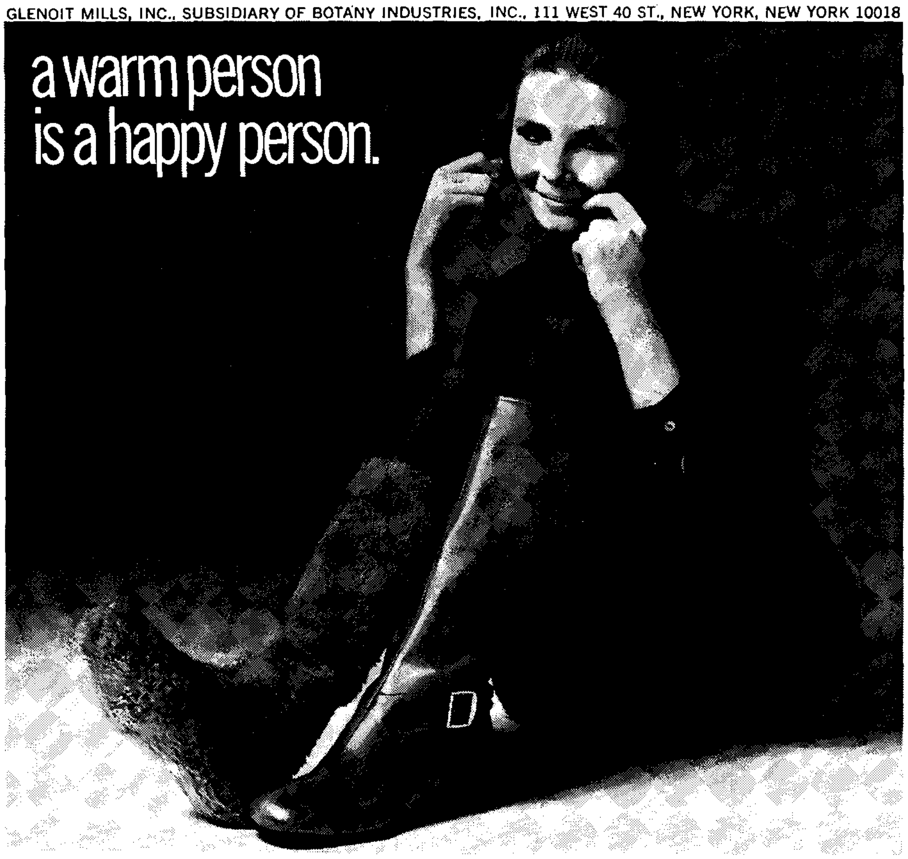

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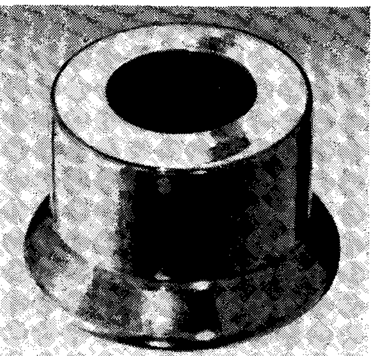

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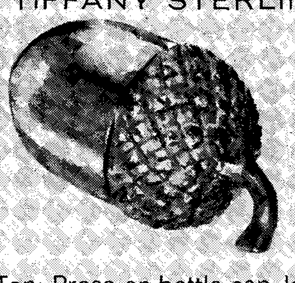

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some decorum in the Revillon dominion, and some old-fashioned opulence, too. And no one is going to say a word against either of these commodities while I'm around. —LOIS LONG

•

SEX AND THE SINGLE COMPUTER

[*A narrative description of the Burroughs B5500 Disk File Master Control Program, from a Burroughs Corporation instruction manual*]

NOTHINGTODO ROUTINE

The NOTHINGTODO Routine is the principal point of control in the Control Section. When NOTHINGTODO receives control, it first performs an interrogate interrupt operation. Then if there are no interrupts, it checks for an entry in SLATE. If there is an entry in the SLATE and it is then possible to call an independent procedure, NOTHINGTODO sets rS to a stack area for the independent procedure and causes it to be called. If there are no entries in the SLATE, NOTHINGTODO investigates BED. Each time before examining a BED entry, NOTHINGTODO performs an interrogate interrupt operation; then, if there are no interrupts, it selects an entry from the BED. From a BED entry, NOTHINGTODO gets the address of the word to be tested and then obtains the word. The test word is then masked with the mask word provided in the BED entry. A mask is a word containing zero in every bit position other than the positions of bits to be tested. The masking operation is a logical AND operation performed on the test word and the mask. The logical AND operation generates a result word with 1's in the bit positions in which both the test word and the mask has 1's. If the masking operation produced negative results (i.e., the condition required by the suspended program still did not exist), another entry would be tested. If no BED entry provides positive results, NOTHINGTODO performs interrogate interrupt operations and checks for changes in the status of peripheral units. If the masking operation produced positive results (i.e., if the condition required by the suspended program then existed) the NOTHINGTODO routine would remove that BED entry and return control to the suspended procedure.

To return control to a suspended procedure, NOTHINGTODO first sets P1MIX to the MIX index value in the BED entry. Then the F-register is set to the address of the Return Control Word of the SLEEP Procedure. This control word is, of course, still in the private stack of the procedure that suspended itself by calling SLEEP. Then the NOTHINGTODO routine causes an EXIT operation to be performed, just as would be performed to exit a procedure. The EXIT operation is handled by the hardware (see "Exiting a Procedure" in Section 1). Since rF at that time contains the address of the Return Control Word for the SLEEP Procedure, the EXIT operation returns control to the suspended procedure just as though the SLEEP Procedure had caused the EXIT operation.

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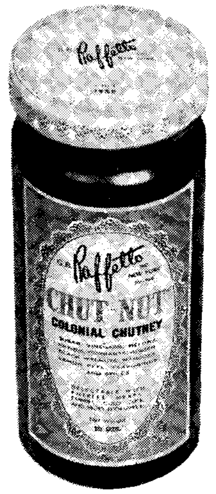

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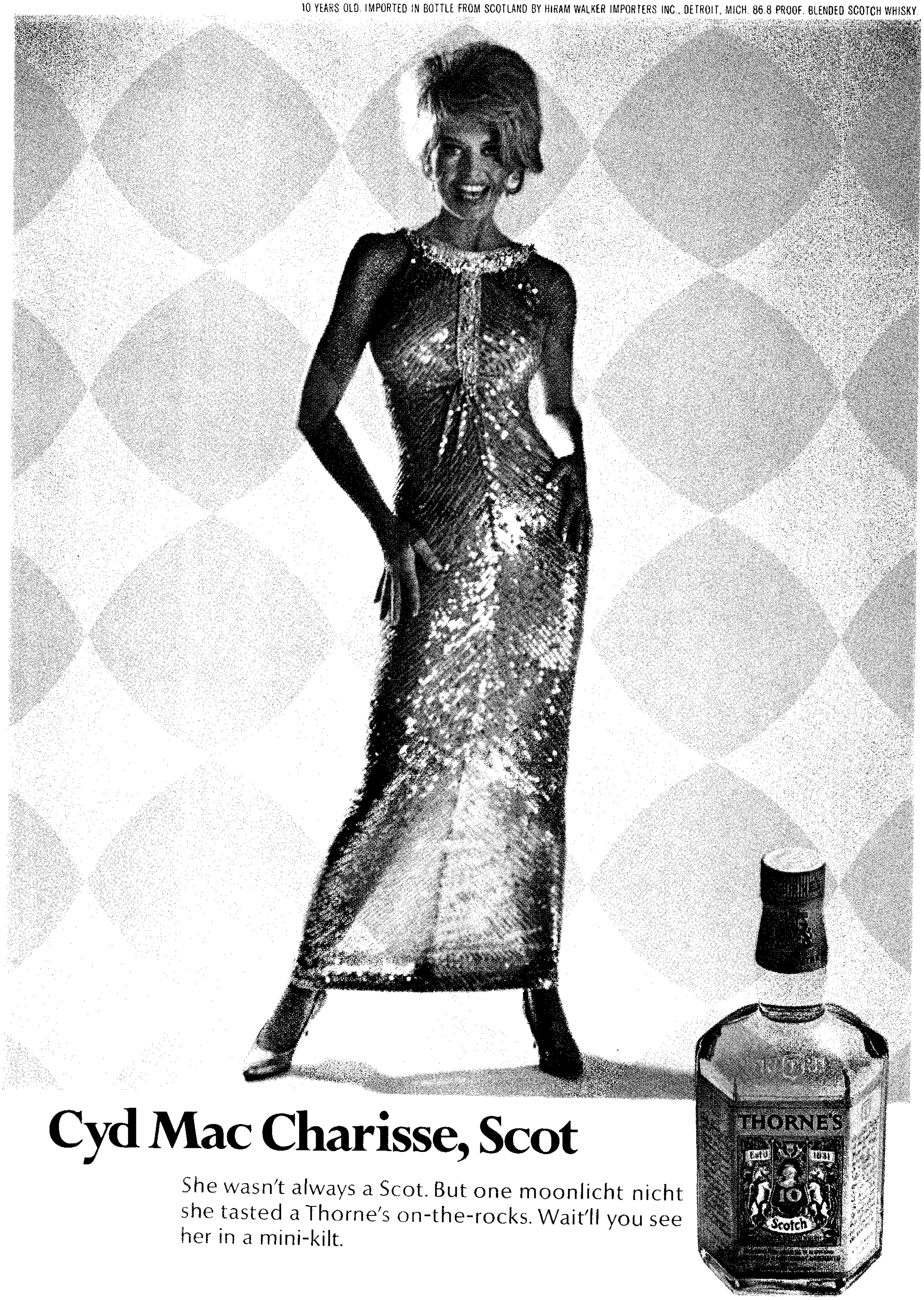

Cyd Mac Charisse, Scot

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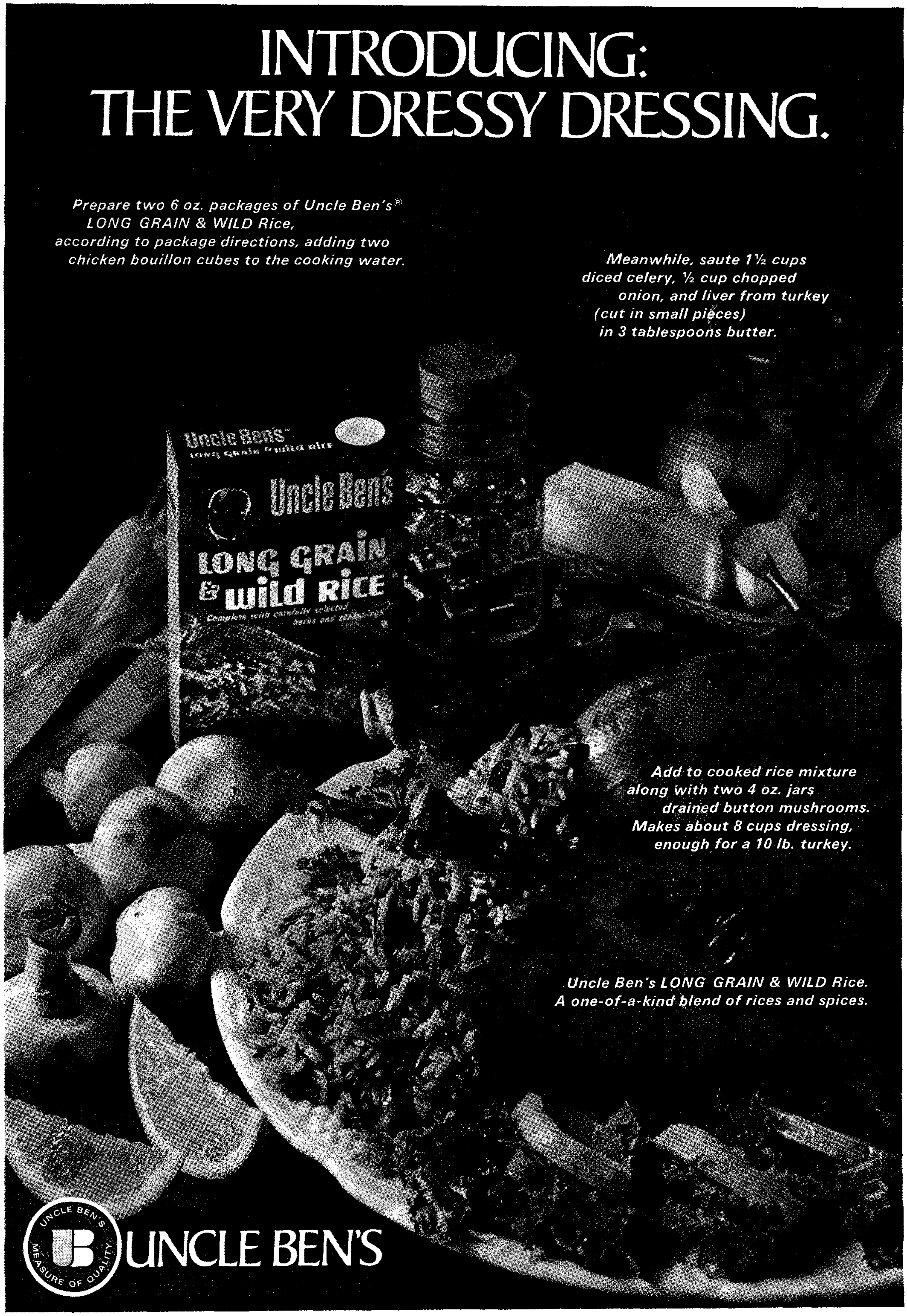
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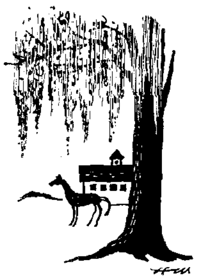
THE RACE TRACK

Gadabout

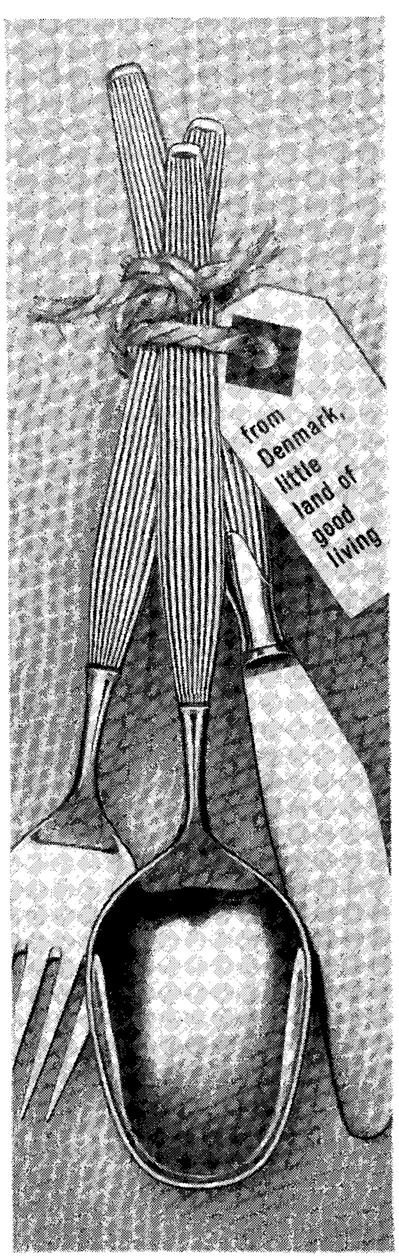
AS this is written, eight racers foaled in five countries are ready to run their hearts out for a mile and a half on the grass at Laurel Race Course in the seventeenth Washington, D.C., International. The race, on Veterans Day, will, of course, be over before these notes come from the printer. So, for a change, let's walk through International Village—the group of barns on the backstretch where these horses are waiting the call to the post. The lot is perhaps the most notable in the annals of the event, for it includes the winner of the English Derby, the winner of the Epsom Oaks, and the winners of stakes in France, Argentina, and Japan—not forgetting this country's color-bearers.



The favorite for the International is Sir Ivor, who won the Derby Stakes at Epsom in May, as well as its preliminary—the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. Last season he won the National Stakes at the Curragh of Kildare and the Grand Criterium at Longchamp, the top events for two-year-olds in Ireland and France. He's the second English Derby winner to come to this country for a special race. The first was Papyrus, who came over in 1923 for a match with Zev at the old Belmont Park. (Zev won.) For reasons that escape me, Sir Ivor is listed as running for Ireland. Actually, he's American-bred and American-owned. By Sir Gaylord out of Attica (she's by Mr. Trouble), he was foaled in Kentucky and sold at Keeneland to Raymond Guest, a former Ambassador to the Republic of Eire and a leading polo player in the days when there was polo at Meadow Brook. Sir Ivor is a tall and powerfully built bay, with good shoulders and round quarters—altogether, a handsome individual. What's more, he gallops smoothly and effortlessly, and has the ability to quicken his pace when he's called on for it. He does not, however, run at his best on hard ground. That has cost him several races. There was rain at Laurel last weekend, and his supporters hope for more until post time. He is trained by Vincent O'Brien, a great hand with jumpers as well as with runners on the flat. Also, he'll be ridden by Lester Piggott, top of the list in England for the last four years. No wonder he is the favorite.

The filly in the race, La Lagune, is French and a beauty. Though she's a bit small, she makes up for that in quality. Unbeaten at home at two, she won the Oaks Stakes at Epsom easily, then lost her form and was unplaced in the Prix de Diane, the French equivalent of the Oaks. When she got back in shape, she ran fifth in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, which is no mean achievement for a filly her size. France has won five Internationals and has three hopes for a sixth—La Lagune, Carmarthen, and Petrone. Carmarthen, a big, rangy chestnut colt, who was third to Vaguely Noble and Sir Ivor in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, is owned by Mrs. R. B. Strassburger, whose late husband won the International with Worden II in 1953. Petrone is less impressive in both looks and past performances. Takeshiba-O, the colt from Japan, is a three-year-old and rather plain-looking, but apparently he's a runner on his home grounds. In seventeen starts, he hasn't been out of the first three. Azincourt II, the horse from Argentina, a well-made five-year-old, was bought there recently by Bertram Firestone, who lives in Wilton, Connecticut, and used to show hunters at the Horse Show in the Garden. To judge by his past performances, Azincourt II is especially good in long-distance races, and has run equally well in Buenos Aires on the turf at San Isidro and over the dirt track at Palermo. By the way, someone liked his chances for the International well enough to bet Ladbroke & Co., the biggest turf accountants in London, such a wad of fivers that they cut his odds from 66–1 to 12–1. Ladbroke quotes Sir Ivor at even money; Czar Alexander, the second choice, at 4–1; and the American Fort Marcy at 5–1. Fort Marcy, winner of last year's International, in which he beat Damascus by a nose, and Czar Alexander, winner of the Man o' War at Belmont last month, hardly need introduction here.

SPEAKING of Argentina, I had the pleasure a fortnight ago of seeing the running of the Gran Premio Carlos Pellegrini at San Isidro. I've seen the blue-ribbon races in a number of countries, but never one more enthralling or one run in such a set-



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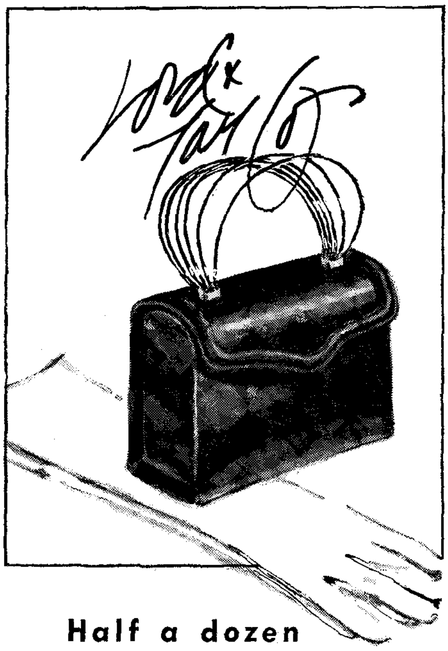

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ting—so wonderful that it has to be seen to be believed. Fifteen horses went to the post for the Carlos Pellegrini, and a three-year-old with the unexpected name of Indian Chief led from start to finish of the three thousand metres (about a mile and seven furlongs), winning by a length and a half from Snow Glass and Lostalo, who finished heads apart. Decorum, the favorite, who gave twenty-two pounds to each of the first three, was fourth. Had he won, I am told, there would have been an ovation the like of which Buenos Aires has never seen for his jockey, Irineo Leguisamo, the Johnny Longden of the Argentine, who is sixty-five and has ridden more than four thousand winners. But Decorum tired. In the paddock, before the Pellegrini, I thought Indian Chief, a squarely built, well-proportioned colt, looked very fit. Besides, Julio Menditeguy, who, with his brother Carlos, owns Indian Chief, said he'd go well. And he did. The winner's share of the purse was twenty million pesos ($56,000), and there was sizable prize money for the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth to finish. The handle at San Isidro that afternoon was five hundred and thirty million pesos on ten races. Horseplayers are the same the whole world over; they bet ninety million on the last race.

STAY-AT-HOME observers tell me that Dr. Fager's farewell performance was perhaps the most brilliant of his career. Carrying 139 pounds and giving from twelve to thirty-four pounds to the six other starters, he ran the seven furlongs of the Vosburgh Handicap at Aqueduct apparently effortlessly in 1:20⅕—only a fifth of a second slower than the world's record for the distance—and passed the post six lengths ahead of Kissin' George, with the others down the course. The prize money moved him up into the million-dollar bracket, with a total of $1,002,642. . . . In the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity the same afternoon, the Wheatley Stable's King Emperor added to the establishment's successes. Leading all the way, he won by a head from Dike. Mr. Leader was third. . . . And it looks as if the King Ranch's Gallant Bloom will be the top two-year-old filly of the year. In the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park she beat Shuvee by more than a length after they'd raced together for most of the mile and a sixteenth. Let's Be Gay was third, fifteen lengths behind. Selah.

—AUDAX MINOR

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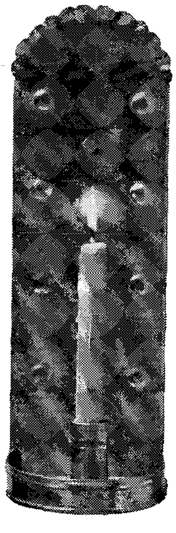

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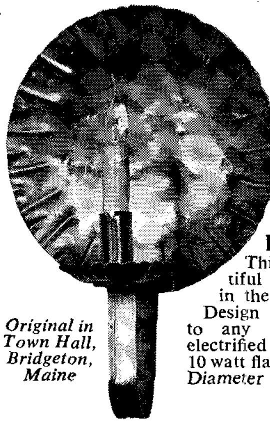

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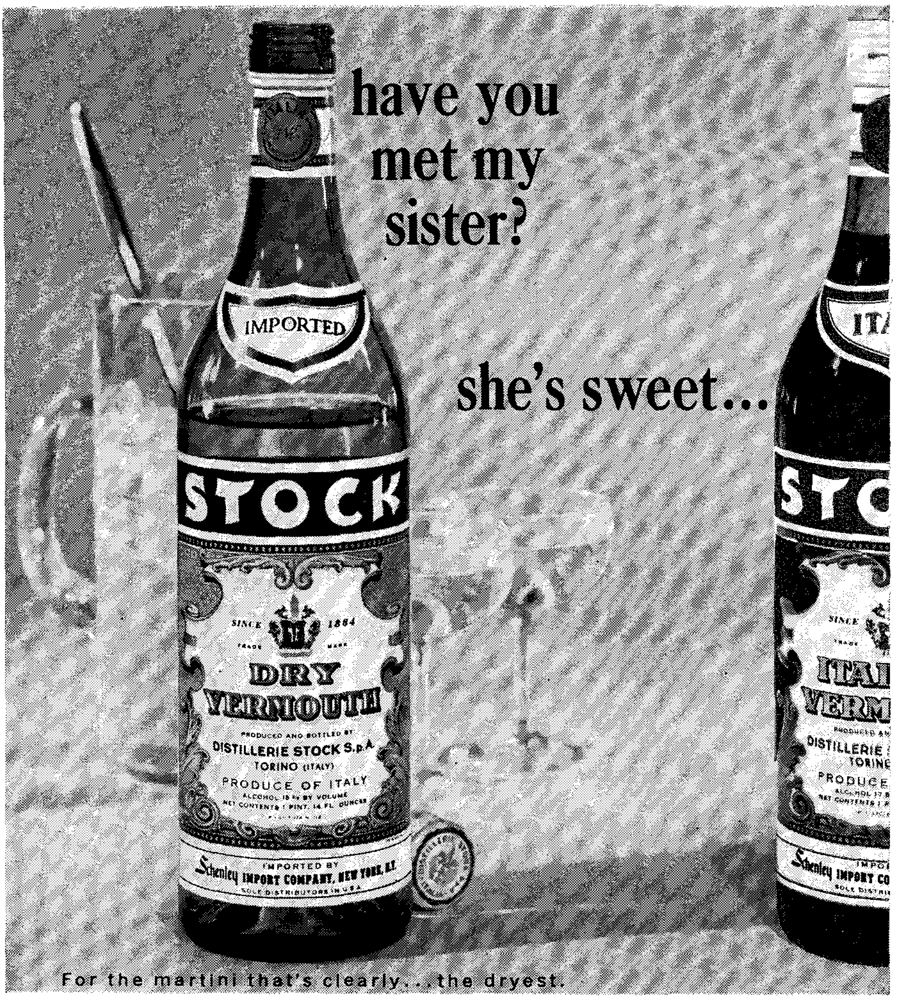
FOOTBALL

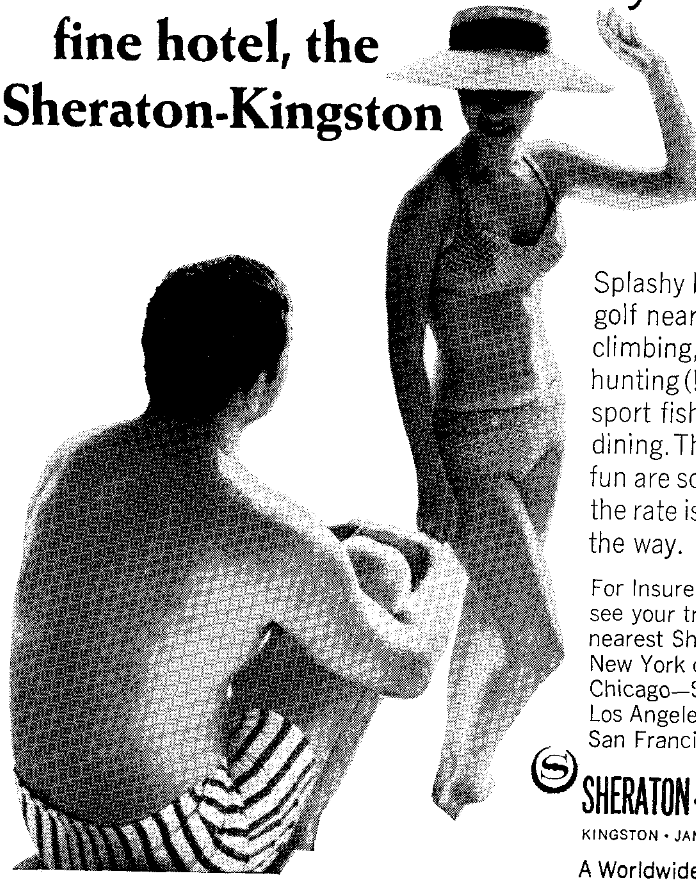
Country Life

A NEW league, this one contrived out of the flee-the-streets-of-Sodom-and-Gomorrah-for-the-countryside citizenry, is gathering recruits. The Tailgate League, I guess you could call it, for its membership arrives at gameside in country cars, lets down the back ends, and has a fête champêtre before the match begins—a fête, let it be added, a lot better than death. Such gatherings, which often have all the air of a hunt meet, have been going on forever in the car parks at Yale Bowl and in Cambridge and Princeton, and now Army is firmly in the Tailgate League, to the point where the box office requires an extra eleven thousand seats in Michie Stadium, which, already once enlarged, will be much bigger, and double-decked, next fall—over forty-two thousand seats, that is. Given the country oxygen, the country setting, and Army's powerhouse performance this season, you can see why. (Next year, when Lindell and Jarvis and O'Toole and Steele have departed, may, naturally, be another matter.) The house was full last Saturday, even though the Götterdämmerung cloudiness meant that the whole match had to be played under lights. Army, running like fury and passing judiciously (no interceptions), beat the tar, 58–25, out of a Boston College that, pro style, was throwing more passes than blocks. (Thirty-seven of Harris's fifty-seven tosses went to his catchers, and four to Army's catchers.) Nothing like a defeat of that size had ever happened before to Boston College, whose team was hatched in 1893. For all that, it was a neat, clean occasion; only five penalties, all five-yard ones, were administered.

For clean living, though, Harvard must be awarded the game ball. Winning its Tailgate match with Princeton, 9–7, it managed not to commit any punishable offenses. It was, like Army's afternoon, one that came out precisely as expected. Princeton, which for most of the fall had travelled farther by land than any other team in the nation, was confoundingly docile in the presence of the Harvard line; in return, the Princeton line had Gatto, the core of Harvard, close-hauled most of the time, though not quite often



In Jamaica, Sheraton has a wonderfully fine hotel, the Sheraton-Kingston



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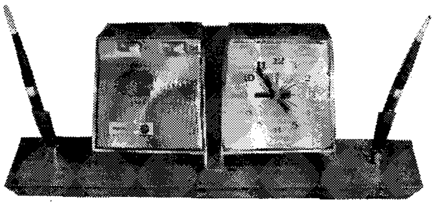

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enough. When Harvard simply *had* to gain ground to keep the ball away from Princeton, there was Gatto—weave, weave, slither, slither—for the needed gain. Whether you see Harvard and Army on the field or on film, you are always aware that they are run by team spirit; watching Princeton, you again and again get the sensation of individual brilliance. Considered opinion rejects the theory that secret agents sneak into Princeton uniforms and commit sabotage. But who is it, then, who clips an opponent and deletes a fifty-seven-yard sprint? Who is it who, after a gallant interception, blanks out on his blocking assignment on the next two plays? Who makes the passer look the wrong way when a catcher is out in open country? So it was that Princeton, however wishfully it eyed (or didn't eye) the opportunities thrust upon it, went down, ruggedly and bravely, before a Harvard that plays with its head as well as its heart. . . . Penn State, an informant insists, belongs in the Tailgate League; an automobile is the only way to get there. Saturday, it outgamed, 22–7, a Miami possibly dazzled by daylight, since it plays mostly in the Night Riders', or Floodlight, League. No one has caught up to Penn State this year (Army came the closest, by far), and it and Yale are the leaders of the pack around here. Or leaders of the two packs—the Big Timers in one instance, the Deëmphasizers in the other. Yale put down Penn, 30–13, over the weekend, resting Dowling as much as it could, just as Army rested Jarvis et al. What mileage these two young men could run up if their coaches did not give them so much compassionate leave! Compassion of another sort must be extended to Columbia (Dartmouth 31, Columbia 19, up at Hanover) and to Brown (Cornell 31, Brown 0, up at Providence). And if there is any left it should be distributed among the journeyers out to Shea Stadium for that Sunday aquacade in which the Jets and the Oilers were the principal performers. —J. W. L.

•

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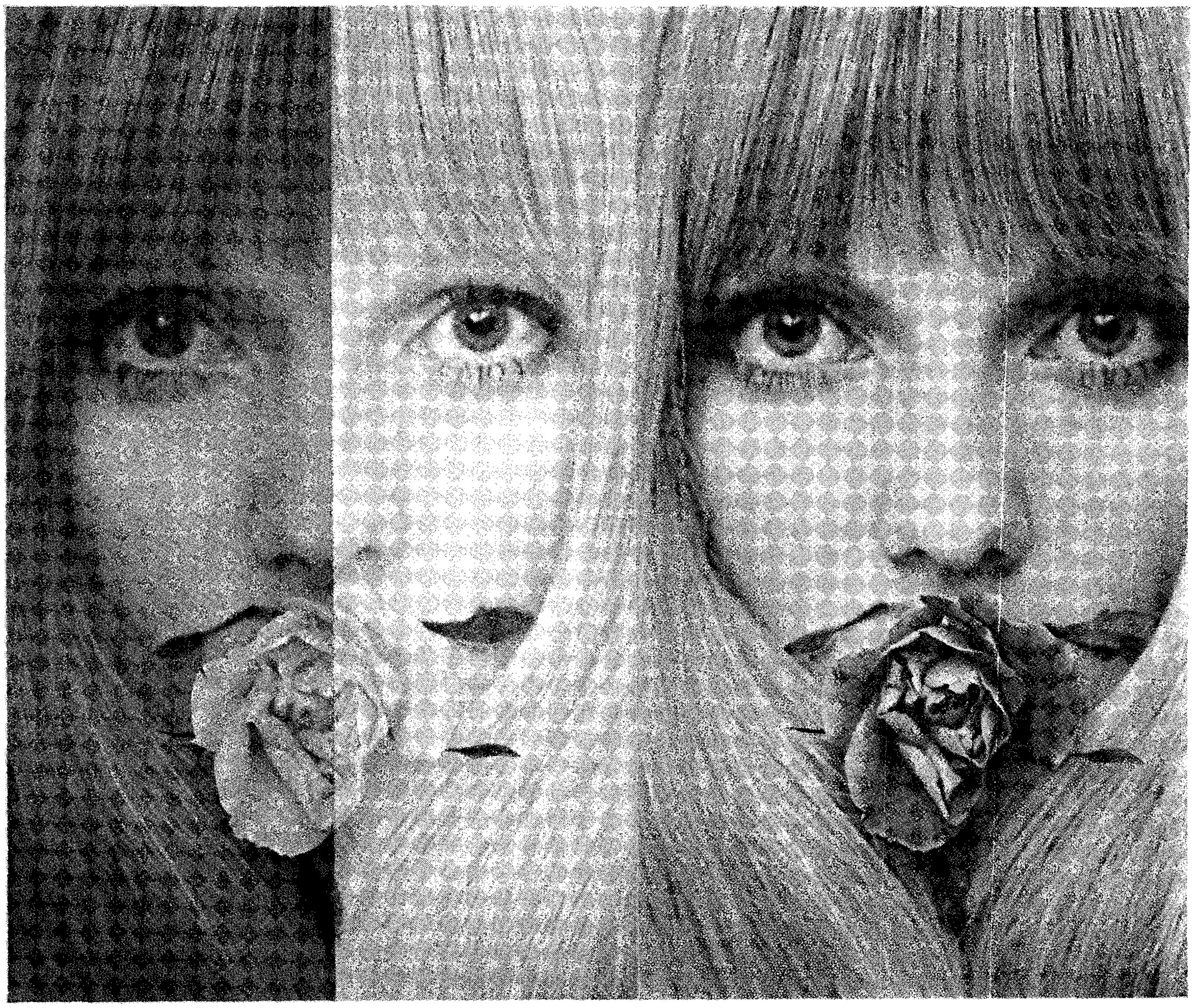

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U.S. JOURNAL: NASSAU COUNTY

THE KIDS AGAINST THE GROWNUPS

IN discussing the awesome level of political activity maintained by Allard K. Lowenstein as a student, those who knew him at Yale Law School sometimes insist that when people called New Haven information to ask for his telephone number they got an instantaneous reply, as if they had asked for the number of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Several years after that, in the late fifties and early sixties, Lowenstein's friends and acquaintances—a group that, according to some calculations, is large enough to be expressed as a percentage of the American population—often joked about his being the oldest living student politician in the United States. In those years, Lowenstein appeared to be about the only adult in America who believed that the college student of the American Dream—healthy, exuberant, basically right-thinking—was either politically interested or politically interesting. Whether Lowenstein was officially working as a dean at Stanford or as a foreign-policy adviser in Washington, he continued to spend a lot of nights sprawled in the second-hand armchairs of college-dormitory rooms, arguing with equal intensity about the evils of South Africa or the role of the fraternity system. Even in New York or Washington, Lowenstein always seemed to be accompanied by a couple of clean-cut young men who would be introduced as, say, a recently returned Rhodes Scholar and the president of the University of North Carolina student government—a pair of Wasp outriders, ready at any hint of trouble to shake hands hard, call their elders "sir," and talk about commitment to the democratic process. The events that caused other adults to take such students seriously came about largely because of Lowenstein's efforts. The participation of hundreds of Northern white college students in the Mississippi voter-registration project of 1964 was the outgrowth of Lowenstein's having induced a number of Stanford and Yale undergraduates to go to Mississippi the previous year to hold a mock election; the students who went to New Hampshire last winter to work for Eugene McCarthy and the Impossible Dream were, like McCarthy himself, present partly in response to the urgings of Lowenstein, who was once almost alone in believing that the Vietnam-war policy could somehow be changed by the electoral process. It was not surprising that when Lowenstein himself decided to run for Congress this year in the Fifth District of New York—a collection of middle-class bedroom communities that extends into Nassau County from New York City along the South Shore of Long Island—he attracted hundreds of weekend volunteers from colleges like Yale and Harvard and Smith, and put together a full-time staff so young that his official campaign manager, a middle-aged man named Horace Kramer, sometimes seemed to be playing the role of token grownup. Although some of the weekend volunteers had worked in the McCarthy or Kennedy campaigns, most of them appeared to be students who had never been involved in politics before; a large number of the Yale volunteers were freshmen. When staff members were asked one day how they had been able to persuade so many students to devote autumn weekends to the house-to-house canvassing of Nassau County, they suggested that some of the more politically involved students might have wanted to make one last attempt at working for social change through the electoral process, and that some of the girls might have decided to settle for the Saturday-night canvassers' party in Lawrence or Long Beach because they hadn't been invited to New Haven for the Dartmouth game. "To tell the truth," one young man said, smiling, "I think most of the kids who came think they're personal friends of Al's."

MANY Nassau County citizens who saw Lowenstein on television as a leader of those opposing Mayor Daley's regulars at the Chicago Convention identified him not just with the respectable campaign volunteers who

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have always formed the core of his following but with the Yippies in Grant Park and the S.D.S. occupation forces at Columbia and the depraved acid-heads who threaten to offend grownups in the street—or, for all a grownup knows, might be living under his own roof, cleverly disguised as his children. American voters have never been scrupulous about precise categories; Lowenstein is a leader of kids, and the campaign in the Fifth District eventually concerned the suspicions harbored by adults about all kids. Speaking one day before a Lions luncheon in Long Beach, Lowenstein offered an eyewitness account of how young people who had gone to Chicago to work for McCarthy's candidacy had been beaten by the police while they were sitting quietly in the McCarthy campaign suite. When asked what seventeen-year-old girls were doing in a Chicago hotel in the first place, Lowenstein said that adults ought to be grateful for the young people who were willing to participate in the political process, and that the channelling of young people's dissent into such activities was the only way to avoid the disruptive politics of confrontation that he, along with most other Americans, deplores. "They went there for trouble," a man down the luncheon table muttered. "That's what—for trouble."

Lowenstein's opponent—Mason Hampton, Jr., a conservative lawyer—is thirty-seven, two years younger than Lowenstein, but he made it clear from the start that he was on the side of the grownups. He spoke of the breakdown of law and order as having been caused by "the permissive view gone wild." Because Lowenstein is a vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, Hampton could have confronted him with any number of A.D.A. resolutions that Nassau County voters might consider at least unwise and perhaps treasonous; the one Hampton chose was a resolution against treating the use of marijuana as a crime. Lowenstein kept repeating that he was opposed *to the legalization* of marijuana, but that still left him far less militantly grown-up on the issue than Hampton, who for a while seemed to be proposing capital punishment for marijuana sellers—a position that prompted one of the jollier members of Lowenstein's staff to put up a sign in the office reading "Mason Hampton is a junkie." The Hampton forces occasionally claimed to have their own influence with the young. ("We have students, too, only ours don't use obscene language," a Hampton campaign worker

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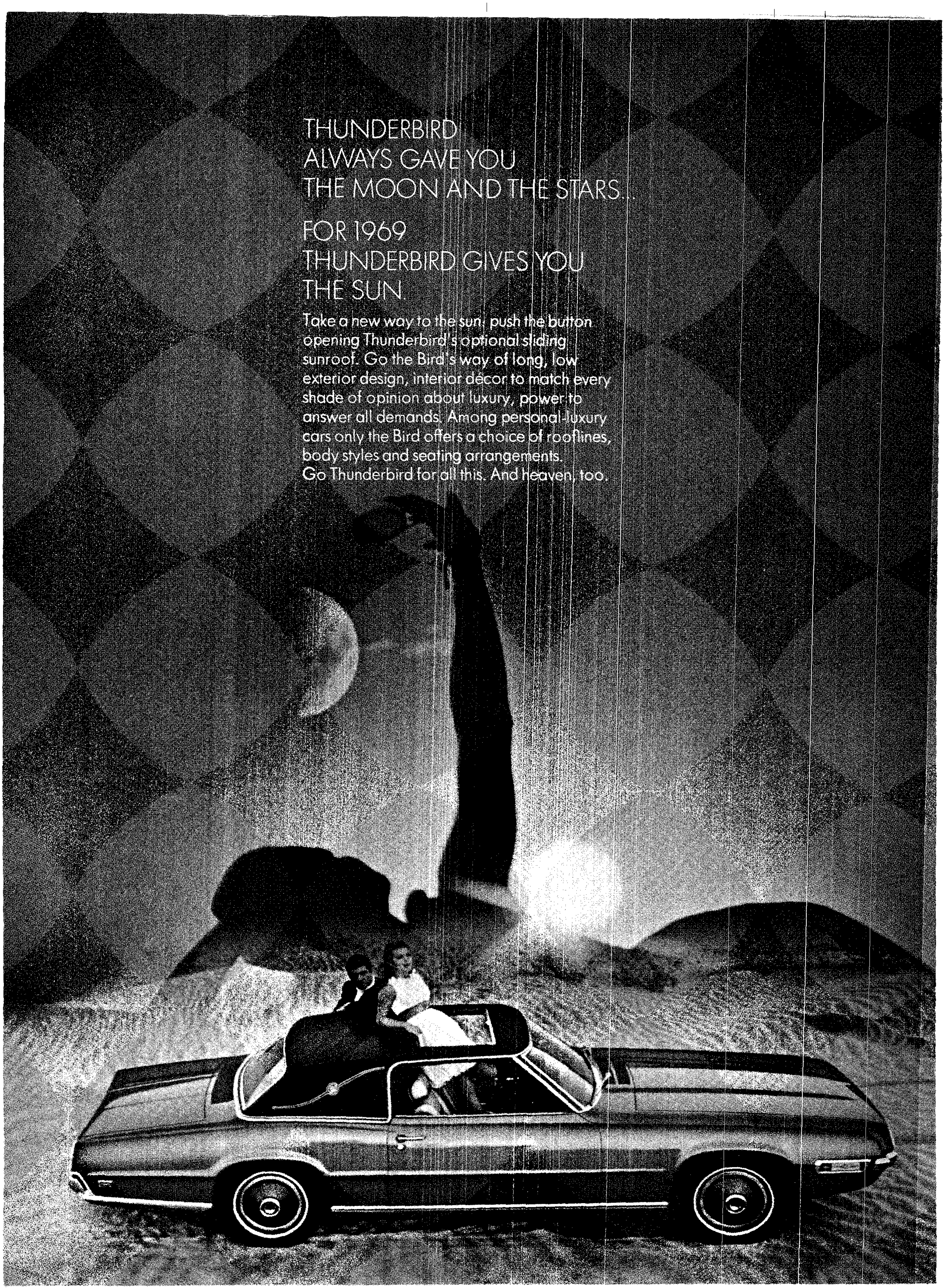

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told me.) But a week or so before the election Hampton predicted that he would win because his polls showed that he was getting the support of sixty-five per cent of the voters over forty-five. One of the Hampton campaign pictures that appeared in local papers showed him flanked by four or five middle-aged women who were dressed completely in white—white tennis shoes, white skirts, white sweatshirts with Mason Hampton bumper stickers stuck on them—and were waving what looked like cheerleaders' pompons. The caption identified them as "Mothers for Hampton."

One of Lowenstein's primary-campaign posters described him as the man who had "helped bring America's young people home," and his general-election campaign was based partly on the premise that there are some American young people worth having at home. In high schools of Republican towns like Rockville Centre and Freeport and Baldwin, straw votes showed that even students who favored Richard Nixon supported Lowenstein—as if they realized that their reputation was on the line. The visits of polite young men and women to the residents of the South Shore were designed not merely to bring word of Lowenstein's candidacy but to demonstrate to the citizenry that polite young men and women actually still exist. Senior-citizens clubs that invited Lowenstein to speak were delighted to find him accompanied by a courteous young friend named Franklin Delano Roosevelt III; in the last weekend of the campaign Lowenstein was joined by Wendell Willkie, Jr. During that final weekend, in the West End of Long Beach—a lower-middle-class neighborhood, where Hampton is treasured as a man who first came to public notice as the lawyer for some Long Island parents who were opposing a plan to integrate schools by busing students—Irish Catholics who had almost shouted Lowenstein off the platform a couple of nights before were astonished to open their doors and be handed some Lowenstein literature by earnest young men who had come in for the weekend from Notre Dame.

"REGARDLESS of the preparations you've made for a dialogue, you'll find that most of these people don't want to talk," a Lowenstein staff member said to a group of students from Boston while briefing them for a Saturday of canvassing. "A congressional race in Nassau County is not a crusade for peace. A year or so ago, Lowenstein, as the leader of a movement that

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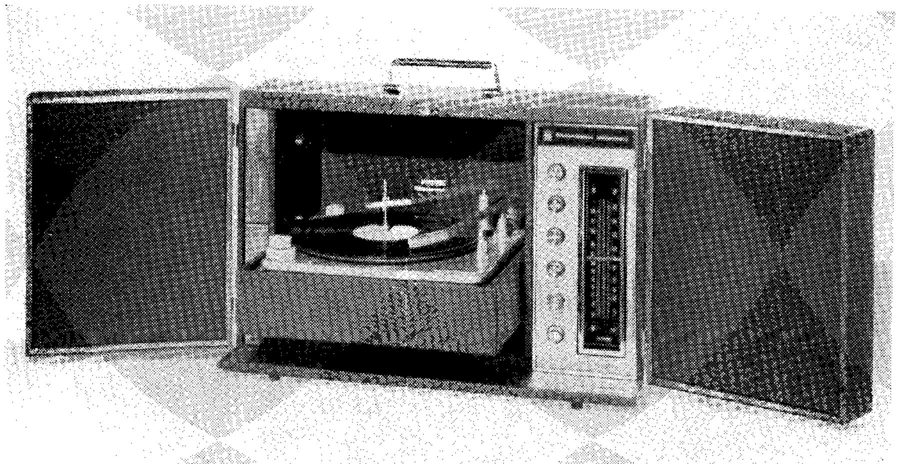

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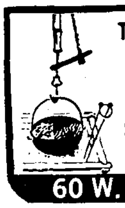
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set out to end the war by replacing the President, might have been considered a bit of a traitor by the residents of Nassau County, but almost everyone is against the war now in one way or another. For weeks after the Chicago Convention, Lowenstein resisted the demands of local Democrats that he support Hubert Humphrey, going no further than to say, after mid-October, that he had decided to vote for Humphrey himself. But the long weeks of campaigning gradually submerged Lowenstein's role as a lone dissident to the extent that the issue stressed by his campaign workers in the final days was that Hampton was not a regular—being a founder of the Conservative Party who had managed to get Republican endorsement, rather than a proper Republican—and that Lowenstein was therefore the only candidate in the mainstream of the two great political parties. Most people visited by the canvassers didn't want to talk about any issue—even the burden of taxation on middle-income families. Many of them didn't know who was running. Except that someone seems to have persuaded a particularly large number of residents that there is something classy about having house numbers written out in script, the South Shore looks like any other collection of suburbs. An area known as the Five Towns is largely well-off, Jewish, and liberal; the communities that are strung along the Long Island Rail Road a bit farther from the city are mainly middle-income, Republican, and Catholic. Except for that rough division, the towns seem to have no more distinct identities than the district has. People read a jumble of New York and suburban newspapers. A political candidate who wants to buy television time can buy only the ruinously expensive time on New York metropolitan channels. Canvassing door to door is about the only reliable method of campaigning. In a sense, the student volunteers—energetic, articulate, delighting in producing computer print-outs that indicated precisely when each of the hundred Yale volunteers would arrive and leave during the weekend—served merely as the only available bearers of campaign propaganda to the Fifth District's close-mouthed residents. Usually, volunteers didn't need preparation for a dialogue in order to hand out campaign brochures—any more than Lowenstein needed a Vietnam policy in order to shake hands with housewives at the Big Apple supermarket in Freeport. "They're just bodies," Hampton said of the students. He claimed that in a

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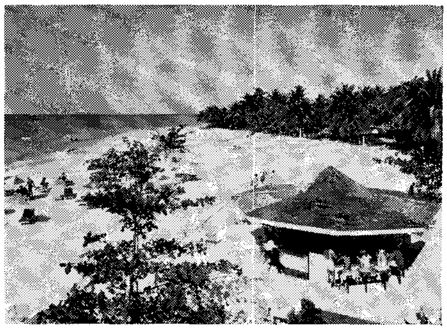
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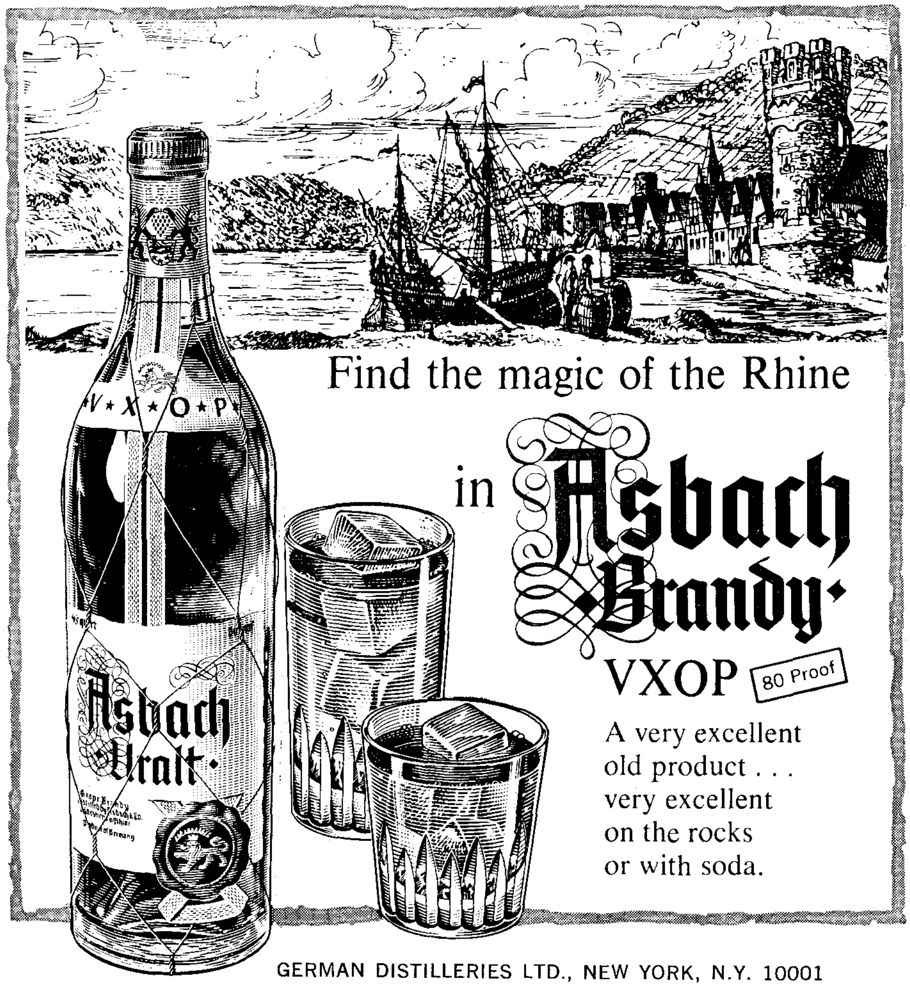
district with a four-to-three Republican edge in registration, a strong Republican organization, and a Democratic organization hostile to Lowenstein he could outnumber the students easily with the grown-up bodies of Republican committeemen.

AT first glance, Lowenstein's full-time staff seemed to differ from the weekend volunteers only in being, on the average, two or three years older. They were mostly intelligent, good-natured young people from colleges like Yale and Stanford—the same kind of young people who had followed Lowenstein to Mississippi and to New Hampshire. (Lowenstein has always maintained that stories of students in New Hampshire shaving beards to be Clean for Gene were exaggerated, since almost all the students were clean-cut types to begin with.) Many staff members had worked against the Vietnam war in the Presidential primaries or in Chicago, and they could have viewed the President's announcement of a bombing halt and new negotiations as a tribute to their efforts and a personal triumph for Lowenstein. But on the night of the announcement there was an air of dejection around Lowenstein headquarters. The members of the staff had felt Lowenstein moving closer to an endorsement of Humphrey all week, and although they agreed that few weekend volunteers would care much one way or the other, they were less certain of their own feelings.

A few staff members were more or less non-ideological people whose concern about an endorsement was based on whether or not it seemed to be good politics. In general, though, the staff members were dismayed at the prospect of the endorsement because they have a harsher view of the American political process than the view held by Lowenstein or by the weekend volunteers. "I think we have much less faith in America than Al does," one of them had told me a couple of days before. "And it's not just one or two issues that bother us—it's the whole stupid framework of thinking in this country." When Lowenstein did announce his decision to endorse Humphrey, he had to defend it in a long emotional staff meeting; a few people said that only personal affection for Lowenstein kept them from leaving the campaign. Lowenstein insisted that the important fact about the President's announcement was that, no matter what kind of face-saving rhetoric it was couched in, it meant a reversal of the war policy and an end to the blood-



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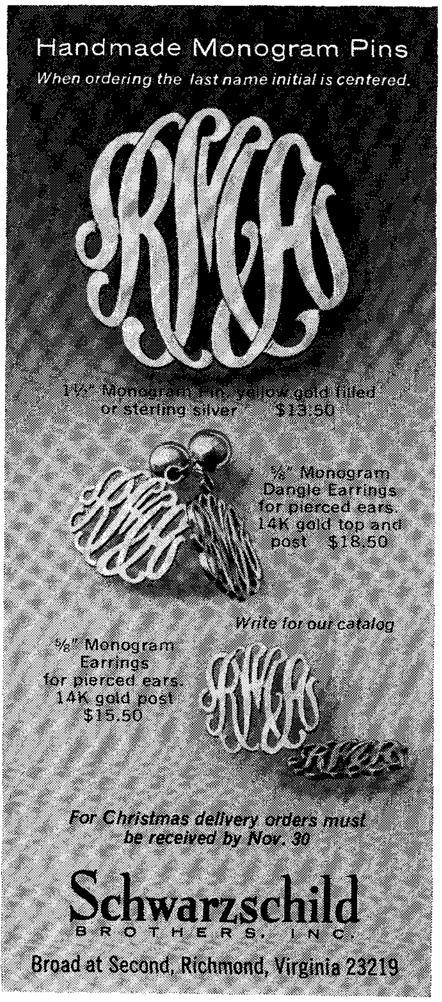

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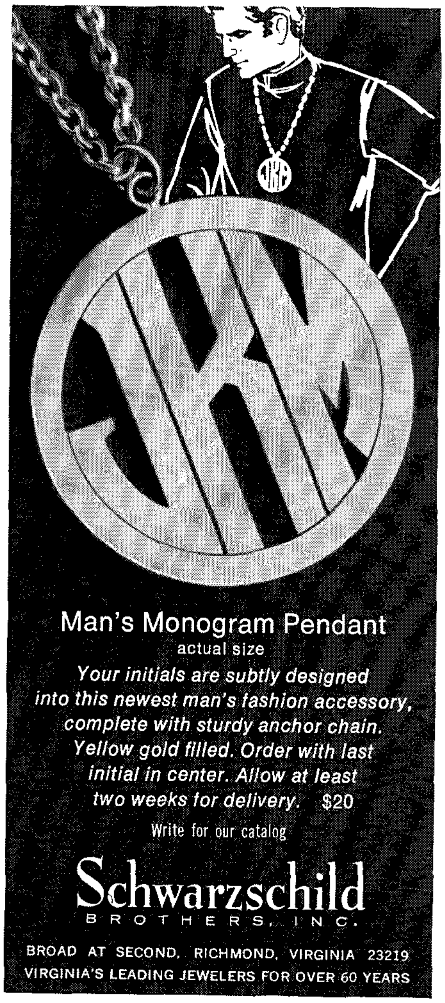

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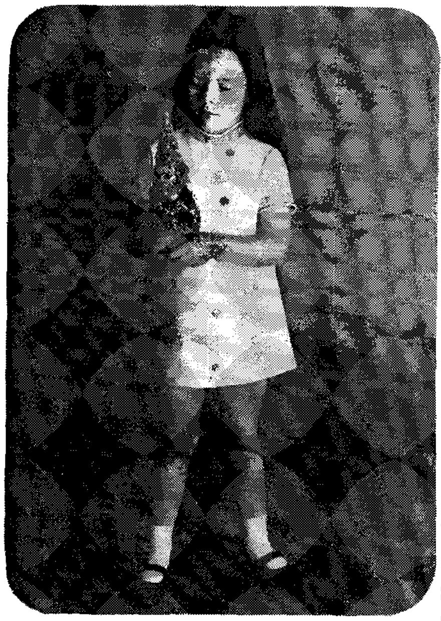

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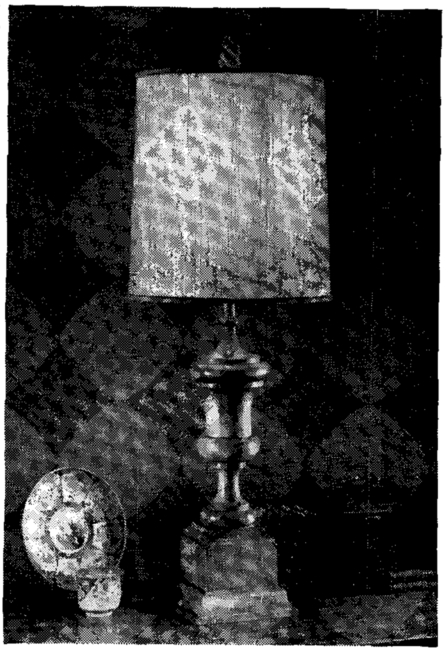
shed. Some of the staff members were not persuaded that the announcement really did herald a significant change in policy; the attacks on Laos caused some of them to refer to the new policy as "a relocation of bombing." More important, they thought that the tone of Johnson's announcement—his inability to acknowledge that the government had been wrong and that the protesters who had been called traitors for so long were in fact right—was another indication that those in control of the country had learned nothing from Vietnam. To these staff members, the attitudes of the leaders of both political parties meant that even if the war in Vietnam ended, a war someplace else would take its place. "Al argued that the American people have shown that they won't stand for another Vietnam," one girl said later. "But we just don't believe that's the way things work. We might as well get new signs ready and just leave the name of the next country blank."

The following day, volunteers began to arrive for the final weekend of canvassing, and, as had been predicted, none of them seemed particularly concerned about the Humphrey endorsement. On Saturday night, Lowenstein spoke to a gathering of hundreds of high-school and college volunteers, devoting some time to an explanation of why he believed that he had been committed to endorse Humphrey as soon as a bombing halt was announced. The students listened respectfully, and after the speech only one person came forward to state his objections and announce that under the circumstances he could not continue to work in the campaign. A few nights later, even more students jammed a ballroom in Baldwin to await the election results. As the returns were phoned in from Lowenstein headquarters, where the candidate and a number of his young campaign workers were manning telephones and adding machines, Horace Kramer, the campaign manager, read them out to the huge crowd—occasionally accompanying the figures with a request to hold down the noise a bit or an admonition about standing on chairs or a reminder that if he didn't love them all quite so much he might find them somewhat exasperating. Lowenstein seemed to run slightly ahead all night; about midnight, the band began to play "Mrs. Robinson," and everyone joined in. Finally, about one in the morning, with a narrow victory assured, Lowenstein arrived—to almost hysterical cheering from the kids, and chorus after chorus of "The Impossible Dream" from the band. "Part of our constituency," he said,



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"has to be that the point of view of young America has to be heard in Congress as it hasn't been heard before."

"I think the main thing it'll prove if we win is that we've run a good campaign," one of the staff had told me earlier in the evening. It was a point of pride with the Lowenstein staff that in sheer technique—in organization and mechanics—the kids could outclass the grownups. The extraordinary amount of time and energy that the staff had put into the campaign may have accounted for some of the emotion in their response to Lowenstein's endorsement of Humphrey, but the difference in attitude between the staff and the part-time volunteers was too deep to be explained by strain or fatigue. Lowenstein's recruiters had found that many college students who had worked for McCarthy wanted nothing to do with a campaign in Nassau County or anywhere else. Quite a few Lowenstein staff members were people who had stayed with electoral politics long enough to see a change in the policy they opposed, but after the primaries and the Chicago Convention and the dreary realities of a congressional campaign, some of them no longer had enough faith in the system to believe that the change made any difference. Lowenstein's critics on the New Left have argued that he prevents students from recognizing the kind of revolutionary changes really needed in America by channelling their dissent into attempts at minor reforms within the established political system. But it's possible that the reaction of a lot of intelligent young people to any sustained exposure to the American political system is to turn against it—and that the weekend volunteers retained their relatively hopeful view only through lack of experience. After all, some of Lowenstein's New Left critics—now among those who have come to believe that the established political system is hopelessly fraudulent and corrupt—were themselves, only a few years ago, the healthy, exuberant, basically right-thinking young men from colleges like Yale and Stanford who went to Mississippi with Allard K. Lowenstein.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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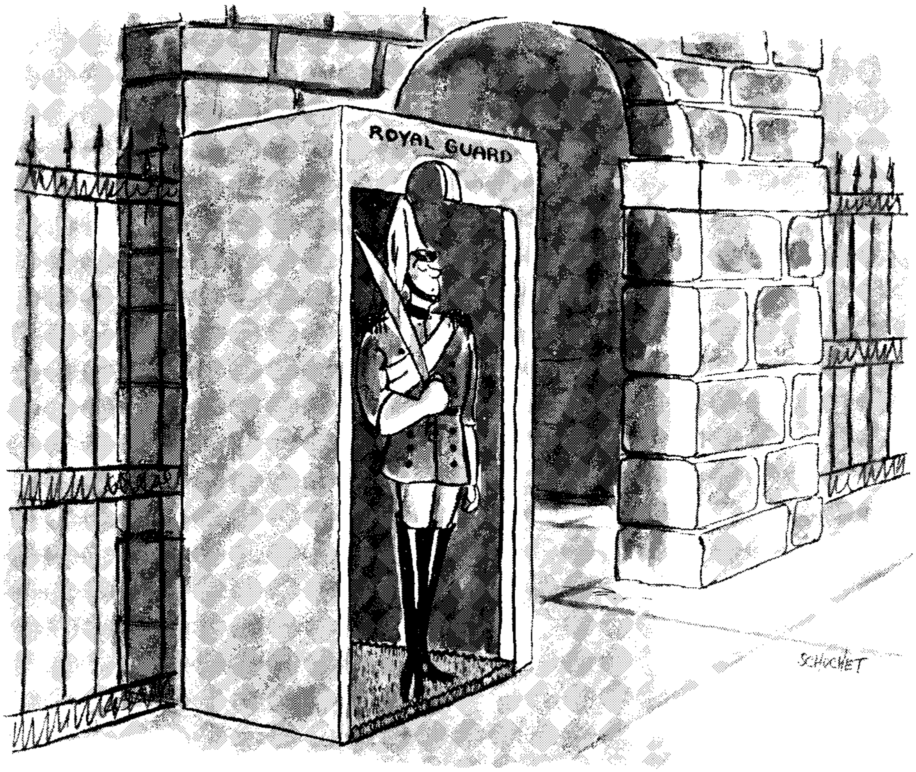

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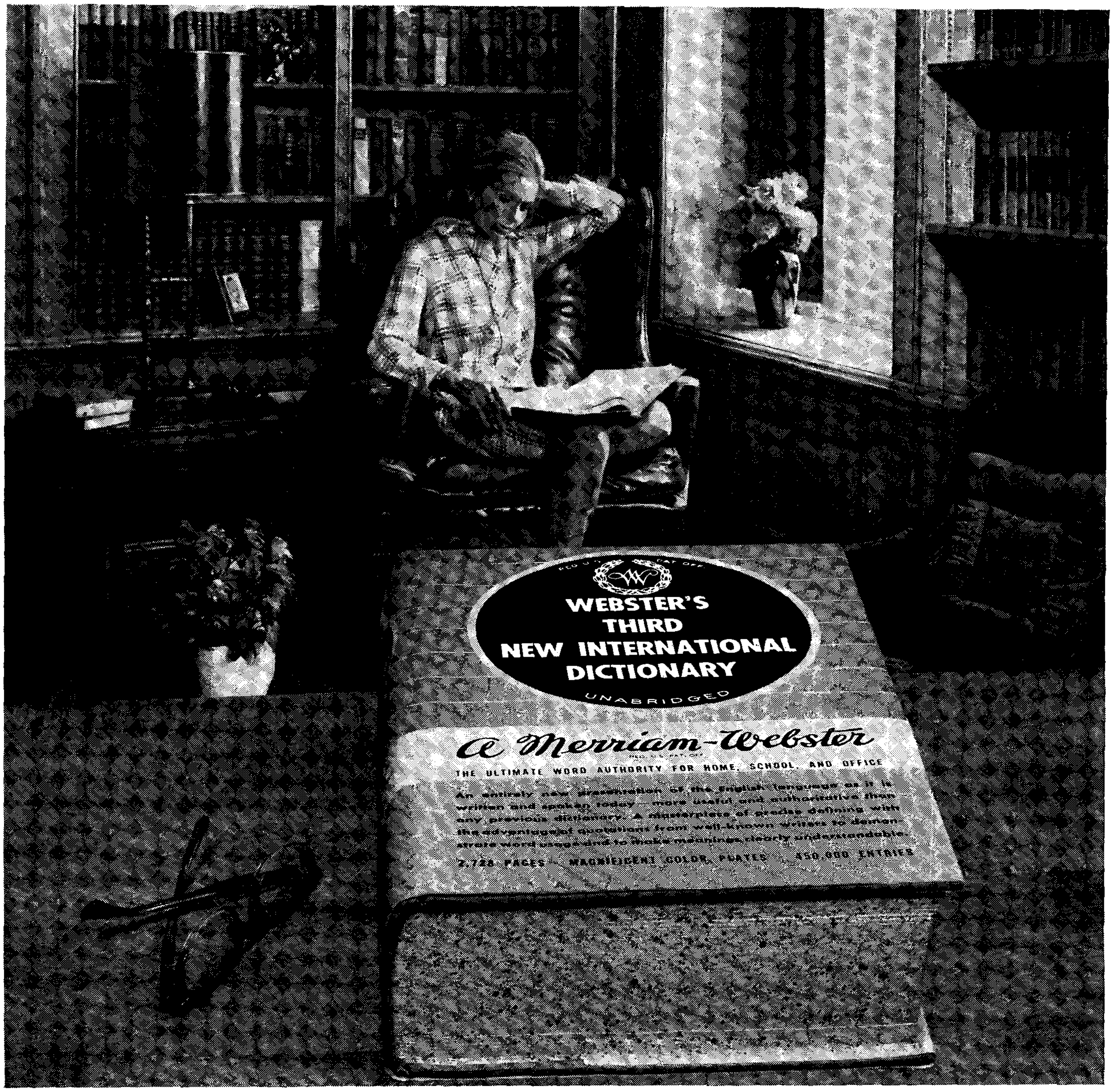
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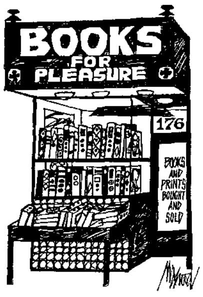
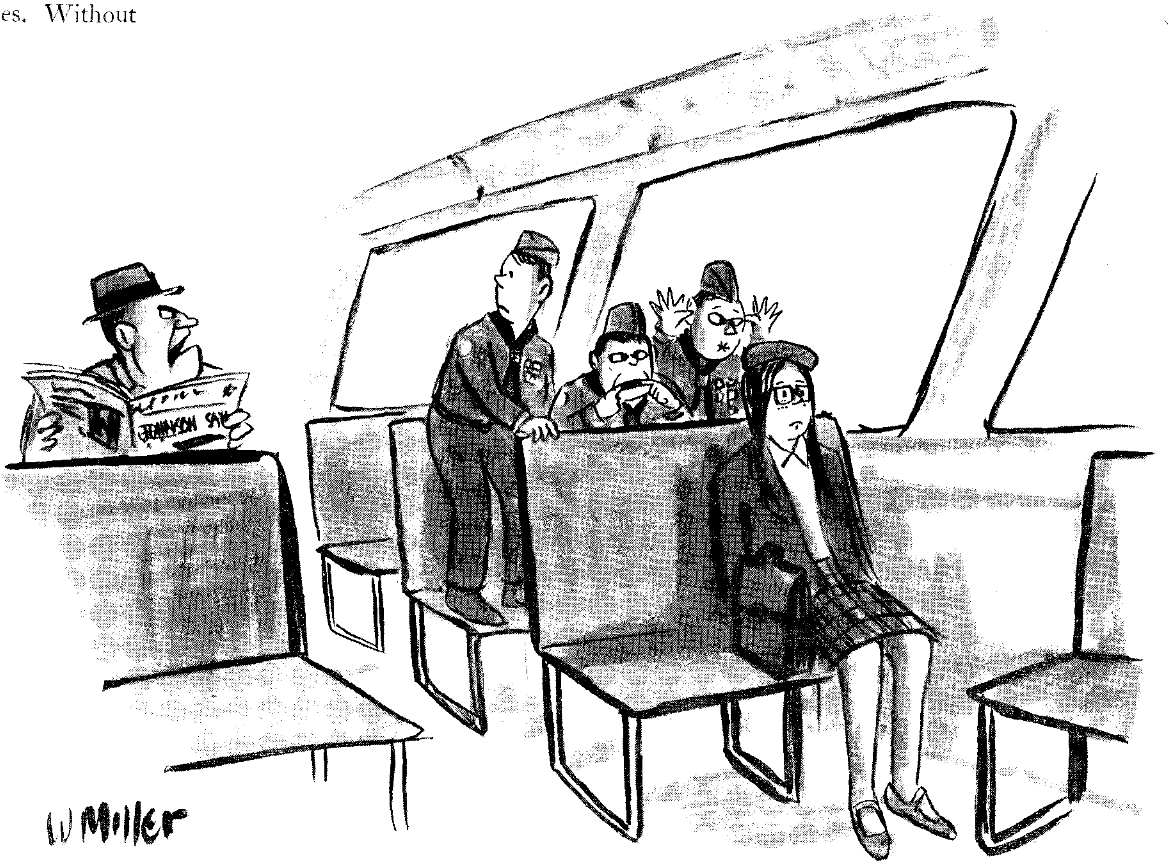

BOOKS
FOR
PLEASURE
176
BOOKS AND PRINTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

As grammarians and metaphysicians know, the future tense is a scandal. Tomorrow and tomorrow may not creep by in petty pace. We postulate, we imagine that they will. We have no proof. Greek schoolboys knew the conundrum. Why do you expect the sun to rise tomorrow, what evidence have you? Strictly speaking, none. Only induction. Because it has risen every day until now. That "because" is desperately lame. Probabilities accumulate but yield no proof; the very word entails that something else may occur—a counter-example or a silent nothing. The apple could fly upward (computers have worked out the mathematical chances of that happening), night could stay in the East. Yet none of the more than three thousand languages spoken on the planet lack some kind of future tense. Obstinately, we dream forward. Consider hope. This is one of the truly mysterious, most deep-rooted of human attributes. Like the use of the future tense, the capacity to hope probably distinguishes man from all other species. Without it, he would fall into static lunacy. But what, really, are hopes? In the great ruck of human beings, they are no more than memories clumsily pushed ahead, pictures of a good past polished and slightly blurred to make them look new. Very few men, a handful in a generation, master the true art of hope, the power to visualize, to picture to themselves and to others the "not yet," the genuinely unprecedented. Most utopias have merely been fictional memories, attempts to project into the future a remembrance of golden things past. Or they have been satires on the present. Authentic utopias, blueprints for tomorrow that really contain something novel, are very rare. Or were, until fairly recently.

We have innumerable histories of potentates and carnage, of textiles and cannibalism. We have almost none of the imagination, of the changes in men's dreams. We know little of the ways in which different societies and generations have laughed. Records of the subconscious—of the range of intrusion or suppression different civilizations have afforded it in their slang, taboos, jokes, nightmares—are sparse. Nevertheless, one can hazard the theory that the main energies of the imagination in classical and medieval culture bore backward. The brightest visions, the truths that signified most, lay in the past. Time and dreams conjoined in mythology. At a man's back lay fantastic and consequential possibilities—blessings and maledictions still operative. The future, by contrast, was often oddly conventional. From Plato's Western Isles to Dante's "Paradiso," we observe the same curious fact: Myths of futurity have a chill neon glamour. The Hesperides are of papier-mâché. The Last Judgment is a closed, static image, like the severely rounded niche in which so many medieval and Renaissance artists depict the occasion. To the inner eye of classical and medieval man (I speak only of Western culture), strong light, vivid tints, precise shapes lay in the East. Thus Eden, the Gardens of Adonis, the deep-seated conviction that the beginnings of time and man were to be located in the Orient. The West felt cold and monochrome, like its unmapped seas. Note the crucial psychological axes, somehow built into the very fabric of our sensibility. The East goes with remembrance, with the past tense of language and imagination. The West goes with the future. And it is when European history starts shifting westward, to the precise imagining and acquisition of new Western worlds, that myths and dreams begin to focus more and more on tomorrow. With the sixteenth century, men turn over in their sleep.

Science, of which the great maritime voyages were themselves an integral part, proved a decisive shunter of dreams. Science fiction, in the guise of lunar expeditions, starts its career in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. What is more important, very gradually the mathematical and



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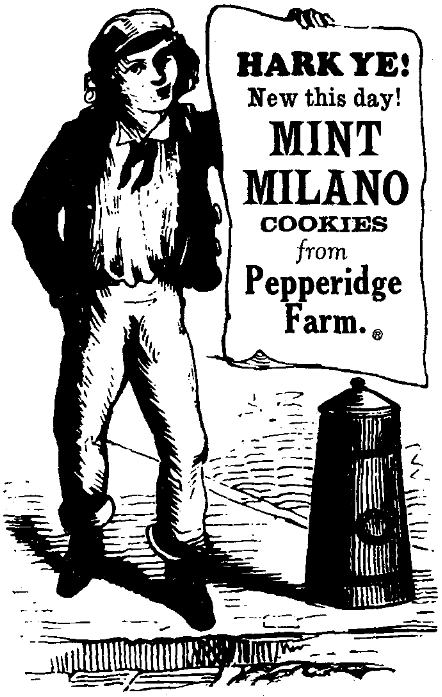

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natural sciences affect the mechanism of the imagination, man's consciousness of his relationship to time. Mathematics and the sciences move forward; they seem to unfold forward as if propelled by inevitable forces. As a result, post-medieval man has a vector inside him; he moves, he experiences himself moving, as if attached to an arrow in directed flight. Our central intimations of time and space have become linear. We move forward at a speed that each successive generation, certainly since the seventeen-nineties, has found to be accelerated. Though we hardly realize it, this reorientation (pun intended) animates many of our major metaphors and psychological reflexes. To be radical or progressive—two words that ought in fact to be antithetical, for "radical" means going back to the roots—is to be "on the left." Which left, on our compass, lies West. In turn, to go West is to move with the push of history. The journey East goes upstream, to the dim of the past and ancestral voices. We step West out of Eden, and the future "lies all before us." The image looks obvious. But is it? Why should it not lie behind us, in the unknown, where our eyes cannot see it? In short, our civilization—because it is so essentially and singularly a scientific civilization, a mode of life underwritten by mechanistic, dynamic metaphors—experiences and uses the future tense in a particular way. It has had, since the sixteenth century, a commitment to the reality and the "difference" of the future that marks it out from all other cultures. As anthropologists remind us, nothing separates Western, post-Galilean man more sharply from Eastern, or "primitive," societies than this sense of a speeding, purposeful arrow, this pointer that makes of time a road. A road, moreover, to a Western horizon.

The sciences not only tell us there is a road ahead but have begun to map it. The change, clearly visible in Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, is from mythology to prophecy, from imagined recollection to imagined foresight. Today, science fiction is in a fascinating marginal state. Much of the time, it draws on work already in progress. The science-fiction writer is a journalist in a hurry; he reports on what happened tomorrow. Thus, it is not always easy to distinguish his métier from that of the serious scientific expositor and *haut vulgarisateur*. A whole category of projective reporting is growing up, a kind of science fact-fiction. We have moved from the stilt-legged Martians of the Wellsian turn of the century to

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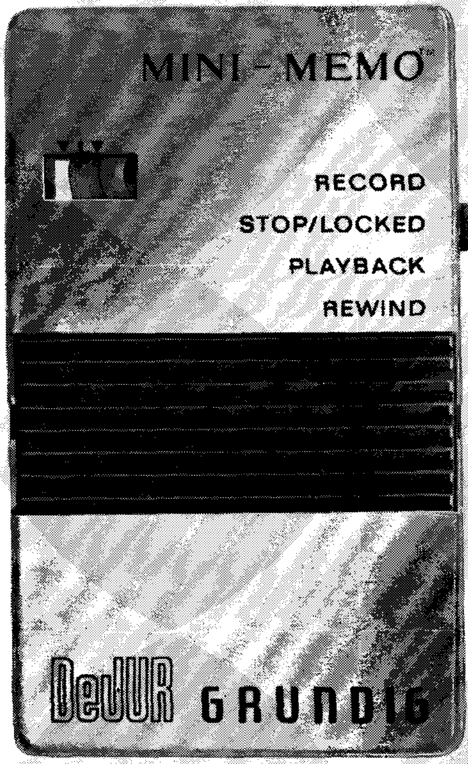
creatures no less alarming: "a strange biped that will combine the properties of self-reproduction without males, like the greenfly: of fertilizing his female at long distances like the nautiloid mollusc; of changing sex like the xiphophores; of growing from cuttings like the earthworm; of replacing its missing parts like the newt; of developing outside its mother's body like the kangaroo, and of hibernating like the hedgehog." This anthropoid bestiary is no exercise in fiction, though it does echo, hauntingly, some of the chimeras of archaic Greek and Celtic myths. It stems from Professor Jean Rostand's calendar of things to come and is documented in Gordon Rattray Taylor's "The Biological Time Bomb" (World).

This book shares the virtues and vices of the genre. Mr. Taylor is persistently breathless before the ominous marvels of the sciences and the pronunciamentos of scientists, some of them, I have reason to know, quite myopic fellows. He inclines to simplify in the interest of the lively tag of dramatic sequence. Understandably awed by the intricacy and portentousness of his material, Mr. Taylor takes refuge in cheery vulgarity. Artificial insemination may have its social and nervous limitations: "In plainer words, people like snogging." Some of the jokes are awful. Almost nothing is included of the mathematics that underlie recent advances in biology and biochemistry. In a book written for laymen, this is a fairly natural omission. But it has serious consequences; lacking their mathematical base and sophisticated statistical forms, many of the developments on which Mr. Taylor reports seem wilder or more eccentric to rational and, indeed, aesthetic criteria and expectations than they actually are. Mathematics are a sentinel against nightmares. But one must cite against these drawbacks the unfailing excitement of "The Biological Time Bomb," its readiness to tackle and argue difficult concepts, its fine selection of crucial topics, and the sheer intelligent hard work that informs Mr. Taylor's reconnaissance. There is scarcely a page that does not make complacency stumble and the mind look around as in an altered landscape. Like Arthur Koestler, Mr. Taylor reminds us, without bullying or condescension, of how starved we ordinarily are of the gusto, of the impulses to new feeling, that spring from the sciences.

Mr. Taylor is dealing with "the biological breakthrough." This is a surge of achievement and anticipation in



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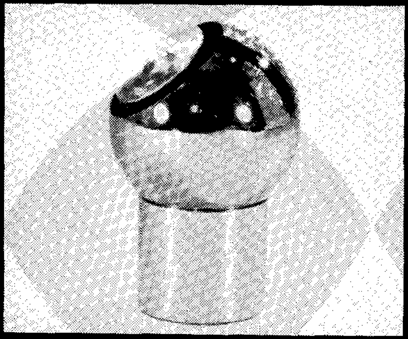

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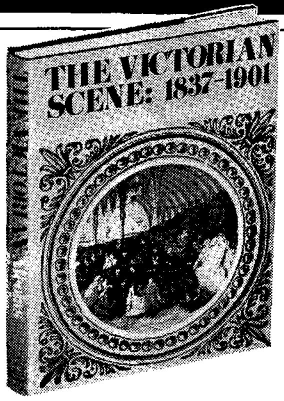

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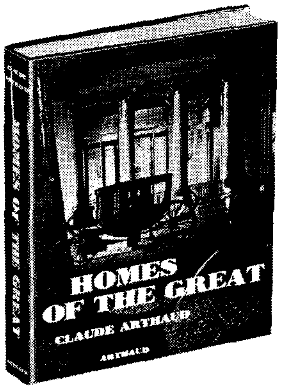

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genetics, biochemistry, medicine, and molecular biology so rapid, so wide in its moral, political, social implications that responsible observers set it far above the invention of printing or the Industrial Revolution. Some see in it the first total crisis in the history of the species. In sight—plainly at certain frontiers, more sketchily at others—is a transmutation of man himself. The human race is moving from an era in which it largely mastered and refashioned its habitat (the age of the physical sciences, from Aristotle to Einstein) to one in which it will master its own psychophysiological structure and potential. Stirring possibilities are already within reach. They include the choice of the sex of offspring and the long-term, perhaps indefinite, storage of eggs and spermatozoa. This, in turn, implies possibilities of highly controlled breeding—the use of artificial insemination to produce mental or physical excellence, the determination, for political and military ends, of the kinds and sexual distribution of individuals in a given society. The extraordinary progress made since the first, unsuccessful kidney transplants of 1950, together with techniques now being evolved for the storage of vital organs, points to a postponement of death. A step beyond surgical transplantation and the new understanding we have of cellular rejections and regenerations lies the prospect of "organ factories": "It is now known for certain that every cell in the body of any organism carries all the information needed to construct whole organs. . . . One day, therefore . . . a surgeon will be able to order a heart, a liver, or a pancreas of any desired size and capacity, with the assurance that it will be youthful and in prime condition. Cannibalization will no longer be needed."

This is merely tomorrow's news. But two techniques or directions of research point to a truly fantastic future. These are the modification and, before very long, the artificial synthesis of cells, and the use of chemical agents to recast the human psyche. Both techniques are already operative, though in rudimentary forms, and, in the guise of drugs, the chemistry of personality has become, in certain societies, a sudden desolation. But what lies down the road is far more dramatic. The whole question of possible links between the storage of genetic information and the neurophysiology of human memory (do we, in some manner, ingest, store, and transmit memories or "programmed recollections" as chromosomes do?) is even more controversial than Mr. Tay-

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or allows. The crucial experiments that nvolve flatworms and rats have been repeatedly challenged. No one is really sure whether the injection of RNA material from a trained animal into an untrained one actually transmits coded knowledge or merely functions as a general stimulant. Nonetheless, there is at least a strong possibility that memory and associated proceedings of the cortex are electrochemical—possibly electrical near the surface and chemical at deeper levels. In which case the erasure of memories, the strengthening and literal enlarging of learning abilities, the alteration of the human ego, together with what it has stored of its own individual past, are bound to move out of the world of the horror film into that of the school and mental hospital. Even now—and we are at the alchemists' stage—it is reasonable to believe that schizophrenia, certain modes of autism and aspects of criminal behavior, are a problem of chemical rather than social balance. The bare fact that such drugs as the amphetamines, quite crudely used, increase the rate and efficacy of mental performance entails the pharmaceutical modification of human intelligence. It does look as if we have until now used only a part of the hundred million cells in the brain, as if important areas of the cortex have lain fallow. Where standards of nutrition improve, especially in respect of proteins, the intelligence curve rises. All this means that significant increases and, perhaps, changes of direction in the mental life of the species may be planned and produced. Evolution would then, as Nietzsche and Shaw exultantly prophesied, pass into the realm of will. To object that such a situation is inconceivable is to make the key point. Our ability to conceive, to picture to ourselves—be it the fourth dimension, identity and remembrance outside the body, man-machine symbioses—is itself a function of our cerebral equipment. Increase the efficiency or range of that equipment and we will, in a material, neurochemical sense, be able to imagine more, to dream further. Marx noted that men do not ask questions until they are within reach of an answer. Brain chemistry and "rewiring" will stimulate us to ask questions now unimaginable.

The futurama of "genetic engineering" is no less spectacular. What is meant by this prudently neutral term is planned heredity. As it scurries about now, the human race is full of waste and randomness. There are far more males, the probable carriers of ag-

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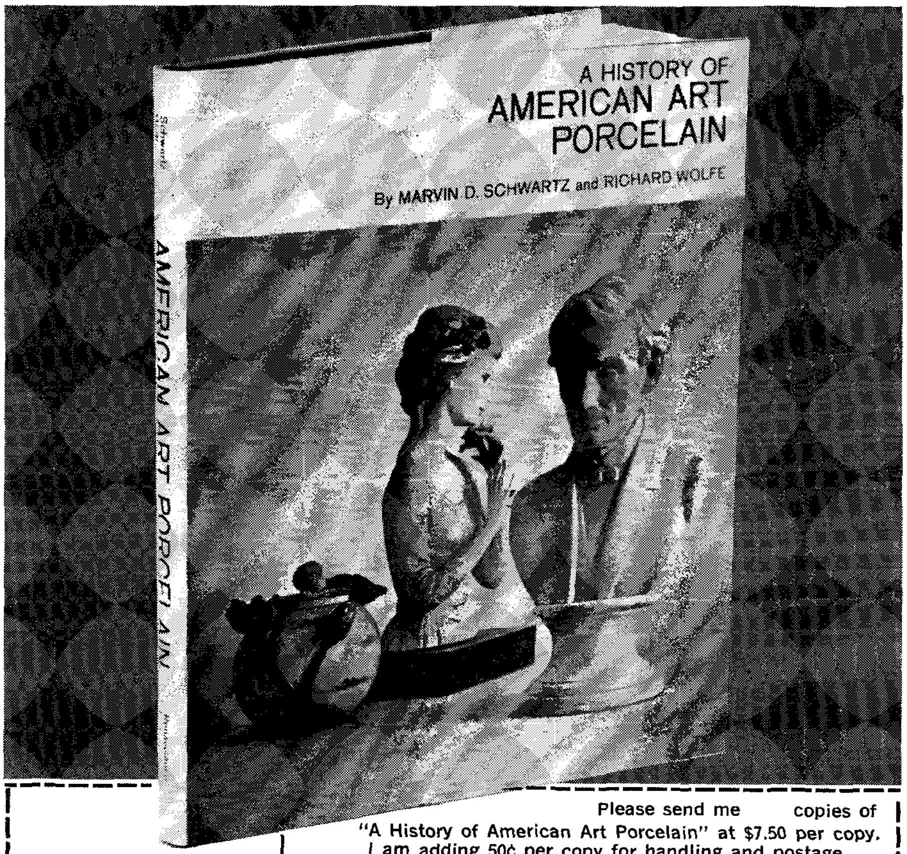

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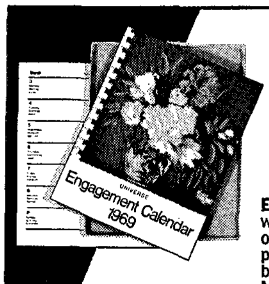

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gression and territorial instincts, than is genetically necessary. By means of artificial insemination and semen storage, "a single man could . . . in a single lifetime fertilize every fertile woman in the world. . . . Unless men genuinely have something the others haven't got, outside sex, some shifting of the ratio between the sexes . . . could become a matter of policy." So could the elimination of defective genetic material—a goal fraught with psychological problems, for it seems to stand halfway between serious eugenics and the lunacies of Nazism—or, most appallingly, the use of "gene warfare." As Professor Salvador Luria of M.I.T. was among the first to point out, genetic rearrangement, once it becomes feasible, can be used to threaten whole races and civilizations with sterility or receptivity to specific diseases. Again, this is no spectre out of Poe and Buck Rogers. Even now, the destructive intensities and subtleties offered by biological weapons far exceed those of thermonuclear attack. As in very ancient myths—is history the process whereby events come to verify infantile fantasies?—man will be in a position to transmute other men into monsters and drooling beasts. We draw near to Circe's dwelling.

Yet, as if by some pendulum swing of survival, a counterforce is at work. Man is indeed on the threshold of self-mutilation and genetic suicide. But he is also on the threshold of—or, more accurately, in the anteroom to—the creation of life. Not by the hazardous and vulnerable processes of sexual reproduction but at will, biochemically. The little-understood but manifest capacity of nucleic acids to reassemble themselves in meaningful order, and our dramatically augmented insight into how genetic instructions are coded and transmitted, mean that the creation—or, rather, re-creation—of viral organisms in the laboratory is now quite near. (Some would say it has been accomplished already.) After which the Faustian ladder unfolds almost of itself.

Mr. Taylor is at pains to spell out some of the fearsome social and political consequences of the biological revolution. Techniques for raising the level of intelligence, for creating "super-memories," will lead, inevitably, to an élite caste. This will exercise over the "unselected" a tyranny far worse, because necessary and natural, than any we have yet known. A drastic extension of the life span will make even more acute the rancor between generations—the life struggle for space and economic independence that marks

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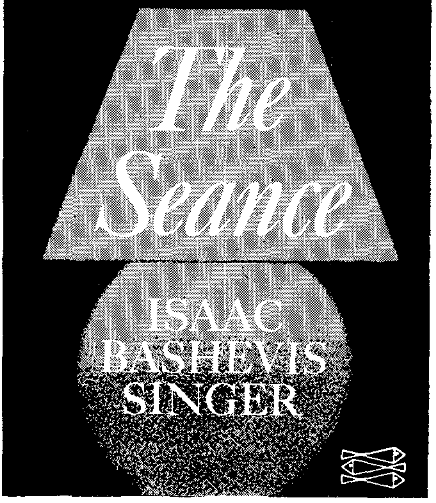

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advanced consumer societies today. The range of sexual, medical, psychic options open to man will be fantastically widened. The resultant stress on the individual, the need or availability of manifold choice, may well prove intolerable. "It seems quite certain that the new powers generated by biology will have to be reserved for a mature and privileged group, to be rationed out only to those who can be relied upon not to misuse them." But which group? And what prospect is there that it will prove less corrupt than previous ruling castes? There may arise "biological slums," areas of humanity excluded for economic or political reasons from the genetic and medical arts available elsewhere. In one sense, the gap between nutritional levels and natal care provided in the advanced and in the underdeveloped portions of the globe is already creating such slums. Disaster lies, concludes Mr. Taylor, in the fact that sociological and moral sciences (if sciences they be) have progressed at a far slower rate than physics and biology. We can create that whose consequences we cannot master.

I wonder whether there is not a more sophisticated, even more corrosive unbalance at work. We seem to be caught up in a network of different time scales, all of which affect our survival but none of which mesh easily. Historically, in terms of psychological comprehension and active remembrance, 1930 is a long time ago, 1913 a fabled pastoral, 1789 a myth that successive political generations reinvent in their own idiom and for their own ends. Yet on the time scale of geology and paleontology the whole of recorded and conjectured human history is as nothing. (We now know of fossils that may well be two thousand million years old.) Even this vastness of time may be only a segment of those processes of pulsation and redistribution of energy that bend our universe into dynamic shape.

Until very recently, the time scales of history and of biology ran parallel, but with no observable interaction. Mutations were too small or too random to be registered, let alone used. For all practical purposes, *Homo Nixoniensis* is the same biochemical aggregate as was man when the last ice caps retreated. Thus, most of the physical and biological sciences have been free to operate in a kind of temporal fiction, to one side of the calendar of normal human life, even as the astronomer works with distances beautifully irrelevant to human locomotion. This, more than any other factor, may ac-

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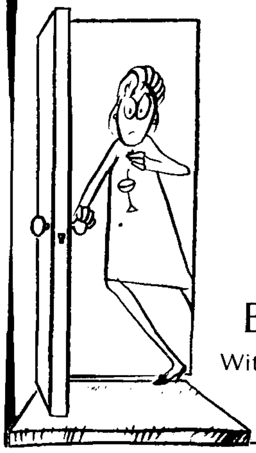
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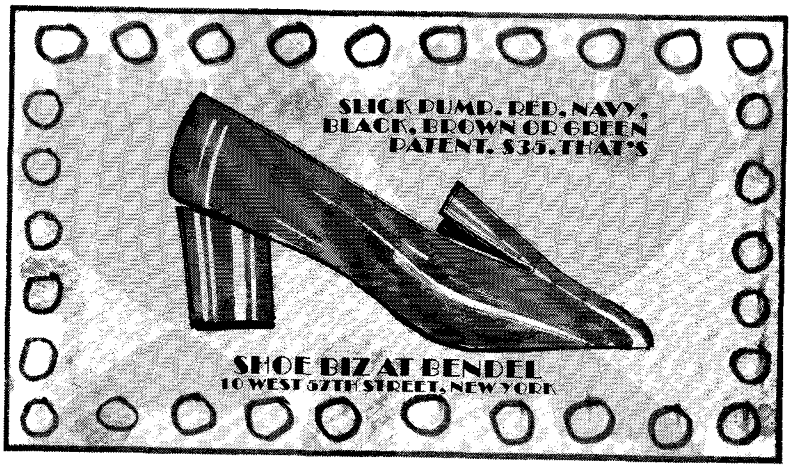
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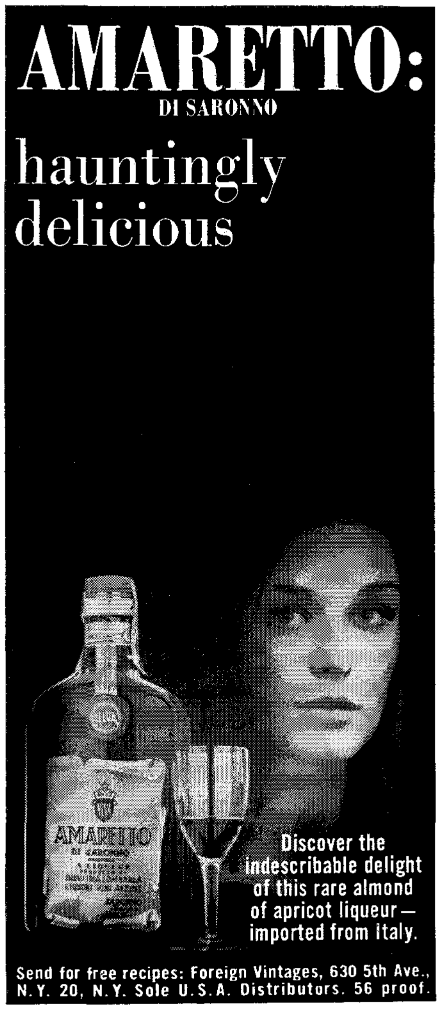

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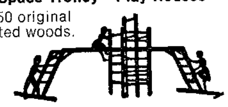

count for the image of the scientist as a playful or sinister outsider. Now, for the first time, the clocks of biology and those of history are beginning to chime—if not in unison, at least in a related frequency. Or, to put it quite simply: Evolution is becoming a historical-political as well as a genetic fact.

Two roads stretch before us. One is the realization that our present political crises are absolutely trivial when set against the scale of the complexity of the biological future; the understanding that such problems as racial antagonism, urban overcrowding, dietary inequality have already passed from a political into a biosocial sphere and that they can be tackled only if debate and decision pass from a political to a biological vocabulary. The other road is that of mere history. It consists in saying that the new biology, however portentous, is not relevant to the social and national conflicts that beset us, or that it is relevant only insofar as it affords these conflicts new weapons and fresh perils (as has been the case with Einsteinian physics). Whatever their technical foresights, geneticists and molecular biologists are only men. Notoriously, scientific comments on politics and society can be as puerile and fallible as any others. The makers of the biological revolution will have to take their chance with the rest of us. The latter road is, very likely, the one we are headed for. The time dimension in which Prague and Vietnam look more important, more *real*, than the biochemical creation of living cells is so ingrained in us that we may not be able to discard it. Or only those few mutants who are themselves forerunners of a post-historical humanity will be able to discard it. This is not a reassuring outlook. Politics deals with the *polis*, with the precarious city of man; biology deals with life itself and with the question of where and how it is to endure. Fatally, the two seem out of effective touch, or even, in some way we do not understand, antagonistic to each other. For in so many places today our lives are the enemy of life.

—GEORGE STEINER

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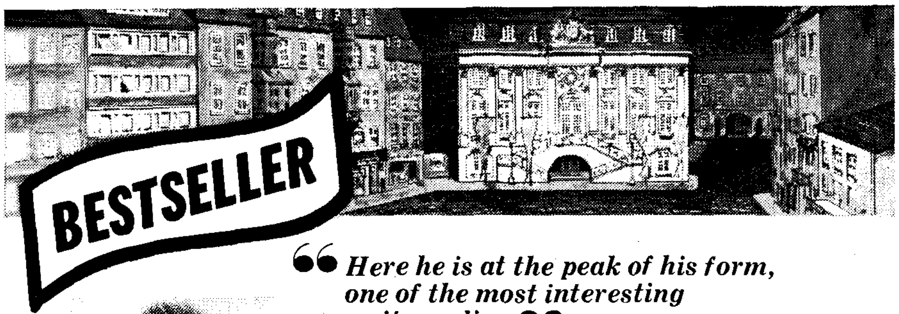
successive masks and accents of advertising executive, Neapolitan street-singer, Negro gardener, and—the final stage—drooling bum shacked up with a stray idiot child and an alcoholic mongrel. In "Witch's Milk," Tillie Seltzer struggles similarly to justify an earlier choice of life-style—marriage to an absurdly ill-suited but lovable man, who fails her at the moment of crisis. In both novels, situations are saddest when we are laughing most. Tattersall's adventures are so funny that he is pitiful only in hindsight, and because of the incorrigible gaiety of her double-talking husband, the failure of Tillie's marriage is comic. The death of her child is overwhelming because it momentarily halts a joviality that consistently proves the only antidote to tragedy. A powerful, gentle book.

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS AND OTHER STORIES, by Saul Bellow (Viking). A collection of six short stories, the earliest of which dates from 1951; the latest appeared in this magazine in July, 1968. The leading characters are almost all middle-aged, and have enough insight to grasp their own misery but not quite enough strength to rise above it. Mr. Bellow combines an understanding of loneliness and despair with a sense of comedy which enables us to feel affection for even the most unlovable, and the range of humor is as great as that of character.

GENERAL

A DISSENTER'S GUIDE TO FOREIGN POLICY, edited by Irving Howe, with a foreword by Lewis Coser (Praeger). This book is scrappy in both senses of the word; many contributors are argumentative, not to say pugnacious, and few of the pieces have any relation to one another. Some are valueless because of the broadness of their assertions—that, for one instance, Communism is the only way to develop poor nations, or, for another, that the United States should always support every revolution. A few essays, however, are genuinely original (Henry M. Pachter's on collective security), or draw attention to unfamiliar developments (Keith Botsford's on Venezuela). Irving Howe's more-in-sorrow piece on Vietnam and George Lichtheim's anxieties about the future of European civilization are worth reading, too.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA, by Peter Gunn (Atheneum). A biography of an unfortunate woman—Byron's



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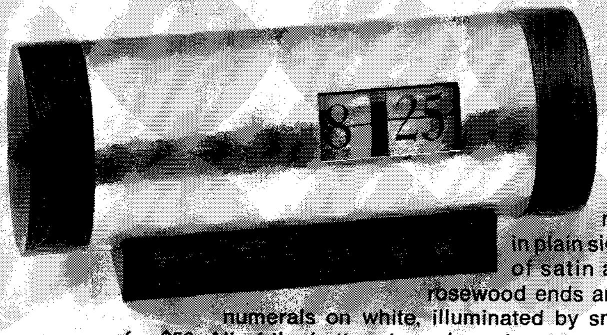

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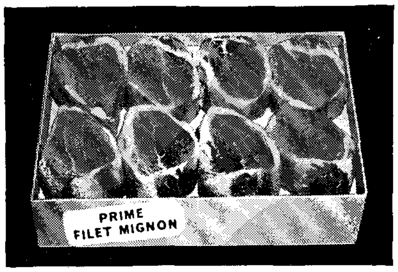

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half sister, Augusta Byron Leigh. (She and the poet shared a charming rake of a father.) The love of these two lonely young people—who, separated as children, rediscovered each other when they grew up—was "unnatural;" Mr. Gunn's triumph is to make it understandable. His tactful, sympathetic, scholarly book reveals that what the nineteenth century saw as a horrid scandal was really a profound tragedy.

THE LITERARY LIFE: A SCRAPBOOK ALMANAC OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERARY SCENE FROM 1900 TO 1950, compiled by Robert Phelps and Peter Deane (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A highly entertaining mixture of familiar and all but unbelievable facts, dates, and photographs—Gertrude Stein, circa 1903, sitting on a not very strong wire fence in the Luxembourg Gardens; Yeats with buckles on his shoon; T. S. Eliot as a student at the Sorbonne in 1910, with a gold watch chain depending from his lapel, his hair mussed by the wind, and a look in his eyes that bodes no good for the Literary Establishment; Joyce with, obviously, a splitting headache; Hemingway before he made the acquaintance of his public image; Langston Hughes as a sensitive busboy in the Wardman Park Hotel, in Washington, just after he had left three poems beside Vachel Lindsay's plate and was about to escape from the hotel business forever; Amy Lowell totally out-of-bounds physically; Walter de la Mare looking the way who wouldn't want to look; H. G. Wells looking into the eyes of a friend; E. M. Forster looking as if he had decided to take on all the introversion of all the introverts in the world so they could be less unhappy; Rilke smiling; Richard Eberhart in the Navy; T. E. Lawrence looking much less impressive without the camel; and various well-known writers competing for first prize for inner melancholy. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: Harcourt, Brace & World has published "Men in Dark Times," a collection of biographical essays by Hannah Arendt, a number of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

Committee additions to Connally's bill include:

—A prohibition against drinking while diving.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

There goes a good spectator sport.

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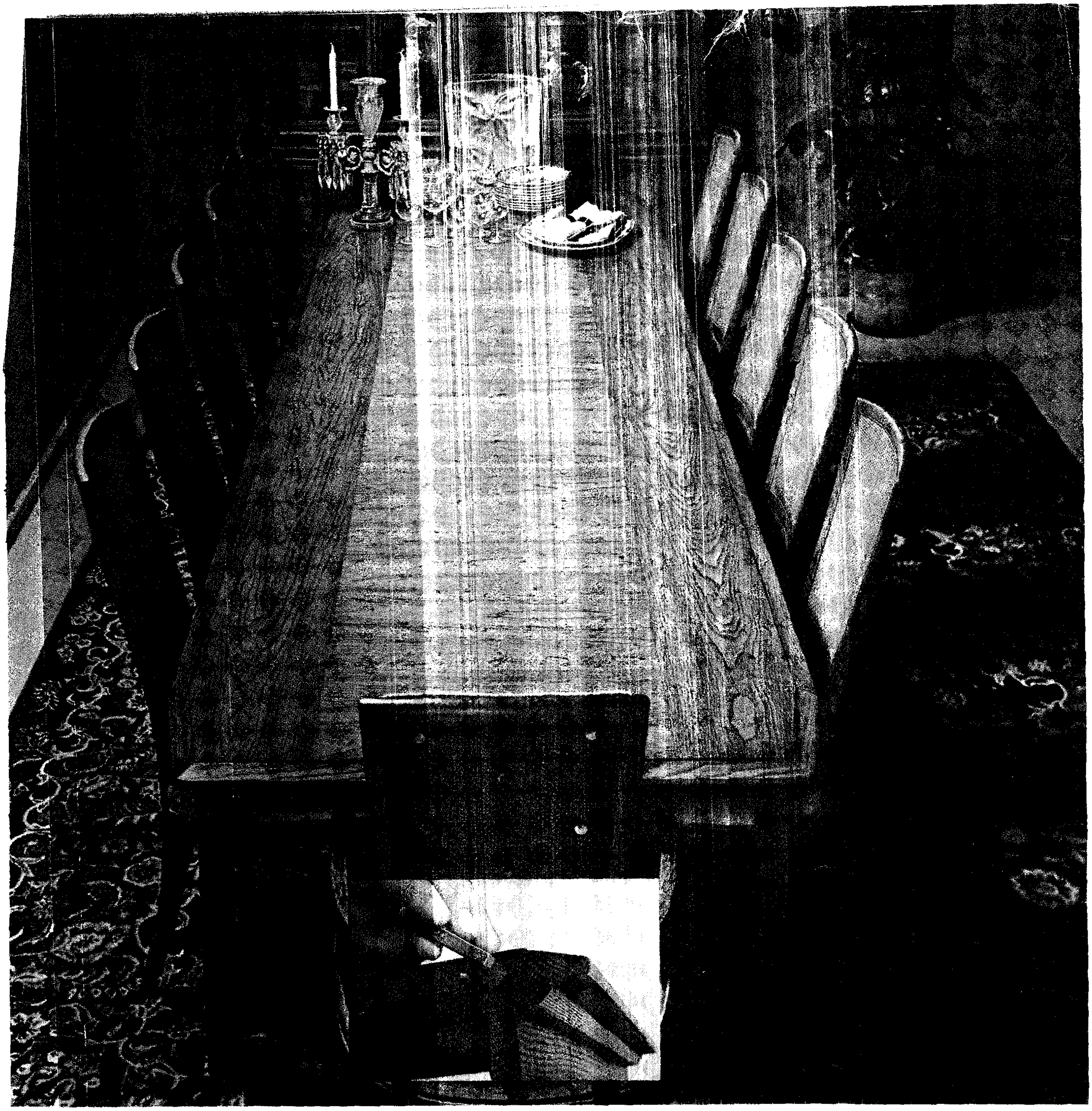

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